MAICONAL

Edit

hell Chapple

Apa

Fifteen

"Rosamond"

HE GUEST OF HONOI

by William Hodge, "The Man From Home" Grantually



WASHBURN-CROSBY CO.

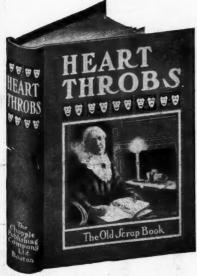
GOLD MEDAL FLOUR

Why Not Now?

Washburn-Crosby Co., Largest Millers in the World, General Offices, Minneapolis, Minn.

"I LOVE THE BOOK"

HEART THROBS



HEART THROBS

The book that 50,000 people helped to make and the book that has

THE PLACE
OF HONOR

in the homes of 100,.
000 American people

Have YOU Heart Throbs?

Price \$1.50 Net.

DEAR MR. CHAPPLE-

I love the book HEART THROBS.

I told a friend and she fell in love with it, too. That was my first book. This is my eighth order; all the others have been given to friends, who treasure the book as I do. I don't know how long I can keep the copy I am ordering to-day, but whether for long or short your wonderful treasure-book will always have the Place of Honor in my home.

Very truly yours,

CHAPPLE PUB. CO., Ltd.

Boston, Mass.

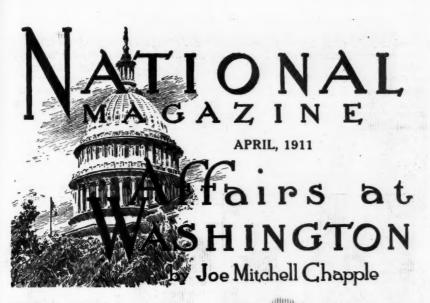
Gentlemen — Enclosed please find \$2.00 for one year's subscription to the National Magazine and the world-famous book HEART THROBS.

Name

Address



": ROSAMOND LOOKED AT IT QUICKLY AND GASPED, 'MARGUERETTE'"
See "The Guest of Honor," page 780"





HE excitement attending the close of the Sixty-first Congress was increased by the President's announcement of an extra session to consider the Canadian reciprocity agreement. President Taft had declared.

long before the filibustering of the closing session began, that the failure of the Sixty-first Congress to act upon the reciprocity agreement with Canada would oblige him to call an extra session.

Few of the members, however, took the President at his word—indeed, wagers were made between Senators that the extra session would not be called. The decisive official announcement made by the President at the Capitol scarcely two hours after the close of Congress, that an extra session would be called for April 4, created an unusual sensation.

Much has been said of late, regarding President Taft's use of "the big stick" to enforce certain well-defined policies. His refusal to be swayed by partisan politics has always won for him the respect of the people, but his positive stand in enforcing legislative action has called forth nationwide admiration.

A LTHOUGH the public is wont to criticize the past Congress for its refusal to act upon reciprocity with Canada, yet much important legislation has been enacted during its history. This legislation includes the Payne-Aldrich tariff act, the establishment of postal savings banks, the creation of a Commerce Court, the resolution for an income tax amendment and various other important measures.

The failure of this Congress entirely to "clear the decks" will leave to the credit of the new Congress the enactment of a bill which is accounted to be of even greater importance than the tariff act. Thus the Sixty-second Congress has virtually had thrust upon it an opportunity to begin its history auspiciously.

NOT the least sensational incident at the close of the Sixty-first Congress was the resignation of Senator Joseph W. Bailey of Texas, following Senator Owen's filibuster to force the admission of Arizcna to statehood. Condemning the action of the Democrats in taking a course "unrepresentative of the Democratic party," Senator Bailey declared that he could no longer work in harmony with them, and hastily wrote out his resignation. Vice-

President Sherman refused to announce this to the Senate, and Senator Bacon also shook his head.

Governor Colquitt immediately wired Mr. Bailey urging that he reconsider, and after a deputation of Democratic members had appealed to the Senator from Texas as their acknowledged leader, he thought things over and will retain his seat.

An able and brilliant speaker, Senator Bailey's loss would have meant much to his party, and in the Democratic camp



ASHER HINDS
One of the new Congressmen from Maine, formerly clerk at the Speaker's desk

there was a general exchange of felicitations that an impulsive act did not result in Senator Bailey's permanent withdrawal.

THE retirement of Mr. Norton, private secretary to the President, also goes into effect April 4, when Mr. Charles D. Hilles, Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, will succeed him. Mr. Norton leaves public life to accept the vice-presidency of the First National Bank, New York.

The public announcement was made at a luncheon at Mr. Norton's home in honor of his successor. Both men have served as Assistant Secretary of the Treasury and from that office received the higher appointment. Mr. Hilles takes up his new work with a long experience in financial circles, and promises to deal effectively with the duties and responsibilities of his new position.

A SHER C. HINDS, the new Congressman from Maine, is well known in the House of Representatives. For the past sixteen years he has been the parliamentarian of the House, or, according to official designation, the "clerk at the Speaker's table."

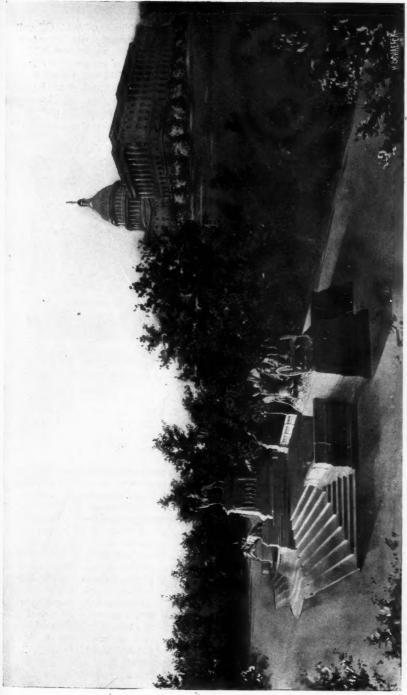
His first appointment was received from Speaker Thomas Reed, and since taking the position, Mr. Hinds' salary has been increased from \$2,200 to \$3,600, with an additional \$1,000 for the compilation of

the annual digest.

Few members of the Sixty-second Congress will be more familiar with the "rules of the House" than Mr. Hinds, and his progress as a member of that body will be watched with especial interest. The new Speaker will surely pay attention when the new member from Maine makes a point of order.

A SIDE from the many legislative changes incident to the outgoing of the Sixty-first Congress, the resignation of Secretary of the Interior Ballinger is the first vacancy made in the personnel of the President's Cabinet since his inauguration. Mr. Ballinger retires to private life, and will be succeeded by Mr. Walter L. Fisher of Chicago.

President Taft's correspondence with Mr. Ballinger in regard to his resignation was singularly affecting, evidencing as it did the sincere confidence of the Chief Executive in the officers of his Cabinet, and his disregard of the attacks made upon them without foundation. He served notice that even at the peril of his political career, he would not countenance what he considered unjust attacks, to palliate popular impressions at the expense of his sense of justice and conscience, after hearing and knowing the evidence at first hand.



THE GRANT MEMORIAL AT WASHINGTON

The heroic equestrian statue of General Ulysses S. Grant, contracted for nearly ten years ago, will soon be completed. The statue itself is said to be a faithful representation of the great commander as he usually rode on completes, and without display. A working-day soldier in every sense of the word. On either face of the great pedestal suitable bronzes commemorate the great Civil War, and as he sits his war-horse in review, from either hand comes the rush of field artillery and Federal cavalry equipped and coming into action as they rode and fought in, an already archies and obsolete "Effeir of War." All the stone-work and most of the bronzes are ready for placing, and while there was some delay_about the final decision as to its location, the tourist will probably be able to admire it at Washington in 1912.

AS I talked with my old friend Colonel H. B. Hedge, United States Pension Agent at Des Moines, Iowa, it was hard to realize that half a century ago this genial gentleman was one of the hard-hitting, rough-riding, sharp-shooting troopers of the Ringgold Cavalry, which, as an independent Pennsylvania troop, was the first

"At Romney, Virginia," said Colonel Hedge, "a small detachment was sent out on scout and fell into an ambush. The trooper just in front of me went down and we came out of the fight with ten per cent less men than when we rode out. I was captured near Romney, but they chose to take my horse and arms and let me go.



THERE WAS SERIOUS DISCUSSION OVER THE PROPOSITION OF HOUSEKEEPING SCHOOLS

cavalry mustered into the three-year Federal service during the Civil War, and for over a year was scouting and skirmishing in eastern and western Virginia. After fourteen months' service the company, with six others, became the Ringgold Battalion, and at the end of three years became the Twenty-second Pennsylvania Cavalry, serving until the close of the war. Besides almost innumerable casual exposures to long-range fire, the Ringgolds were in

over fifty battles, acting as body-guard for General Shields when wounded at Winchester, and fighting at Kernstown, Fisher's Hill, Cedar Creek, on Hunter's Raid and under Sheridan in his famous Shenandoah Valley campaigns, including many fights of which historians know nothing; but in which every tenth man engaged was killed or wounded.

"Suffice it to say, I saw enough of war and smelled sufficient powder to convince me that General Sherman's definition of it was correct."

THERE was serious discussion down at the Department of Commerce and Labor regarding the advice of Deputy-Consul General Hanauer of Frankfort, that the Prussian government proposes to

ask in its next budget for "housekeeping schools," whose teachers will traverse Prussia, from place to place, giving instruction in housekeeping to the daughters of farmers, mechanics and laborers. The course of instruction will take about eight weeks at each place. Baking, cooking, conserving and hermetically sealing fruit and vegetables; poultry raising and breeding,



See "The Nobility of the Trades"

dairy and stock service, raising fruit and vegetables; sewing, repairing and cleansing clothing; laundry work, house cleaning and sanitation, even to the preservation of health will be taught by the Prussian teachers of the novel housekeeping schools. Few of us realize that at this time there exist in the Rhenish Province and elsewhere in Germany schools of this kind which are an immense success.

This is truly the age of service, and practicality in the school curriculum is taking the place of classical endeavor. Not only is this being done for the students of today, but the young men and women who were educated under the old program are enabled to get instruction in industrial lines by means of the "continuation school," which has already been experimented with in Boston. The work was begun less than a year ago, and the employers of certain selected lines gave valuable co-operation. At present there are courses in salesmanship, the dry goods business and the shoe and leather industry. The continuation school is free to students, and its value as successor to the old apprentice system, which required years of menial labor while "learning the trade," cannot be over-estimated.

AFTER I had arrived in Washington and the usual greetings had been exchanged, I took out my book and made a summary of the things talked over with five Senators, eight Representatives, two members of the Cabinet and one chief of a bureau, as to the matters uppermost in the minds of the people.

One subject enthusiastically discussed was the appeal made by the War Department for aeroplanes. The French government already has a squadron of sixty or eighty airships, and the English government is equally active, while the United States owns one lonely little aeroplane, which is included in the inventory of the Signal Service Corps. An appeal has been made to Congress for an appropriation adequate to keep pace, at least, with European countries in the matter of military aviation.

The new Signal corps has been doing some important work. To see them lay

wires across field and forest makes one think that he is looking upon an artillery force or upon a prize battery of hose carts instead of upon a signal corps. A cordon of wireless stations extending from the farthest north to the tropics is one of the most important arteries that keeps in direct touch with Washington.

Every day there are interested groups in sight of the War Department watching the globe, which at exactly five minutes before twelve, is sent up to the top of a staff on the tower. Everybody looks in that



MME. MARGUERITA SYLVA Who made her debut as "Carmen" when only sixteen

direction, and at that time all work on the telegraph lines throughout the country is interrupted. Precisely at twelve it drops, and the click is felt to the remotest parts of the world to which the telegraph wires reach, thus announcing the standard time of the country.

No longer may the phrase be used that a debater in Congress "made the sparks fly"—unless his colleagues are arrayed in asbestos frock-coats.

Nearly all of the great catastrophes that from time to time shock people as they read the newspaper extras, receive investigation at the hands of some one of the government departments at Washington. Just now the novel theory is advanced that a spark from the human body was responsible for the great conflagration at Newark, New Jersey, in which thirty lives were lost. The explosion of a gasoline can by an electric spark from a workman's finger is the explanation given by high authorities. This does not

reflection that comparatively few persons are capable of "sparking" to such a dangerous extent.

Some philosophers now insist that thus originated the old-fashioned term "sparking," which may be true, but excites "shocking" speculations as to the origin of many mysterious conflagrations that have puzzled the good people of this world since time began.



THE SEASON APPROACHES WHEN THE TROUT ARE SIMPLY ACHING TO GRAB A FLY
AND THE FISHERMAN IS ALSO IN A RECEPTIVE MOOD

look so improbable when we realize that some persons by "scuffling" across a carpet or rug may generate sufficient electricity to send sparks from their finger-tips.

Now that it has been demonstrated on high scientific authority and by those who study into the causes of fires, that a spark may be emitted from a man's body, and set fire to a gasoline can, a new element of danger is recognized, and one so subtle and impossible of avoidance that the only consolation possible is the CROWDS of visitors are daily thronging the second floor of the New National Museum, eagerly seeking a glimpse of the trophies brought back from Africa by the Roosevelt party. But alas, these are snugly stowed away in the Smithsonian Institute, and only a few samples are on exhibition for these curious visitors.

The art collection of the National Museum is very interesting. Many of Moran's famous historical paintings are there, and the admirable collection of Harriet Lane Johnston, niece of President Buchanan, throws a new light on the administration of her distinguished uncle. Brides and grooms linger long to look over the furniture used by Washington at Mount Vernon. In the great glass cases are shown life-size figures of American native tribesmen, from the Esquimaux of the Alaskan floes to the Indians of the tropics, and these furnish graphic pictures of the life of the American aborigines before they were civilized.

Such institutions as the National Museum have a more vital educative influence than can well be realized, following out the old philosophy that what is seen and enjoyed makes the most lasting impressions. The new Museum is not

with for the thirty-fourth time, someone told him of an acquaintance who had sold his political birthright for "a mess of pottage."

"You don't say," commented the Secretary, with a smile playing about the corners of his mouth. "Well, I know a man who's just now watching the political caldron, busy with a pot of message."

A MONG the first tariff commission bills introduced into Congress was that of Representative James W. Good of Iowa at the last session. His bill was followed by that of Representative Lenroot of Wisconsin. Later the Longworth



IN THE EARLY DAYS OF OIL ONE WOULD NEVER HAVE DREAMED OF SEEING IT HANDLED BY THE TRAIN LOAD AS IT IS TODAY

yet completed, but it promises to be one of the most popular treasure galleries of all the "Washington sights."

IT was during the days when the President was wrestling with the message. It seemed as if unexpected kinks would occur after paragraph upon paragraph had been carefully "ironed out," and then something else would appear to open the forms again—more reports would be needed and more information from the different departments. The slogan seemed to be "Curtail! Curtail!" until it seemed as if things would never "come right."

But during all the trying period, Secretary Knox could not lose his sense of humor and as he began his fourteenth trip across Executive Avenue to be conferred

bill incorporated the ideas of the other two and came out at the time of the meeting of the tariff commission convention in Washington, before which the President again declared. It is pretty rough on a Congressman to have his pet measures taken up and appropriated almost bodily by others, but the great point is to have a bill that will pass. just as necessary a term in Congress as in a poker game. The Lenroot bill provides for five commissioners to be appointed by the President for terms of ten years each. These men are required to possess special qualifications and to have a practical knowledge of manufacturing industries. One is to be a representative of labor, one a lawyer, one a man who has made a special study of tariff laws, another of expert knowledge of accounting and one

an economist who has made a study of wages.

The work of the commission as indicated, is to ascertain the cost of articles in this and other countries, the standards of living, the cost of labor, the rates of fixed charges, and the true value of capital invested. The commission may hold public meetings from time to time, or such hearings as are customary with the

before the Interstate Commerce Commission, which will virtually bring under federal surveillance nearly every manufacturing industry of the country.

WAS thinking the other day, as I saw one of the cabinet ministers carelessly throw his notes into the basket, that out of the waste-baskets at Washington might

be gathered many scraps of paper that would mean much to future generations and the modern student of civil government. When I mentioned this to an old messenger whose service in the Capitol dates back to ante-bellum days, he remarked that he had seen borne out of the White House many a basketful of Lincoln's writings that would now be priceless treasures for museums and libraries. "We little thought of the fame that was to come to him then," he said with a thoughtful shake of the head.

Washington is truly a place of coming and going. As the political tides ebb and flow, one realizes how directly responsible are their public servants to the people.

IN the spacious marble room of the Capitol on a January day, Senator Carroll S. Page of Vermont received the friends who called to extend personal birthday greetings. While congratulations were being show-

ered upon him from all sides, a telegram was brought in from his son, Russell Smith Page of Vermont, and this the Senator read aloud:

"Congratulations on the day and year—Russell."

On the same day, Senator Smoot of Utah was celebrating his birthday, and although the birth dates varied as to the year, 1843–1862, the two Senators congratulated each other on the coincidence, and someone suggested that next year a



PETER VOORHEES DEGRAW
Fourth Assistant Postmaster General, who has had the magazine publishers on the anxious seat for the past two months

Interstate Commerce Commission. It is also provided that the testimony shall be taken in secret session, if the witness desires, and that it will not be reported to Congress in detail unless Congress express a desire for it. Mr. Lenroot believes that his bill will bring out many points which could not be secured at public hearings.

The commission is to be given power to enforce the production of books, papers and documents as in the case of hearings double birthday cake should be served on the occasion.

It was the sixty-eighth birthday of Senator Page, but a more energetic member of the Senate never answered the roll call. Systematic and businesslike in all things, his thoroughness of character is evidenced in his manner of attending to his correspondence. No letter that reaches

the hands of the Senator from Vermont ever remains long unanswered.

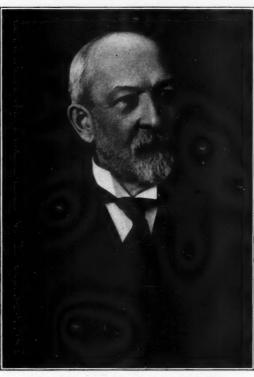
In his campaign for re-election, Senator Page received the endorsement of not only his own party, but of the opposition as well, an unusual compliment and quite without precedent in the Green Mountain State. A Democrat made the speech nominating him, the nomination was seconded by another Democrat, and the people of all parties throughout the state heartily approved the action of their legislators in voting for a Republican Senator. It must have been gratifying to Senator Page that his son, Russell Smith Page, a member of the state legislature from the Hyde Park district, was one of the legislators to vote for him, and with the unanimous endorsement of his neighbors at home.

The Senator has had a most active career, and has perhaps a larger personal acquaintance among the farmers of the country than any other man in Congress, owing to his business relations with many of them in connection with the

great hide business which is now being conducted by his son.

Senator Page is chairman of the Committee on Standards, Weights and Measures, and as a member of the Committee on Agriculture and Forestry, he succeeded the late Senator Proctor. Senator Page also takes special interest in the work of the Committee on Indian Affairs, of which he is the only Eastern member from the upper branch of Congress.

THERE was a day when a "government job" at Washington was regarded as somewhat of a sinecure. Well-paid door keepers, elevator men and messengers worked from 9 A. M. to 4 r. M. Then came President Roosevelt, who directed that the hours of labor should be stretched out to 4.30, and now President Taft declares that five o'clock shall be the end of the



SENATOR CARROLL S. PAGE OF VERMONT
Who recently celebrated his sixty-eighth birthday in Washington

government employe's day. The usual thirty-day sick leave has not as yet been changed, but it is persistently insisted that if a policy of thrift and economy is to be effective, the government should be the first to set the example.

The question of pensions for clerks has also come up again, and has attracted unusual interest, for it is believed that when an old age pension policy is adopted, the government employe will be among the first named to receive such a pension. A discussion of this matter by a group of government clerks revealed the amusing fact that they were eager for the passage of the law, not as affecting their own careers, but because it would remove from office many aged employes who, though now unable properly to perform their duties, cause the younger clerks not only extra work, but constant anxiety to avoid exciting the sensitiveness of elderly men who cannot believe that they have reached



RUSSELL SMITH PAGE

Member of the Vermont Legislature and son of United
States Senator Carroll S. Page

the end of their effectiveness, after they have given a loyal life's service for the government.

OF Scotch descent and born in Buckinghamshire, England, March 25, 1862, Senator George Sutherland of Utah is one of the many naturalized citizens of the United States who have attained prominence in the halls of Congress.

Senator Sutherland is frank and open in address, though somewhat scholarly in expression and bearing. But when in action, whether on the floor of the Senate or before a court, one at once realizes that he is most of all a lawyer.

He studied at Ann Arbor, Michigan, and was admitted to the bar in 1883. His first political campaign elected him State Senator from Utah. In 1900 he was a delegate to the National Republican Convention and again in 1904. After a term as Representative in the Fifty-seventh Congress, he declined renomination, but was later elected to the Senate in 1905, and re-elected in January, 1911, for the term expiring in 1917.

In a recent speech Senator Depew declared that Mr. Sutherland was "one of the great constitutional lawyers of the Senate," and at one time it seemed not unlikely that he would be appointed a justice of the Supreme Court by Presi-

dent Taft.

Senator Sutherland is very popular with the home folk—as his nomination for re-election, endorsed without a dissenting vote, plainly shows. Despite his far-reaching legal knowledge and serious mien, the Senator is reputed to be an excellent story-teller—and not "English jokes," at that. He has a never-failing fund of pleasant sayings and genial good humor, and the State of Utah has reason to be proud of his selection, and of his social and political popularity.

FROM the attaches of the Russian court has just leaked out the information that in May an American opera favorite will entertain His Highness, the Czar, with her trills and warbles.

Madame Marguerita Sylva, admired by lovers of grand opera, as the world's greatest "Carmen," has, the rumor goes, been selected by the Czar to be the principal at his yearly musicale in St.

Petersburg.

While touring Russia two years ago the beautiful singer met the country's ruler, who is said to be passionately fond of music. The meeting was followed by an invitation to sing at the 1910 musicale, which Madame Sylva was forced to decline. This year, however, she is said to have accepted, and for three days preceding the concert will be a guest at the Metropolitan Palace.

Madame Sylva is now a member of the Metropolitan Opera, singing in Philadelphia. Her success has been even greater in heavier than in lighter roles. She is known best by her "Carmen," which American critics have proclaimed to be quite flawless, and even more exquisite than the "Carmen" offered by Calve.

When but sixteen years of age Madame Sylva made her debut as "Carmen" at the Drury Lane Theatre, London, and in three years has given 119 portrayals of the character of the gypsy girl, singing with fifty-eight different tenors. In that time not an unfavorable criticism has been received.

The young artist has sung in nearly every country of the world, and was the foremost of Oscar Hammerstein's stars last season. She is in great demand by American light opera producers, who have offered her fabulous prices to enter their ranks. All of these offers she has steadfastly declined.

The fact that Madame Sylva has many friends connected with the court of Russia adds strength to the rumor that she will be a guest of honor at the royal palace during a part of the coming summer.

THE first room in the Capitol decorated by Brumidi, the famous Italian artist, is occupied by Congressman John W. Weeks of Massachusetts, the chairman of the Committee on the post office and post roads. The work was done in 1855 as a test of Brumidi's ability to execute the greater wall paintings of the decorative scheme. The principal decoration represents "Cincinnatus Leaving the Plough." There are also contrasting pictures of the Fast Mail over the Lake Shore Road, of old style steamboats, and the now passé features of the railway service of 1876.

It is no wonder that when the committee were admitted to this room to inspect Brumidi's finished work, they promptly told him to go ahead—that he had won the commission. The bas reliefs of Washington and Jefferson painted on the wall stand out as vividly as if cut in marble, and a painted flag is so realistic that one can almost see it wave; indeed, there is a tradition that a bird flew into the room

and tried to alight upon its staff, so complete was the illusion.

Later decorations representing pastures and harvest scenes were added when the room was occupied by the Agricultural Committee. This chamber has recently been the arena of many interesting hearings—the ocean mail bill, the parcels post bill and many other great propositions have been discussed in this chamber.

At many of these hearings, petitions from the people have played a prominent



MME. MARGUERITA SYLVA

The young Grand Opera singer who is gaining favor both at home and abroad

part, but long lists of signed petitions are now looked upon as rather unreliable evidence, since no sooner has one side sent in a petition carrying signatures of "sovereign voters" than the opposition comes back with a list equally as formidable. It is said in some instances that the same people have signed opposing papers, showing that they have not given very close attention to the prayer of the petition. In fact, it is claimed that there are organizations whose only business is to "manufacture" public sentiment, and that the postal cards or telegrams sent in by ardent advocates often delude the Senator



Photo by American Photo Company from an illustration in the book "Cuba" by Irene A. Wright, copyright, 1910, by The Macmillan Company

CASAS RIVER—ISLE OF PINES

The Cuban tourist should not be content until he has visited the Isle of Pines, reached by steamers which ply between Batabano and its ports; so shallow is the channel here that the sands are stirred in passing. This island possesses the most salubrious climate, and fever, plague and other ills which have taken possession of Cuba have passed it by. The average temperature for the year 1907-1908 was 78.95 degrees. The air is balsamic with the resinous fragrance of piny woods.

or Congressman into believing that something is really "doing" back home, when very little interest is being taken by his constituents.

Representative Weeks has long been recognized as one of the strongest men in Congress, and few members have given committee work more arduous attention. When the pension bill was pending, Mr. Weeks introduced an amendment providing that no benefit should accrue to any veteran having an income of over one thousand dollars a year. "The pension is for those who need it," he declared, as his amendment was offered; namely, "that no part of the appropriation under this act shall be paid to any person whose annual income exceeds \$1,000." The provision was timely in the passage of the pension appropriation of \$45,000,000.

There have been many urgent requests that Mr. Weeks be made chairman of the Republican National Committee. Coolheaded, equably poised, good-natured and fair-minded, he has made a record that reflects great credit to himself and his state, to say nothing of the splendid district that so keenly appreciates his consistent statesmanship.

If a roster were to be made of the strongly individualized members of the Sixty-first Congress, the name of Samuel W. McCall of Massachusetts would undoubtedly head the list. Very few Representatives have maintained a more independent career in the House, although Congressman McCall's name is associated with much important legislation during the last decade. His services on the Ways and Means Committee, and as chairman of the Committee on the Library, have demonstrated his initiative force and independence of thought and action.

In the consistent promotion of liberal ideas for the adornment of Washington and the Capitol, he has been an ardent advocate of building new halls for the House adequate to the needs of the increasing representation, and has enlisted the enthusiastic interest of prominent American architects in plans to make these at least the peers of the great legislative chambers of the world.

Congressman McCall's sense of beauty and "the eternal fitness of things" is extremely sensitive, and the vacant pediment over the east portico of the House has for many years offended his vision. At last he has persuaded Congress to appropriate seventy-five thousand dollars to relieve the severe simplicity of this pediment with sculptures in white marble,



J. EDMUND THOMPSON, A.B.
Author of "The Science of Exercise" (see page 891)

in high relief from the gray-toned and weather-stained walls of the building. He has also been successful in removing the draped statue of Washington to the Smithsonian Institute, where he thinks it will be more appropriately placed, especially in unseasonable weather.

Mr. McCall's most notable address outside the House was undoubtedly his eulogy of Speaker Thomas Reed at the unveiling of the Reed statue at Portland, Maine. A close personal friend of the

ex-speaker, this address, embodying the memories and sentiments suggested by the unveiling of the monument, was natural, pathetic and touching, and came directly from the heart. The speech has been preserved by many as one of the most tender and affecting tributes ever paid to a beloved friend and great statesman.

FOLLOWING up Senator Aldrich's suggestion that the government could save three hundred thousand dollars a

year if proper business methods were enforced, Dr. Frederick A. Cleveland was summoned to demonstrate how money could be saved in the executive departments.

It is believed that the twelve thousand dollars paid to Dr. Cleveland will be one of the best investments that the government has made for some time, for it has been determined and announced that the affairs of the government are henceforth to be managed with a scrupulous regard for economy and the purpose of securing the worth

of money paid out as salaries. Cabinet officers, bureau chiefs and clerks have been interviewed in order to make a complete investigation of the existing conditions.

It is said that Dr. Cleveland was chosen to manage this delicate and difficult task at the suggestion of Secretary Norton. During his service as assistant secretary of the treasury, Mr. Norton felt that the treasury system was defective, and in trying to remedy it, saw that reforms could only be properly carried out by an expert. The new appointee has made an exhaustive study of finance at the University of Chicago, and also at the University of Pennsylvania, where he was made a

Doctor of Philosophy and a Fellow of Economics. For some time he has been actively indentified with the finance investigating committee of New York City.

WHILE walking along the corridor of the House Office Building, I dropped in to make a fraternal call, as a newspaper editor, on George Winthrop Fairchild, the congressman so well known to printers throughout the country.

Mr. Fairchild, when a lad of fourteen,

served his time in a printing office in his native town of Oneonta, New York. After having acquired a speed of nine thousand ems a day as a "comp," and the skill for making up a local page in an hour, and for "sizing up the 'personals'" in very short order, the youthful printer was presented with Webster's dictionary as a gift from his employers. The fly-leaf was inscribed:

"This is to certify that George W. Fairchild has served a due apprenticeship in the Art Preservative of all Arts, and is entitled to all rights and privileges of a journeyman printer."

To this day Mr. Fairchild has that

dictionary, and despite his extensive manufacturing interests, he has always retained a keen interest in the newspaper business. He still owns the newspaper at Oneonta, and declares that the day has not yet dawned when he can resist the sniff of benzine and the lure of ink. He likes to recall the old days when he inked the forms, from the marble slab which always seems to have found its way to the country printing office from a nearby graveyard. He knows all about printers' "pi," and insists that his interest in the art preservative will always be maintained. He is a union printer, and was at one time the president of a typographical union in New York state.



COUNT CONRAD DE BUISSERET

Minister from Belguim, who has written three plays,
which are to be tried out at the new Washington
"'playhouse," opened February 9

Congressman Fairchild's father, Jesse Fairchild, was descended from an ancestor of that name who came from England in 1639, and settled at Stratford, Connecticut. One of his maternal ancestors was Thomas Morenus, a soldier of the Revolution, who after the war settled in Otsego County, New York, and whose estate has been in the family ever since.

When elected to the Sixtieth Congress. Mr. Fairchild had never before held public office. He is a practical business man and has done much to build up the interests of his native town. There is not a constituent in the "Twenty-fourth New York" district who does not feel at perfect liberty when at Washington to drop in for a friendly chat with Congressman Fairchild. His services upon the Committee of Expenditures in the Post Office Department and on the Merchant Marine and Fisheries Committee, and his re-election in New York State in spite of the Democratic avalanche, demonstrates unmistakably the earnest way in which Mr. Fairchild has served his constituents.

"LIFE is a jest and all things show it: I thought so once and now I know it."

sang the poet Gay; and although the President appreciates the necessity of upholding the dignity of the Chief Executive, still, like Oliver Cromwell, he "loves an innocent jest."

He was to attend a fashionable bazaar held at the New Willard for sweet charity's sake, and started out accompanied by Captain Butt and two secret service guards, Messrs. Sloan and Wheeler.

The party were cordially welcomed by the Reception Committee, and were about to be permitted to enter the hall when the President whimsically decided to pay his way in like the other patrons of the charity. Walking up to a desk where the tickets were on sale, he inquired, "How much are the tickets?"

"Two dollars," replied the young lady in charge sweetly.

Plunging into his spacious trousers' pocket the Presidential right hand brought forth two one dollar bills, which he passed to the ticket seller, and nodding to his trio of companions, he entered the hall.

"Lend me two dollars, Jack," whispered Captain Butt to Wheeler, "left my money at home."

"So did I," mourned Wheeler. (The party were attired in dress suits.)

"Never mind, I'll take care of you both," hastily offered Jimmie Sloan, with becoming magnanimity. The others breathed a sigh of relief as he approached the desk. "Three tickets, please," he announced calmly, producing a crisp five-dollar bill.



CONGRESSMAN GEORGE W. FAIRCHILD Who began his career in a country printing office and now represents the Twenty-fourth district of New York

"Another dollar, please," gently remarked the young lady at the booth.

"Another dollar! H—how m—much did you say those tickets were?" demanded James.

"Two dollars each."

Jimmie was blushing a rosy red when-Wheeler came to the rescue. A passing bell-boy was taken by the collar and a few of the morning's tips were removed from his inside pocket. Then four silver quarters were placed triumphantly upon the table, and the three passed inside. Now that it has at last been decided that the Panama Canal Exposition is to be held at San Francisco, the headquarters of the New Orleans and San Francisco committees will no longer be a rendezvous for interested Washingtonians.

There were lively times at the Capital when the controversy was at its height. The Louisiana contingent came up headed by the governor and the mayor of New Orleans. The Ebbitt House was gaily decorated with the products of the Creole state, and open house in the full warmth



CONGRESSMAN HAYES OF CALIFORNIA
Who was a very busy man during the Panama Canal
Exposition controversy

and generosity of Southern hospitality was the order of the day. Such delicious French coffee and rolls and other viands for which the Crescent City is famous, were lavishly distributed, and placated many opponents of the Gulf City proposition. The speeches before the Committee revived memories of the fervor and eloquence of Pierre Soule and other New Orleans orators, and though it was a losing fight, the delegation from the South certainly did its level best to secure the prize. I San Francisco had headquarters across the way at the New Willard, but there were not many delegates in the rooms,

for everyone was out looking for votes. You could tell a California man a mile away when he had a Congressman in a corner, and the coy San Franciscans asked for no money for the exposition, but the fact that they had raised seventeen million dollars themselves and were prepared to carry the plan through without assistance, was made good use of by the delegates.

While the struggle was at white heat, there were few busier men about the House than Representative Everis A. Haves of San Iose. He represents a portion of San Francisco, and was returned to Congress this fall by a majority of over eighteen thousand, a handsome endorsement of the efficient work which he has accomplished in representing his district. Mr. Hayes is always alert, and while keeping in mind the interests of his constituents, he has always been an active and aggressive advocate of what he believes to be most beneficial to the country at large. For many years Congressman Hayes was an active mine-owner on the Gogebic range in northern Wisconsin. He has had a wide experience in both public and private business, and the San Jose district is signally proud of its efficient Representative.

During his term in Congress, Mr. Hayes has been a very active worker on the Immigration and Naturalization Committee, having made a special study of these subjects, which are of vital importance on the Pacific Coast.

STORIES of Rear Admiral E. H. C. Leutze, formerly commander of the navy yard at Washington, come in now and then from the New York yard, of which he is at present in charge.

Not long ago someone reported to the admiral that a machinist in the shops had threatened to kill him on sight. "Shall I dismiss him?" queried the captain, after a salute.

"No," said the admiral thoughtfully, "tell him I wish to see him."

A burly, surly machinist was ushered into the private office. He looked a bit sheepish.

"Well, my man," said the admiral, getting up from his desk and going to

meet him, "and so you have called me names and declared your intention of licking me on sight."

The machinist mumbled that he had been misquoted.

"Good enough! but do you really think that you could thrash me?" insisted the admiral. "Here's your chance; we are quite alone." The admiral was ready to have it over with, right then and there.

The machinist still protested that there was some mistake, and finally Leutze cut short the interview. "Well now, my man, go back to your work. I'm glad to make your acquaintance. I wanted to be prepared for the killing when it occurs."

FTER six years' active service in the A House, Congressman Albert F. Dawson of the Second District of Iowa voluntarily retires at the close of the Sixty-first Congress to resume his business career. He has accepted the presidency of the First National bank of Davenport, Iowa-one of the strong financial institutions of the Central West, and the first national bank in operation in the United States. Mr. Dawson entered the House at thirty-two years of age, but had been well known in Washington circles for some years previous, having served as private secretary to the late Senator William B. Allison. Dawson was one of the most active of the younger members of the House, and was especially prominent in the work on the Appropriation and Naval Committee. He was also tendered the position of private secretary to President Taft but declined the honor.

A year ago he announced that he would not accept renomination, and despite the efforts of his friends to dissuade him from retiring, he held his ground. Many of his colleagues who were swept into the "lame duck" class by last November's landslide now point to Mr. Dawson's action as an evidence of keen foresight, particularly as his district went Democratic last fall by nearly three thousand majority.

THE irresistible tendency of Americans traveling abroad to talk about the larger and broader scope of action and results of development in the United States,

naturally leads foreigners, who cannot realize the difference in conditions and popular opinion and enterprise, to set down the average American as a confirmed if patriotic boaster. The United States government has long been regarded as the "biggest thing on earth," but a recent report states that the railroad business in this country costs twice as much as the total expenses of the government itself, and that the gross earnings are



HON. ALBERT F. DAWSON
Who has represented the Second Congressional district of Iowa for the past six years

more than treble the treasury receipts. Not many years ago the British shipping interests were admitted to be the most gigantic industry of the world, but the American railroads, with an income of nearly \$3,000,000,000 in round numbers, represent more than two-thirds of the entire stock of money existing in the United States. In less than two years, the net income of the railroads would liquidate the entire national debt.

This tremendous development has come in spite of certain natural and well-defined handicaps and perhaps emphasizes the oft-quoted truth that no great success is ever built up without overcoming formidable obstacles.

WHILE the railroads are being peppered with advice on scientific reductions of expenses, and city folk are wrought up over local politics and the management of public-service corporations, attention must be called to the fact that the old conventional idea of the farmer

must be changed, for the present-day agriculturist is a different

being.

Now, the keen eye of the railroad magnate can see where the farmer is letting millions of dollars go to waste, but perhaps the farmer, on the other hand, can show the railroad man a thing or two. The gaunt, poorly-clad individual of former days, with demoralized "galluses," the traditional cowhide boots, jeans and unbleached "hickory" shirt, belongs to a past day and age. Today, when three fair hogs can be sold for. a hundred dollars

apiece each season, and when good money can be had on farm products, such "luxuries" as collars, cuffs, derbies and neckties have a ready sale at the village store.

While the subject of the cost of production is being investigated by scientists, the farmer has unostentatiously, but practically, been giving the same problem effective attention.

PATRONS of the rural delivery service will be pleased to learn that Postmaster-General Hitchcock has recommended that on such routes as he shall elect, at such rates as he shall determine,

parcels shall be transported and delivered as other mail if they do not exceed eleven pounds in weight, three feet six inches in length, and a girth of thirty inches. This will preclude the average "fish that Jimmie caught."

The rate will probably be twelve cents per pound, or three-quarters of a cent per ounce; at which rate a Canadian or European can send like parcels to any part of the United States, under existing international parcels post agreements. Why the system should not be made general, if it

is already granted to aliens, is legitimate matter for inquiry; but if our farmers can have its benefits, it will do much to relieve the loneliness of those who live at a considerable distance from any town.



FRED P. FELLOWS

Author of "A Century's Growth in Federa
Expenditures" (see page 795)

AND now comes a warning from Dr. Wiley against the use of tea and coffee to excess. He says that many people are keenly sensitive to the soluble constituents of these beverages, the most active of which are the alkaloids, theo bromine and caffeine. He advises parents not to

allow children to form the habit of drinking tea or coffee, for caffeine is one of the habit-forming drugs. The evil effects from excessive drinking of these beverages are of course not so acute as indulgence in alcoholic drinks, and Dr. Wiley believes that a grown person should have a right to choose his own food. However, he would caution everyone against using too much tea or coffee and when one feels that he is becoming a slave to either, the danger flag is hoisted and the warning should not be neglected.

While the tea-drinker with disordered nerves or impaired digestion does not incur the penalties risked by the drunkard, he is in danger of forming a dangerous drug habit. And to think that Dr. Wiley should give such a heartless interview just at the time of his honeymoon, at a cosy table, with two cups of ambrosial tea or coffee in Edenic juxtaposition!

MANY successful plays have first been tried in Washington. Both "Little Lord Fauntleroy" and "The Little Minister" first saw the public footlights in the Capital city. A typical Washington audience witnessed the initial performance of Mr. H. S. Sheldon's new play, "The Havoc." It was a critical gathering, one well calculated to detect any "pin-holes" that might exist in the construction or action of the play.

"The Havoc" is unique in that it employs only four characters, and one of these is but an algebraic factor—a "fourth dimension," as it were. Entering the theater during the last of the first act, it was impressive to find the audience in the dark, every eye centered upon the stage, every ear strained to hear, like children listening to a fairy tale.

The plot is formed upon the old eternal triangle used by so many dramatiststwo men and a woman. A friend who comes to board with a young couple, makes love to the wife. Discovering this, the husband decides not to shoot at the climacteric moment, but suggests that matters be arranged for the friend to marry the wife, letting him be the boarder. The plan is agreed upon, but it soon transpires that a mistake has been made. The boarder is an exponent of a new "philosophy" and of "free love," and does not relish living under old-fashioned conventionalities. The many tense dramatic situations reveal Mr. Henry Miller at his best in the interpretation of the coolheaded and well-poised hero, John Craig.

The last act shows Craig at his desk as general manager of a railroad. The man who stole his wife is brought before him as a defaulter. The wife, in order to spare her child, is willing to work—to do anything to pay the amount of the embezzlement on condition that the defaulter goes away forever. In the twinkling of an eye, she accepts her old position as

stenographer, and hangs up her wraps while John Craig answers a telephone call. Her husband shrinks from the room and the curtain falls, leaving the audience to complete the plot.

The play was written by Mr. H. S. Sheldon, a young Danish actor who came to this country a few years ago to study the writing of drama from an actor's standpoint. He played with Wright Lorimer in "The Shepherd King," and has written many humorous skits for yaude-



HON. CALEB POWERS Congressman-elect from Kentucky

ville. "The Havoc" is his first real play, and represents the one absorbing work of his life.

While we discussed it—its plot, production, and moral—the author rose and walked about the room, acting the parts as the lines were recited. John Craig, the husband, was clearly his hero, and Henry Miller's work in this part even excels his success in the late William Vaughn Moody's "The Great Divide."

As I talked with Mr. Sheldon and noticed his affectionate glances toward the miniature likeness of his wife and little baby, I could well understand why such a fervent plea had been made for the sanctity of the marriage vow. "The Havoc" is a keen thrust at Bernard Shaw and Ibsen, whose pens have given such undeserved prominence to sentiment and selfish desires, and tend to undermine the old fixed standards of purity and love that have existed through the centuries.

It was observed that during the play the sentiments and situations that evoked applause were participated in largely by men. Whisperings were also afloat that Mr. Miller found great difficulty in procuring a leading lady for the chief role. Miss Laura Hope Crews, however, seemed to identify herself fully with the author's

conception. The play is a very effective antidote for the Ibsen fever, and as the audience passed out, there was much earnest talk and thoughtful discussion.

T the extreme right of the Chief Justice sits Associate Justice Willis Van Devanter of Wyoming, who when he took the oath of office January 3 realized his life ambition. Born in Indiana, and admitted to the bar when only 22 years of age, he went to "the Golden

Northwest" and located in the then sparsely settled territory of Wyoming. His fellow-citizens were quick to recognize his splendid ability, and after having served as city attorney, legislator, and member of a commission to revise the Territorial Code, he was appointed to the Supreme Court of Wyoming in 1889 by President Harrison.

Various federal positions were offered the young territorial Chief Justice, but his movements were guided entirely by such service as would best equip and prepare him for high professional and judicial service. As assistant Attorney-General assigned to the Department of the Interior, he so distinguished himself that President Roosevelt in 1903 made him United States Circuit Judge for the Eighth Circuit. As a member of the

Circuit Court bench, the Judge sustained his reputation as a jurist of exceptional ability, and his appointment to the Supreme bench by President Taft is a worthy culmination to a career whose future seems to have been pre-ordained.

The personnel of the Supreme Court, as now constituted, has met with the hearty approval of lawyers all over the country, irrespective of party. especially notable because the Chief Justice and three of the nine justices on the bench have been appointed by President Taft. A lawyer himself first, last and always, each of the President's selections was prompted by consideration of judicial ability rather than by deference

to any sectional or partisan

interest.

The forthcoming decisions of the Supreme Court. it is felt, will be remarkable for virility, concise and comprehensive expression, legal accuracy and exact justice, such as in the conviction of our President-Judge should characterize the highest tribunal of the Republic.



JUSTICE VAN DEVANTER

I N his late report to the Secretary of War, Major-General Wood, Chief-of-

Staff, states that there is no adequate supply of reserve ammunition for the heavy ordnance of the forts, and by no means a sufficiency of light and heavy field artillery and ammunition for an army in active service. He says that if we were called upon to fight a first-class power today, we should have just about one-half the field artillery and ammunition needed for the existing regular army and organized militia; and that at the rate hithert; set by Congress in the matter of appropriations, it will take about fifty years to supply these deficiencies. In case of the need of a large volunteer army, there would be no field artillery for the increased force, and the State militia force is very weak in this indispensable arm.

Also General Wood strongly urges the passage by Congress of the pending bill for raising a volunteer army, which will save millions in time of war. Under the present law the general staff cannot make preparations in advance of war for its execution. The General also advocates

the adoption of 610 officers to replace those detailed from line duties for staff and militia work; the creation of a reserve of not less than three hundred thousand men who have served in the regular army or militia; the concentration of the canteen; and finally an increase of the signal corps and the acquisition of aeroplanes.

Judging from this report, we are much more likely to arrive at the peace millennium, than at a time when Congressional appropriations will fill our arsenals with sufficient field guns and ammunition enough to meet the first three weeks' brunt of any war with "a feller of our own size."

WITH the opening of the Sixty-second Congress, the father of railroad rate legislation, Honorable Charles E. Townsend of Michigan, takes up his important work in the Senate, and adds another farmer's boy to the Senatorial roll-call. Years ago when railroad rate bills were in their infancy, I recall meeting and becoming interested in the new Representative from Michigan who wrote one of the first of these bills ever

introduced into Congress.

Mr. Townsend is a lawyer, but his practice of law did not follow the completion of a college education arranged for him by his parents. "The Townsends were always poor," he declares with fine simplicity—and the Senator's success is due largely to his own efforts.

When in a reminiscent mood, he likes to tell of how his college education was obtained. His first year at the University of Michigan was paid for by a kind friend who advanced the young man two hundred dollars on his note, without security, and before he was of age. After his freshman



MISS LUCINDA CARPENTER PENNEBAKER

Daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Pennebaker. She led the minuet at
the Southern Relief Ball, at the New Willard, and is accounted one
of Washington's most charming social lights

year, young Townsend came home to work and pay his indebtedness. Then he taught school for fifty dollars a month, and later became Superintendent of Schools in a nearby town at a salary of nine hundred dollars per year. The great desire of his heart was to become a lawyer, but all this time the young teacher was very

much in love with a playmate of former days—they were married, and the law course abandoned—for a time.

It was as a delegate from Sandstone Township to the Republican County Convention that Mr. Townsend had his first experience in politics. To his utter surprise, his name was mentioned as a candidate for the office of Register of

COPYRIGHT CLINION SY WASHINGTON, E.Q.

MISS RUTH WYNNE
Debutante daughter of former Postmaster-General
and Mrs. Wynne, who recently returned from London,
where Mr. Wynne served as Consul General. Miss
Wynne was presented to Washington society January
3, 1911. She wore the gown she was presented in at
the Court of King Edward and Queen Alexandra

Deeds. He was about to decline the honor because he had already accepted an offer to teach school at Parma; but the school directors of that town telephoned that Mr. Townsend might accept the nomination, which he did. A real, old-fashioned campaign was conducted, with speeches among old friends in the evening—for school kept every day. He was elected by an eight hundred majority, and after

having taken public office, Mr. Townsend completed his law studies, and was admitted to the bar.

One of his first important cases was brought by the railroads to restrain the state of Michigan from taxing the value of their property instead of their earnings. He was one of the Attorneys for the State. During this case a host of witnesses was examined, and the lately graduated attorney spent two busy years in a study of the railroad business. His interest in this branch seemed to presage the later work by which he has become famous.

Mr. Townsend was elected to Congress in 1902, and was appointed by Speaker Cannon as a member of the Committee on Interstate and Foreign Commerce. When he came to Washington, he "stood around and listened," as he grimly remarks, with a keen ear for anything that pertained to railroad matters. At the first opportunity he suggested to the Interstate Commerce Commission that those who used the railroads should be allowed a hearing and should be permitted to "tell their troubles" to the Committee. With fine sarcasm he was reminded that there had been such hearings for ten years past. The matter was put in "cold storage," as it were, for the time being, but after having made the acquaintance of some of his colleagues, Mr. Townsend found one man, Congressman John J. Esch of Wisconsin, who agreed with him on the proposition, and together they prepared resolutions making railroad rate hearings an important part of proceedings at the Committee meeting the following December.

Both Congressmen spent a busy vacation. Mr. Townsend began a correspondence campaign with railroad shippers throughout the country for information. He went up to Wisconsin to consult with Mr. Esch, and after careful preparation, two bills were drawn—one that provided for a commerce court, to hear and decide controversies about rates; the other an amendment of the existing law, empowering the Interstate Commerce Commission to decide upon the fairness of a new rate as soon as it was announced by a railroad.

When Congress met in December, both bills were dropped into the legislative hopper, one marked "Townsend," the other "Esch." Later these were consolidated into one bill, and this bill passed the House at the close of the Fifty-eighth Congress, but failed of passage in the Senate. At the beginning of the Fiftyninth Congress Mr. Townsend introduced a new bill, while Chairman Hepburn introduced a similar bill which was considered and became a law; thus the Townsend proposition became the Hepburn law. Though the names of Esch and Townsend were not used on the bill which they had composed, neither stopped active work on the proposition.

The passage of the bill by Congress, and the endorsement by the President, must have been gratifying to the Michigan Congressman, who enters the Upper House next term, and, as Senator Townsend, will devote much time and energy working for proper measures in behalf of the people.

THE bards of past centuries, like "the old masters" and the defunct "statesmen" of generations cruder and more unlettered than we, are still immortalized for what they said or sung or did. And it is well, since the public appreciation of such men, like a century plant, never carries to the glory of its perfect flowering during the generation with which it came into being. Yet it seems regrettable that great poets should sing and labor among us, and go out of life without that full and adequate reward of wealth and honor, which is their due.

Sam Walter Foss, poet and humorist of New England, who has just passed away in his fifty-third year, was one of a number of American poets, who in this utilitarian age sang chiefly for very love of song-making. For book publishers look askance at offered volumes, and the average journal pays nothing or very little for poetic contributions.

Of these conditions loyal, modest, truehearted Sam Walter Foss was never known to complain. His muse affected the gay and cheerful rather than the tragic and mournful, and was largely true to that Doric simplicity, expressed in Yankee dialect, and homely figures of expression and speech; yet his work lacked neither true dignity nor inspiration. Who that has read "The Volunteer Organist" can claim that any of a score of "standard" English bards has ever written a poem of deeper intensity of feeling and beauty of expression of the power of music? His "Back Country Poems" (1894), "Whiffs from Wild Meadows" (1896), "Dreams in Homespun" (1897), "Songs of War and Peace" (1898), and "Songs of the Average Man" (1909), have had a steady sale, and will undoubtedly in due time be condensed into a volume of two of "Poems"



CHARLES E. TOWNSEND United States Senator from Michigan

and become an American classic, for generations to come.

Born at Candia, New Hampshire, June 19, 1858, a son of Dyer and Polly (Hardy) Foss, he was entitled to claim kinship with Daniel Webster, William Pitt Fessenden and John G. Whittier. His early farm life left many pleasant memories and a vivid comprehension of natural beauty and rural associates, and colored deeply his literary works in after life. He had a good public and high school education, and graduated from Brown University as the class poet of 1882.

He became one of the proprietors of the Lynn Union, and his humorous writings

for that paper led up to his employment by Tid-Bits, Puck, Judge, the New York Sun, and other publications. From 1887 to 1892, he was occupied as editor of The Yankee Blade, and editorial writer on the Boston Globe, which employments he left for literary work, and public readings and lectures, until in May, 1898, he became librarian for the Somerville Public Library, a position he held until his death.

The keynote of his scheme of life, and one which all testify was no sentimental aspiration, but lived out from day to day,



THE LATE SAM WALTER FOSS

is best expressed in his "House By the Side of the Road."

"Let me live in a house by the side of the road,

Where the race of men go by—
They are good, they are bad, they are weak,
they are strong,

Wise, foolish—so am I.
Then why should I sit in the scorner's seat,
Or hurl the cynic's ban?
Let me live in my house by the side of the

And be a friend to man."

What more can be said, but "Hail and Farewell"; unless we be permitted to express the hope that already the nobler and immortal entity of this departed friend may have realized the expectation embodied in the last verse of his cheery and noble poem, "Hullo":

"Say 'Hullo' and 'How d'ye do?'
Other folks are as good as you,
When you leave your house of clay,
Wandering in the far away,
When you travel in the strange
Country far beyond the range,
Then the souls you've cheered will know
Who you be and say 'Hullo!' "

IT doesn't seem so long ago that I saw Chase Osborn bending with wrinkled brow over the imposing stone in a newspaper office out in Wisconsin, carefully considering the purchase of the outfit. He had decided to begin a journalistic career and was looking for "a location." Fortunately for him, he didn't buy that paper, but settled down at the Ste. St. Marie, where the great locks that guard the deep water channel from Lake Superior to Lake Huron furnished inspiration to the youthful editor and proprietor.

It has been some time since I saw this boy who was casting about for a newspaper "location," but recollections of that keen, black-eyed young man, full of nervous energy and ability, but who never lost his temper when he "pied" a galley of type or smashed his thumb in the job-press, have often been in mind. His name somewhat suggests the man, for Chase Osborn has always been on a chase, and a lively chase at that.

Born in a one-room log cabin, at South Bend, Indiana, he began his career as a newsboy selling papers in the street, and later added typesetting to his list of accomplishments. At fifteen he entered a lumber mill, and in 1876 he tramped to Philadelphia to see the Centennial Exposition. Returning West, he served as a porter in a hotel, and later reported for a time on the Chicago Tribune. In Milwaukee he drove a coal team, and loaded lumber on boats until, having for some time solicited for a promising daily, he bought out a newspaper office chiefly on credit. How well I remember looking for that newspaper week after week in the pile of exchanges, and feeling that it was like a personal letter from the hopeful, energetic young editor.

His political career began with his

appointment as postmaster. Later he was made a game warden, ran for Congress and was appointed railroad commissioner

in rapid succession.

Then came his greatest good fortune—the discovery of an iron range, from which he obtained a competency. He spent some years in visiting the chief iron-producing countries of the world. His published travels give interesting accounts of his experiences during the Chinese war and while observing conditions in Siberia, also of his observations and experiences in the Turkish Revolution. He returned to Michigan to re-enter the field of politics, and has had the unprecedented honor of being the first governor of Michigan from the "Upper Peninsula."

His originality and honest frankness were strikingly evidenced at the inaugural ceremony at Lansing, where after the State officers were sworn in and the usual salute of seventeen guns had been fired, the new Governor tenderly kissed his aged mother, who had come all the way from South Bend, Indiana, to attend the inaugural, and who declared that the proudest moment of her life was when she heard her son take the oath of office to be Governor of the State which he had so devotedly served in his remarkable career.

There was no "gold lace" at this inauguration-simple frock coats and silk hats were the order of the day; and since taking the gubernatorial seat, it has been apparent to all that the new Governor means to have an above-board, straightforward administration. When the usual visiting deputations of office-seekers began, Governor Osborn insisted that his callers "talk right out loud," and forget about whispering. He always talks out loud himself, and can't see why any man "should be afraid to let everybody hear what's on his mind if it's honest." the least of Chase Osborn's virtues is his refreshing frankness. He has taken up his new duties in a business-like way, and has already electrified public sentiment by demanding the resignation of two members of the State Board of Pardons for an alleged venal agreement to pardon out two men serving life sentences for murder.

It is a foregone fact that Michigan

will have under Governor Osborn an administration which will be a credit to that Commonwealth.

A DVICE from the Department of Agriculture sometimes takes the form of a first-class legal bulletin for the



HON. CHASE SALMON OSBORN Governor of Michigan

unwary. "All persons are warned by the United States Department of Agriculture," we read in a letter from the Bureau of Animal Industry, "not to eat pork or sausage containing pork, whether or not it has been inspected by federal, state or municipal authorities, until after it has been properly cooked."

This statement follows an exhaustive investigation of the danger of trichinosis, from eating raw or imperfectly cooked pork. The trichina, a microscopic fleshworm, infests a small per cent of the hogs slaughtered in this country, and when transmitted to human beings, this parasite may cause serious illness or even death. No method of inspection has as yet been devised by which the buyer of pork may be assured against trichinae, but a temperature of 160 degrees Fahrenheit is warranted to kill the parasite. Thus pork may be eaten without danger of infection, and the parasite, horror of fastidious



MRS. HENRY D. CLAYTON

souls, eaten without danger of recognition. Dry salt pork, pickled pork and smoked pork previously salted or pickled, providing the curing is thorough, are safe enough. But to be quite, quite sure, one must obey the 160 degree law before sitting down at the kitchen table to enjoy a luncheon of pigs' feet.

No young couple in social Washington is more admired nor has a wider circle of friends than Representative and Mrs. Clayton of Alabama. In the fall of 1896, when Henry D. Clayton was chosen to represent in Congress the Third

District of Alabama, the Lower House received a new leader for the judiciary, and the Democratic forces a powerful champion for the support of their measures. The new Congressman associated himself with political rather than social Washington, and when in the spring of 1910 the papers carried the announcement that Mr. Clayton was soon to become a benedict, few people at the Capital realized that Washington society was soon to be refreshed by a belle from the Southland, and enlivened by a new and charming personality.

The active political career of Henry D. Clayton was begun when he became a member of the State Legislature, and was made Chairman of the Committee on Judiciary. Rapidly he progressed from the honorary office of presidential elector to be district attorney, Member of Congress, permanent chairman of the Democratic National Convention at Denver, and chairman of the Democratic caucus in the House of Representatives, and now he has an undisputed claim on the chairmanship of the Judiciary Committee in

the Sixty-second Congress.

Mrs. Clayton, formerly Miss Bettie
Davis of Georgetown, Kentucky, is what
the South has long cherished as its greatest
natural product—the Southern woman.
Tradition has long held that Kentucky
and beautiful women seem almost synonymous—the belle from the Blue Grass
region has had fame in song and story.
Mrs. Clayton's father, Hon. Samuel M.
Davis, was for nearly a quarter of a century Mayor of Georgetown, and as upon
his daughter rested many social responsibilities, thus Mrs. Clayton began her
career as a natural social leader.

The honeymoon was spent in Europe, but not content with the conventional "sight-seeing" of London, Paris, Rome and Berlin, the young people toured the greater part of the continent, and made many friends on their travels. Upon their return to America, Mrs. Clayton took a trip which she declares charmed her far more than the varied foreign tours—she went, with her husband, to make her political debut among her newly acquired constituency in the Third Alabama District. But a few months previous

the good people of that part of the state had presented her husband with a wedding gift in the nature of a renomination to Congress without opposition, and now, in the midst of the harvest season, they waited to welcome his bride, to open wide their doors to her.

Hospitality set a new standard for itself, and instead of a political canvass, such as English women are accustomed to make with their husbands, Mrs. Clayton found herself the subject of an ovation nine counties large, planned and executed in the Southern way. Serenades, barbecues, picnics and buffet suppers attended them everywhere, and the spirit of the old South was the order of the day. Mrs. Clayton, like her husband, now has no opposition in the "Third Alabama."

Versatility is hers to a remarkable degree, and she can enter into a barbecue with as much becoming grace as she can preside in the drawing-room. Her poise and ease of manner portray those innate attributes that are always distinguishing. Her temperamental intensity, which may be said to characterize her as an enthusiast, marks a nature that knows how to enjoy, but knows also how to sympathize, to love and to applaud. Constraint and reserve have no place here. Mrs. Clayton attracts and holds by frankness, friendliness and responsiveness that are spontaneous and unaffected. Nature has endowed her with beauty of a most striking type, and the greatest of all attractions, naturalness; culture has added grace and composure.

These are the qualities with which she comes to share and to sponsor the splendid career of a statesman whose force, logic and strength of personality have brought him to the front as a powerful factor in the councils of the nation.

THE decision of the Senate in the Lorimer case by a rather close vote of forty-six to forty declared that William Lorimer was not illegally elected to the Senate of the United States by the legislature of Illinois.

Seldom has the Senate Chamber been the scene of such intense excitement as when the result of the vote was announced. The tumultuous applause from the gallery was only hushed that the proper stress might be laid on the formal announcement of acquittal by the president of the Senate; but confusion instantly followed, as friends and colleagues of the Senator from Illinois crowded around him to extend their congratulations.

All through the protracted debate, Senator Lorimer has been calm and cool,



HON. HENRY D. CLAYTON
Representative from the Third district of Alabama

never losing his self-control. The recital of his life story from his newsboy days, down to his election to the Senate, unfolded the details of a remarkable and interesting career.

The vote itself is very suggestive, as party lines were by no means closely drawn, and prominent Republicans and Democrats alike seemed to act as jurymen in a cause celebre rather than as partisan politicians. The narrow margin in favor of Senator Lorimer indicates that evidence of venality in the Illinois legislature will furnish pungent text for biting arguments

when the popular election of United States Senators again confronts the Senate at the next session of Congress.

OPINIONS on the fortifications of the Panama Canal seem as varied as those on tariff revision and on reciprocity.



MRS. MARIE L. BALDWIN

Indian woman who works for Uncle Sam in the Indian
office, Washington, D. C. She assists in settling
claims brought against the Government by people
engaged in furnishing supplies to her own people. She
is highly educated and speaks French

Many important arguments both in favor of and against the proposition were advanced at a recent meeting of the Economic Club in New York City. Prominent speakers came on from Washington, and their addresses showed that much thought had been given to the matter.

The speakers were introduced by President Milburn of the society, who maintained a strict neutrality. Count Apponyi, the Hungarian Cabinet Minister, who has been visiting America, spoke briefly against fortification, saying that both fortifications and battleships were becoming obsolete.

General Nelson A. Miles was not so optimistic. "Every military man must know that in case of war the Isthmian Canal would be, if possible, the first place to be seized by a foreign foe, and the student of history must know that treaties are disregarded in almost every war." Dr. Louis Livingston Seaman, major surgeon, United States Volunteer Engineers, had a word to say regarding neutralization. "Ideal in theory, neutralization is only effective as long as all nations can be induced to observe their treaty obligations. This requires universal agreement; but it has happened in the past, and it will doubtless happen in the future,



STANLEY FINCH

Chief of the Crime Detecting Force of Department of Justice, who has been rounding up the "Get Rich Quick" firms throughout the country. The entire detective force of the Government is being concentrated and will be under Mr. Finch's direction. Chief of Secret Service Wilkie has been assigned to reorganizing the Customs Inspection Service

that some nation or nations will disregard these obligations, and as the canal will be used by all, so it will be an object of attack by any who thus begin a war and seek to injure their enemy by robbing it of the use of this waterway."

Mr. Edwin D. Mead, an associate of William Dean Howells, Nicholas Murray Butler, John Graham Brooks and others, struck a quite different note when he declared, "The thing now needed is delay. Why this hurry about so important a matter? The Panama Canal will not be finished tomorrow nor the next day; and the question of its fortification can be determined better by some future Congress than by the present one."

This view of the case is not in line with the utterance of Beaver Creek Brown on the desirability of carrying a pistol habitually. "It may be," he observed judi-

Photo by Clinedinst

MAHA VAJIRAVUDH PHRA MONGKUT KLAO New king of Siam

cially, "thet a man mout carry a gun all his life and never hev to use it; but when he does need it, he wants it right away, an' dang bad."

As soon as the canal is finished, friendship and treaty ties with foreign nations

must, if ever, come to a crucial test. Either neutrality or defences must be relied on then, and the choice must be made now.

FEW years ago when some five or six score "rubber plantations" were being exploited in the United States, and



COUNT VON BERNSTORFF Latest photo of the German Ambassador in Court uniform

begun in Mexico, a very modest German visitor curiously inspected, and experimented with the hitherto useless and evil-tasting guayule scrub, which covered the plateaus of Torreon and other Mexican states. He managed to induce a company to follow up his experiments, and a new brand of rubber began to appear in small quantities in the markets of the world, and to be known to the initiated few as "guayule rubber."

Very few of the Castilloa rubber plantations have come into profitable bearing and the processes of collecting the juice and hardening it into rubber is a slow and thus far a not very profitable business, but the cost of buying a ton of guayule brush, and extracting the viscid rubber

is very small compared with the price realized. It is estimated at Washington that the total production of guayule rubber in Mexico aggregates say 2,750,000 pounds per month, valued at about \$1,650,000,

Photo by Clinedinst

MISS MARY SOUTHERLAND
Daughter of Rear Admiral W. H. H. Southerland, She
is Miss Helen Taft's most intimate friend, and one of
the leaders in Washington society

which would soon give Mexico a guayule rubber export of nineteen to twenty millions of dollars, while the Castilloa development is not over one-fifth the output of the formerly despised guayule. Also the profit from guayule is immensely greater, as the cost of manufacturing is not over forty cents a pound, for a rubber that sells at wholesale at from sixty cents to \$1.15 per pound. Many contractors are still collecting and hauling to the factory this valuable shrub, at a contract price of from \$25 to \$30 Mexican, or \$12.50 to \$15 per ton.

THE census tells the story of the great development of the South in figures, but figures are often most eloquently illumined in addresses made by enthusiastic devotees.

Professor E. A Pound, Superintendent of the Board of Education at Waycross, has delivered a speech on the "Come South" slogan that has in it the real ring of welcome. He gives facts and figures of the immense development in the South, and the address is interwoven with sentences that read something like this:

"Come South, homeseeker, come South to a land with a glorious past and to one that is to have a more resplendent future.

"Come South, fellow-American, because the growth of population in the South has not kept pace with her growth in enterprise and opportunity and achievement.

"Come South, homeseeker,"—he grows more specific—"come down to Georgia, the Empire state of the South—to Georgia, where the luscious peach exudes the smile of Southern sunshine upon tables in far distant lands.

"Come South, homeseeker"—here the reader is drawn still nearer to the land of the orator's heart—"to the wiregrass region, where you may raise cotton, corn, alfalfa, sugar cane, celery, tomatoes, onions, melons or fruit; where you may gather your one hundred bushels of corn to the acre or raise more than a bale of cotton.

"Come South, homeseeker, come south, to South Georgia, the land of promise, profit and the Pine. And in coming, if you wish to dwell in an up-to-date city, come on down to Waycross, the magic city of the pines, the queen city of the wire-grass—where mortality is lowest, where the climate is delightful, where the people are progressive and generous, and whose motto is, 'Work, will and wonder.' Come and you will remain, remain and you will prosper, prosper and you will be happy in understanding why it is that her present is the expanding marvel of the day and why her future dazzles even the visions of prophecy."

THE terrific explosion in New York which shook the glass at the buildings of Wall Street and was heard for many miles around has awakened a keen in-



SENORA DONA MARIA RIANO
Daughter of the minister from Colombia and wife
of the second secretary of the Colombia Legation

terest in the manner and method of handling explosives. Few people realize how much explosives are used in farm work. The farmer and excavator are fast learning how to utilize the higher form of explosives in the excavating and exploring of heavy soils for cultivation, and have made many interesting and necessary observations. WHERE comparatively few large stumps are left and it would not pay to purchase a powerful extractor, a two-inch augur-hole bored through the heart of the stump nearly to the roots should be loaded with a single cartridge of rend-



Photo by Clinedinst

MISS CORNELIA ELLIS OF VIRGINIA Grand-daughter of President Tyler who is receiving much social attention during her visit to Washington. The necklace shown in this photo was worn by her grandmother, the wife of President Tyler

rock, or giant powder, with a fuse leading to the top of the stump. Dry sand poured into the hole will sufficiently "tamp" this charge, which should not only blow up the stump but split it up so effectually that it will furnish good material for the family wood-pile. The cost of removing the largest stump that may be found ought not to exceed fifty cents or, at the outside, a dollar.

Where a wall of earth is to be removed a cartridge set deeply from five to ten feet back from the excavation, and loaded and "tamped" as above, will throw down and loosen large masses of earth, saving slow and costly labor with pick and bar.

Where a cellar is to be excavated in heavy clay a few holes sunk to the level of, or even a little below the bottom of the cellar, and properly loaded, tamped and fired, will loosen the material at the surface, within a circle whose diameter will be thrice the depth of the hole.

Thus a cartridge exploded at a depth of six feet should loosen the surface soil



CAPT. GRAHAM L. JOHNSON, U.S.A. Aide to President Taft

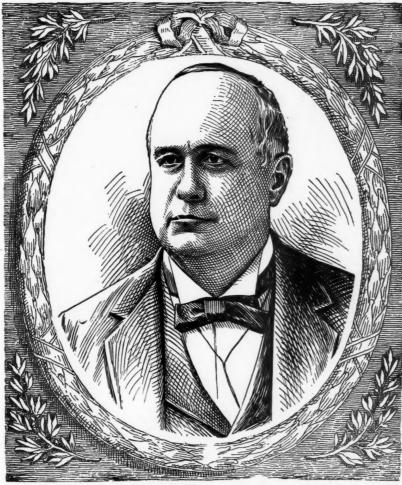
within a circle of thirty-six feet circumference. Where, as is often the case, the strongest man can only loosen a handful of clay at a stroke, the economy of this method is beyond question. The farmer who has tried in vain to raise fruit and shade trees on land underlaid with hard clays, will find a sure cure for these conditions, by digging the holes deep down with high explosives, which will also shake up the surface around so greatly that it will never again be compacted as before.

Surface boulders should be drilled to some depth if possible, but do not need large charges, which should be tamped by a layer of sand or moist clay. If near a house, the rock should be covered with planks, brush, etc., to prevent the splinters and pieces of rock from flying to a distance.

All work of this kind should be done in warm weather, if possible, as chilled explosives of which nitro-glycerine forms a part are useless, unless thawed out, and this process is always more or less dangerous. The cartridges should be stored under lock and key in some waterproof box or tool-chest at a distance from any building, or may be put in a barrel or covered canister and buried. The capsules which are used to cap the fuses must never be kept near or with the explosives, or affixed to the fuses near the cartridges. With ordinary attention and care in these matters, there should be no danger in using high explosives for these purposes.

THE vote by which the Senate delayed for a season the direct selection by the people of United States Senators was too close to be pleasant for those who opposed the measure. With eighty-seven present and voting, fifty-four voted for the proposed change and only thirty-three against it; so that a change of four votes from the negative to the affirmative side would have given the required two-thirds vote.

The Democrats opposing the measure were chiefly from the South, and it is believed that the acceptance of the Sutherland amendment, retaining federal control of elections, was responsible for the many Southern "nays." New England, with the exception of Senator Frye, voted against the measure. One of the Western Senators, commenting upon the remark that, while Eastern members might be influenced by the argument that if the people could not trust their state legislatures, those bodies should be abolished, declared that this was quite impractical and that the direct election proposed no such radical change. Most of the Western members were heartily in favor of the Borah resolution, and Senator Borah promises that the fight for the bill will begin again with renewed vigor at the opening of the Sixty-second Congress.



HON. STEPHEN M. SPARKMAN

Member of Congress from Tampa, Florida, and prospective chairman of the committee on rivers and harbors

THE Senate's recent ratification of the Japanese treaty will do much to quell the war gossip which has of late furnished a burning theme for our novelists and story-writers.

The new treaty has met with favor by the governments of both nations. With the treaty a "gentleman's agreement," in the form of a memorandum from the Japanese ambassador, will enforce the Japanese passport regulations that prevent "coolies" from coming here.

A "gentleman's agreement" often means more than the most binding promise bearing governmental seals, for the former pact is based upon honor, and the honor of a nation—especially that of the Island Empire—is an impregnable bulwark.

Diplomats seem to be of the common opinion that this treaty will do much toward establishing a permanent friend-ship between Japan and the United States, and the peace dove is reported to have recovered from its recent indisposition.



"HI HAY—HAY—HAINT 'AD HA BO'LE HALE HIN TWO YEARS"
—See "The Guest of Honor," page 787

The GUEST OF HONOR By William Hodges "The Man From Home"

Copyright 1911, by Chapple Publishing Company, Ltd.

SYNOPSIS—John Weatherbee, a young author and poet, comes to New York with his four-year-old adopted son, Jack, and takes the best rooms at Wartle's boarding house in East Twenty-ninth Street. But as finances dwindle he keeps moving up until the "top floor back" is reached. Amid the persistent dunning and threatening of Wartle, the landlord, and Mrs. Murray, the housekeeper, Weatherbee is kept in spirits by the encouragement offered by Warner, an old blind newspaper man whom Weatherbee has assisted in better days. Warner assures the young man that his writings will some day make him famous, and asks regarding a poem of Weatherbee's which has won a prize at the "Ten Club" in New York City. Weatherbee becomes rapturous in describing the young lady who recited his verse, but quickly reproaches himself as he is reminded of his extreme powerty. It is decided, if Wartle demands his room at the end of the week, that the three, little Jack, Weatherbee and Warner, shall go "camping," but Weatherbee hopes that an appointment with a book publisher, to take place that afternoon, will be productive of material results.

CHAPTER V



YOU wish to stop here?" inquired the chauffeur in a doubtful tone, as he brought the large touring car to a stop and looked with much disgust at the dirty windows which Wartle had not washed for months.

"Have you driven to the address I gave you?" Miss Kent asked gently.

"Yes, ma'am."

"Then we would like to get out, please."

And the chauffeur opened the door of the

car quickly.

Wartle's face became a study of wonderment as he peeked from the basement window and saw the two beautifully gowned young ladies assisted from the automobile by a smartly dressed young man, whose hands were covered with bright chamois gloves, a necktie of the same color and a walking stick almost as large as himself.

"What can they want 'ere?" Wartle muttered to himself, as he ran up the stairs and opened the door.

"Does Mr. Weatherbee live here?"

And the music of Miss Kent's voice startled Wartle, bowing profusely as he went down the hall exclaiming: "Yes ma'am, right this way, Hi'll show you," until his heels struck the lower step of the stairs and he sat down with a thud.

Neither Thisby nor Helen Kent made any effort to subdue their laughter, as they watched Rosamond assist Wartle to his feet, as he mumbled: "Hexcuse me, Hi thank you. Right this way," and started up the stairs.

Rosamond found it difficult to conceal her smile as she shook her finger at Thisby and Helen, who were giggling at Wartle as he puffed and grunted at each step.

"An automobile doesn't make so much noise, after all," Thisby remarked.

"Hi think they're hawful things," retorted Wartle. "Hi'm hafraid hof my life hof 'em!" "Have you ever ridden in one?" inquired Helen, whose voice showed that she was not accustomed to climbing stairs.

"No, ma'am. Hi likes 'orses, but Hi 'ates hautomobiles."

Helen giggled as she replied: "But 'orses run away."

"Ho, Hi don't like them kind. Hi likes the kind they 'ave hon the cabs."

"Do you like donkeys?" inquired Thisby.

"Hi likes to look hat them, but they're hawful kickers."

And Rosamond shook her hands at Thisby, who was trying to smother his laughter with his chamois gloves.

"Right hat the top hof these stairs his Mr. Weatherbee's room," and he bowed low as Miss Rosamond thanked him politely and proceeded up the stairs.

"In all my life I have never been so

high up."

"You may never be again, Thisby,"

returned Rosamond gently.

Weatherbee had been cheerfully doing the work about the room that Mrs. Murray so bluntly refused to do. He had swept and put everything in order as best he could and was sitting at the wooden table he used for a writing desk, with his head resting on his hand and wondering if Warner was right in his opinion about his books. He repeated to himself the words Warner had so often spoken: "Your books will be published some day and you'll be a rich man." He tried to make himself believe that Warner was right, but he was afraid his opinion was controlled by friendship and as he sat there wondering and dreaming, the sound of Miss Kent's voice fell upon his ears, as gently and softly as some wonderful strain of music he had once dreamed of, and he thought he was still dreaming, and he was not surprised, for he had thought of her constantly since the first time he saw her and heard her voice and he closed his eyes and he smiled and raised his head slowly and imagined he saw her standing on the stage reciting his poem: "As the Sun Said Good-bye to the Moon."

As she reached the top step she rested her hand on the quaint little banister and took in the room with a glance; the atmosphere of artistic poverty it possessed fascinated her. She fell in love with the room as quickly as she did with the author after she had read his poem. She felt as if the room belonged to the poem and the poem belonged to the room and both were a part of the author.

"Does Mr. Weatherbee live here?"

she asked softly.

Weatherbee raised his head quickly, paused a second and then jumped to his feet, turned, and as he beheld Miss Kent, gasped, "I beg your pardon!"

"Does Mr. Weatherbee live here?" she

repeated.

"No," he mumbled in a quivering voice, as he pulled his cuff down below the edge of his coat sleeve. "This is Mr. Weatherbee's studio, but—but he doesn't live here," and he gave the other cuff a sudden jerk and pushed the ends of his streaming tie under his waistcoat.

"Oh, I see," and Miss Kent took a few steps toward the center of the room.

"Is he in?"

"No-he-he hasn't been here this morning, yet."

"Do you represent Mr. Weatherbee in

any way?"

"Yes, oh, yes," he replied, "I—I am Mr. Weatherbee's secretary," and he

bowed politely.

"I am Miss Kent of the 'Young Women's Ten Club' and have called to thank Mr. Weatherbee for the beautiful poem he sent us and tell him what a great success it was."

"That is indeed kind of you-I"-and he corrected himself quickly, "Mr. Wea-

therbee heard you recite it."

"Oh, was he there?" M'ss Kent inquired eagerly, as she advanced toward

Weatherbee quickly.

"Yes, he and I went together," Weatherbee replied with much pride. "He was kind enough to take me; in fact he takes me most every place he goes."

"And you say he really liked it?" Helen exclaimed as if she thought such a

thing were really impossible.

Weatherbee bowed his head slightly, as he placed his hand behind his back.

"I never knew Mr. Weatherbee to enthuse over anything as he has over your delivery of his poem. He talks to me every morning about it." And Miss Kent clasped her hands together as she looked from Helen to Thisby and exclaimed with much enthusiasm,

"How charming!"

Weatherbee smiled and bowed gracefully. "Yes, indeed, he doesn't talk of anything else. He breaks out every once in a while in a most enthusiastic manner and says: 'Jack,' Tom—Tom—his name is Jack and my name is Tom—he always calls me Tom, yes, he'll say, 'Tom, what a beautiful voice Miss Kent has,' and I agree with him; we always agree."

"You should have heard some of the compliments the ladies paid him as an

author," interrupted Helen.

"I'm sure it would please him," and

Weatherbee bowed again.

"Especially Miss Kent," she continued as she looked at Rosamond and laughed. "That's jolly well true," put in Thisby, who was bored with the conversation.

"I don't think it possible for Miss Kent to admire the poem as much as the author admired the way she delivered it."

"We admire the author who can write

such beautiful things."

And Helen laughed as she threw a quizzical glance at Rosamond and exclaimed, "We!"

Thisby fanned himself with his hat as he gazed from one to the other. "A mutual admiration society. As for myself, I don't care a rap for poetry!"

"Why, Thisby!" and there was a note of reproach in Rosamond's voice.

"I jolly well don't."

"Well, I wouldn't boast about it," she replied as she turned to Weatherbee. "When do you expect Mr. Weatherbee in?"

"I really couldn't say. He might come in any minute and he might not be here

today at all."

"This is just our luck! We are very anxious to see him. The Club is having a luncheon at my home tomorrow. We wrote and asked Mr. Weatherbee to come, but he declined, so we thought we would just drop in and see if we couldn't persuade him to come. We always present the prize to the authors at the luncheon which we give in their honor."

"Is he out of town?" Thisby asked in

a snappy tone.

"No—no," returned Weatherbee quietly.
"I think he is in the city; in fact I am sure he is. He told me last evening he was going to remain in town all day today."

Helen suggested that he might be home and Weatherbee nodded his head and replied in a tone of forced surprise: "Per-

haps he is!"

Thisby thought he had solved the problem and he raised his voice with admiration at his own thought. "Why not 'phone him?"

Weatherbee leaned forward quickly, as if the words had escaped his ears, "I beg

your pardon?"

"I say, why not 'phone him?" he yelled, and Weatherbee smiled as he glanced about the room and raised his voice as if he were addressing a person as deaf as Thisby might have thought he was addressing:

"Oh, yes, but we have no 'phone. He did have one, but he had it taken out because it proved an annoyance when he was writing. I'm sorry we haven't a

'phone, very sorry indeed."

"That is simple enough," remarked Helen, as she turned to Thisby. "You go out to a drug store and call him up."

"Yes, if you give me his number, I'll go out to a drug store and call him up."

Weatherbee's hesitation made it very apparent that he was in an embarrassing position.

"I'm extremely sorry—but—I am not at liberty to give his 'phone number."

"Is he such a crank?" snapped Thisby.

"No, really, Mr. Weatherbee is the most charming man I have ever met."

And Rosamond interrupted as if she were defending an old friend: "I suppose he has to protect himself from newspaper reporters and publishers?"

Weatherbee smiled grimly, as he whispered: "Especially the publishers," and he forced a faint cough as he continued: "All the publishers chase after him. It's really laughable sometimes to see them fight among themselves to get his stories and books and things." He watched Rosamond as she glanced about the room.

"Are any of his books here?"

"No, there isn't a single book; in fact there is hardly anything left here at all now. He usually sends his valuable things home, before he goes away for the summer."

"Oh, is he preparing to go away?"

"I think he is."

"When does he leave?"

Weatherbee smiled, as he replied with a great deal of assurance: "From what I heard him and the proprietor of the house say this morning, I think he'll leave about Saturday."

"It is rather early."

"It is a little earlier than he expected to go, I think."

"Where does he go?" asked Thisby bluntly.

"I think he'll go camping this summer."
Helen glanced at Rosamond and then
turned and winked at Thisby.

"Is Mr. Weatherbee a young man?"

"Mr. Weatherbee and I are about the same age."

"Now, Rosamond, you ask if he is tall," and she obeyed with a fascinating smile that became still more fascinating as Weatherbee informed her that he was about six feet.

"Light or dark," she asked eagerly.
"Rather light—quite light," and Helen laughed heartily as she seated herself in

the rocker.

"That settles it. Now we will wait until he comes," and she laughed still harder as Rosamond replied: "Oh, hush," and turned to Weatherbee quickly. "Does he do all his writing here?"

"Most of it."

"What a quaint spot! What a queer old library," and Weatherbee followed her to the old bookcase and spoke in a voice that trembled with admiration: "He is very fond of antiques."

"May I open it?" and she stepped back with surprise as he threw the doors open.

"Oh, he has taken all his books away!"
"All but this set of Dickens, and he left those until the last. I think he'll have me take these away this afternoon or in the morning."

"Well, I am not going to wait any longer. I'll have the chauffeur drive me home and come back and get you and Thisby."

"No—no, I'm going with you. If I write Mr. Weatherbee a note, will you see that he gets it today?" And as he arranged the pen, ink and paper on the table for her, he assured her in promising tones that he would deliver the note to Mr. Weatherbee without fail.

"That is a very good portrait of you," Helen remarked as she gazed at a small painting of Weatherbee hanging on the wall

"Do you like it?"

"Very much."

"One of Mr. Weatherbee's friends

painted that and gave it to me."

Thisby didn't hesitate to say that the nose was too long, but Helen disagreed with him and inquired if there was a picture of Mr. Weatherbee in the room and Weatherbee tried to save another lie by looking in the opposite direction as he remarked, quietly: "I don't see any now."

"Do you write at all?"

"A little, I've been studying for some time with Mr. Weatherbee."

"Are you going to be a poet?"

"I would like to."

Thisby looked at Helen with a little reproach, as he remarked in a firm tone that he would jolly well like to write a poem that would drive all the ladies daft, and he laughed good-naturedly when she replied quickly that she hadn't any doubt that a poem written by him would drive anyone who read it daft.

"What on earth are you doing, Rosa-

mond, writing a book?"

And as Rosamond reached for an envelope, her elbow hit the picture of Jack's mother and it fell to the floor.

"You'll be sure and give Mr. Weather-

bee this note today, won't you?"

"Positively," he replied as he took the note and turned to conceal his smile.

"I'm ready," exclaimed Rosamond as she turned to Helen, who was holding the picture in both hands. Her face was pale and she staggered forward and gave the picture to Rosamond, who looked at it quickly and gasped: "Marguerette!" She tried to control her frightened condition, as she turned to see if either of the men were watching them.

Thisby was resting on his cane gazing at Weatherbee's painting and Weatherbee stood studying the strong, characteristic handwriting on the envelope addressed to himself. "Pardon me, but may I ask who this is?" Rosamond asked in a voice that did not conceal her excitement.

Weatherbee gazed at the picture a second and replied tenderly: "A friend

of Mr. Weatherbee's."

Rosamond gazed at the picture again, as she whispered: "I wish he were here."
She wanted to make further inquiries, but decided she would wait and ask Weatherbee himself. She placed the picture on the table and turned toward the stairs to hide the tears in her eyes.

"Don't forget the letter, will you? Come, Helen. Thank you very much. I hope we haven't taken too much of your time."

"No, indeed," he replied, as he followed her to the banister and tried hard to catch a glimpse of her face, for he thought it would be the last, but she kept her head turned.

"It has been a great pleasure to me. Can you find your way out?"

"Yes, thank you," but he stole after them and opened the front door just wide enough to peek out and see her drive away.

CHAPTER VI

As Miss Kent's automobile rolled up Twenty-ninth Street, Weatherbee stood on the steps and watched the picture fade into memory. He unfolded her letter that he had nervously squeezed into a small ball and sat on the stone steps and read it through many times.

The stone steps, which the scorching sun had made hot enough to fry an egg on, seemed like cushioned chairs to him. He forgot he was sitting—he forgot everything but the dream he had dreamed so many times—and as he finished the letter again, he raised his head and wondered if he were still dreaming.

He thought a few seconds and started to read the letter again and would have read it many, many times had not the tapping of Warner's cane on the stone walk interrupted him. His good judgment told him he was not quite in his right mind and he tried hard to pull himself together and greet Warner in a natural tone of voice.

"Hello, Warner, where is Jack?" he remarked carelessly.

"Mrs. Turner wouldn't let me bring him away. 'She insisted on him staying until three o'clock anyway, and I left the little rascal there, eating his head off."

"Warner, who do you suppose called on me while you were away?"

"Who?"

"You couldn't guess in twenty years."
"The publisher!" exclaimed Warner,
and his voice trembled with excitement.

"Guess again."

"Who?"

"No, you're still wrong."

"Who was it, John?" And as Weatherbe informed him that it was Miss Kent, he stood as if he expected Warner to fall, but he only grunted, "Who the devil is Miss Kent?"

"Why the beautiful girl I told you of who recited my poem."

"Ah-ha!" responded Warner in a low tone. "In love with the author."

"No, no, just called to-"

"Oh, rot," interrupted Warner, as he struck the walk with his cane. "What did she want?"

"Insisted that I attend this luncheon given by the 'Ten Club' at her home tomorrow—actually insists."

"Bully for you, John, bully for you."
"Sit down, Warner, and I'll tell you all about it."

They were hardly seated before Warner jumped up and inquired if that was the hottest spot in New York they could find to sit on, and on Weatherbee's suggestion, they started arm in arm for Madison Square, and Warner shook with laughter as Weatherbee told him how he had succeeded in passing himself off as his own secretary.

"John, that is a good joke on her, and I'll bet the society will enjoy it when you tell them."

"When I tell them?" and he gave Warner a searching glance, for he really thought he was jesting.

"You don't think I am going, do you, Warner?"

"Certainly you're going," he growled:

"Warner, would you really have me go to that girl's house looking as I do?"

"By all means. Do you suppose she thinks your poems were written by a fine suit of clothes? No, for a girl who would look for a swell suit of clothes wouldn't have a mind broad enough to appreciate such a poem."

Weatherbee listened attentively to Warner's remark and sauntered along in

silence, buried in deep thought.

"Our bench is vacant, Warner," he said in a low tone, as he led him to the seat they always sat on unless it was occupied by others who sought Madison Square

Park for outdoor recreation.

Both sat for several minutes in silence and Warner knew there was something out of the ordinary on Weatherbee's mind. He was sure it was one of two things. Either room rent or Miss Kent, but owing to the fact that Weatherbee had never given any thought to ladies, he was somewhat puzzled as to which it was, but he was silently betting on Miss Kent.

"There's a little breeze here today,

Warner."

Warner smiled faintly, for he knew from Weatherbee's tone that he was not think-

ing of the breeze.

"There's always a breeze here, John, you get it from the east, west, north and south, with a double cross. This should be called the X of New York."

"That would be a good name for it," Weatherbee replied slowly, as he noticed the suggestion of the X made by Broadway crossing Fifth Avenue.

"You've helped me thresh out a good many ideas for my novels in this Square,

Warner."

"I hope I'll be able to help you thresh out a good many more," Warner replied kindly.

"What are you worried about, John?"
"I'm not worried about anything."

"You're doing an awful lot of thinking."
"I guess it's up to me to do a little think-

ing, isn't it, Warner?"

"Well, John," and Warner dragged his words out in a soft, low tone as he put his hand on Weatherbee's knee. "Think, but don't worry—worry is what keeps the undertakers busy. You have done all the thinking and all the figuring amd all the guessing there is to be done about your books, and I have guessed and thought and figured with you. I have advised you because I feel that I am capable of advising and I know you are going to win

out. I feel it. I'm sure of it. It's only a matter of time. I can't see, but I can hear and I'll bet both of my ears that I am right. I won't bet on the exact date of the publication of your novels, but someone will recognize their worth and publish them, but you can't hasten the publication by worrying, so why not give time a chance for a few days and see what it will do? Time has done a great deal in the last six hours," and he patted Weatherbee's knee affectionately, as he leaned closer to him and whispered: "It has opened up an avenue in your character that I had never heard of before!"

"What do you mean?" Weatherbee

asked gently.

Warner paused a few seconds, then leaned toward Weatherbee and whispered:

"You're in love!"

A long drawn out "What" forced Warner to repeat the words, and he reached for Weatherbee's hand and squeezed it tightly as he continued in a voice that trembled with emotion. "It's beautiful, John—it's beautiful. I never loved but once, and I have never been unhappy since."

"Warner, I wouldn't allow myself to

think of love."

"We don't have to think of it, John, it thinks for us. You say in one of your stories that 'Love knows no law, it favors no place, it has no home, until it dreams, and wanders, until it meets a soul that it clings to and either sings or sobs its life away."

"John, I never heard you give a lovechirp until today and I would have given the world to have seen your eyes when you were telling me about this lady. There was a note in your voice that I never heard

before."

Weatherbee knitted the fingers of both hands together and gazed steadily at the walk, and Warner only became more amused as Weatherbee earnestly insisted that he had not even thought of love.

"Warner," he went on in a low, sincere tone, "if I started to fall in love in my present position, I'd lose all respect for myself. When Miss Kent walked out on the stage to deliver my poem I was somewhat frightened because she was the living image of the girl I had described

in the poem, the girl I dreamed of when I was writing the poem stood before me. I admired the natural, sincere way she read it and I would have liked to have gone to her and thanked her."

"But instead of that," interrupted

Warner, "she came to you."

He drew the end of his cane back and forth on the cement walk a few times and then continued in a kind but somewhat amused tone.

"John, did she state in her invitation how she wished you to dress?"

"Certainly not," Weatherbee replied

quickly.

"Then how do you know she wouldn't like to have you come dressed as you are?"

"I don't know."

- "Then why don't you go and find out?"
 "Because she might feel offended."
- "At your appearance?"

"Yes."

"But you are not positive."

"Not absolutely."

"John, in my eyes you are doing this girl an injustice."

"How?"

"Perhaps I can explain it more fully by reversing the situation," and Weatherbee placed his hat on the bench and

"Imagine you have

"Imagine you have read a poem written by a lady whom you have never met your club or your society invite her to a luncheon. She accepts the invitation she appears in a dress that isn't in style; it is a little worn—we'll say it is quite shabby. You or any club or society that you would be a member of wouldn't be offended, would you?"

"Certainly not."

"You would be a lot of cads if you took offence at the girl's dress, wouldn't you?"

"Certainly."

"Well, then, if this girl, or her club or society invites you to their luncheon and takes offence at your clothes, they're what we would call snobs, aren't they?"

"I think in a general conversation they might be referred to as such," Weatherbee remarked in an unsatisfied tone as he reached for his hat, placed it on his head and pulled it well down over his eyes.

"But it is hardly fair," Warner continued slowly and deliberately, "to accuse

them of being snobs without giving them a chance to prove it, is it?"

Weatherbee gave Warner a smiling glance from the corner of his eyes and acknowledged he was right.

"So far so good," Warner went on.
"Did Miss Kent impress you as being a
girl who would take offence at a man she
admired (we'll say from a literary standpoint) that circumstances had dressed in
an old suit of clothes?"

"No, she did not," was Weatherbee's

reply

Warner sat in silence waiting for Weatherbee to continue, but he was gazing at a pale blue cloud that was journeying on its way across the sun, and there were two large brown eyes looking down through the pale blue cloud which caused the sun and the cloud to fade into nothing but a mere background.

After Warner had waited some time, he came to the conclusion that Weatherbee was in one of his listening moods and it was up to him to do the talking.

"John, there is an acquaintance, doubtless a friendship, and perhaps something deeper and sweeter, knocking at your door—and because you haven't a nice suit of clothes, you refuse to open the door and let it in. The same knock may never come again, John."

The pale blue cloud had crossed over the sun and Weatherber focussed his vacant stare on the earth's green grassy carpet and the two large brown eyes had also shifted and were gazing up at him through the soft green threads.

"In reversing this situation, John, do I make it clear to you that you are

wrong?"

"You haven't yet, Warner," and he smiled faintly at the gentle, fatherly way in which Warner was chastising him.

"If the situation were reversed, Warner, do you think Miss Kent would accept the invitation?"

"I'm sure she would."

"Why are you sure?"

"From what she has already done. You declined their invitation, then she called on you and urged you to accept. Is there anything else she can do? Do you think a girl with a poetic mind who is courageous enough to go to a man and

tell him that she admires his work, is going to take offence or even notice a

shabby suit of clothes?"

"I'm sorry I didn't have the pluck to tell her who I was," Weatherbee grunted in a disgusted tone as he removed his hat that he had unconsciously been pulling at until it almost covered his eyebrows.

"You go around and get Jack and I'll

go home and start the dinner."

"It isn't dinner time, is it, John?"

"It will be by the time you get there," he said as he peeped up at the sun, which was crawling down over the roof of the Fifth Avenue Hotel and seemed to be tucking itself away in the Jersey foliage.

As Jack and Warner entered the little garret room, they found dinner waiting and after Jack had surveyed the table carefully, he placed both hands on his little round stomach and exclaimed with a great deal of discomfort that he couldn't eat any dinner because he was too full of cocoanut cake and lemonade.

"I had three glasses of lemonade and four pieces of cocoanut cake," he groaned as he seated himself in the little rocker.

"Did you only eat four pieces?" Weatherbee inquired with a forced sincerity that made Jack think he had committed a great wrong and he jumped to his feet and replied in a most apologetic way that he just couldn't eat any more.

"But I brought all I couldn't eat home

for you and Mr. Warner."

"And didn't you bring home any lemonade?"

"No, I drank it all," he said in an injured tone as he took his father's hand in both of his.

"We don't like lemonade anyway, do we, Warner?" and he gave one of the child's curls an affectionate pull.

"You cut the cake for Mr. Warner and

Jack served the cocoanut cake, and nothing in the Weatherbee household tasted so good that night.

As Warner bade Weatherbee goodnight at the head of the stairs, he held his hand firmly and whispered: "John, I'll bet I'm right about that girl, a new suit of clothes might grate on her."

As Jack lay in the old couch bed and watched his father climb in, he reminded

him that he had forgotten to blow out the candle.

"You are forgetting everything tonight, Dad—you haven't pulled down the window curtain."

CHAPTER VII

While Weatherbee and Warner were sitting in the Square, figuring out their financial situation, Wartle was trying to plan the easiest and less painful way to remove his little round face from between the two side-whiskers that had been hanging on his cheeks for so many years. He knew it was going to be a painful operation for he was not very handy with his razor and he was quite nervous at the thought of shaving himself anyway and his hand was very unsteady-but to pay fifteen cents to a barber was entirely out of the question; that would be a form of extravagance for which he would never forgive himself, so he placed a small mirror on the window, sat before it and twirled the beloved whiskers around his fingers for many minutes.

"Hit's hall foolishness," he mumbled to himself as he ran his fingers through them and pushed them back until they almost covered his ears. But Mrs. Murray's word was law. She had ordered them off and off they had to come, and off

they came in sections.

He attacked them first with a pair of dull scissors, and then with a razor that hadn't been near a hair for so long that it

laughed when it saw one.

After he had succeeded in stopping the many nicks and cuts in his face from bleeding, he covered each cut and small scratch with a liberal amount of white sticking plaster and after a long disgusted look at himself in the glass, shook his head and gasped: "Hi looks like 'ell."

His feeble, frightened knock on Mrs. Murray's door wasn't heard until he had

repeated it several times.

"Merciful Hivins," she exclaimed as she threw up both hands and stepped back from the door. "Have ye bin into a dog foight?"

Wartle removed the old-fashioned motheaten silk hat that had sheltered the missing whiskers for so many years and placed it on the table. "Ere Hi ham just has you hordered me."
"Faith an' Oi didn't oder ye with yer face

all covered with white labels, did Oi?"

"Hit's stickin' plaster," he returned meekly.

"Ye look es if ye had been run over by somethin'—did ye try to commit suwecoid?"

"No, Hi was just hexcited, that's hall. Don't you want to go to the hopera with me?"

"Sure, Oi'll go anny place with ye—no wan'll see me, iverybody'll be lookin' at ye."

"Hi looks hawful, don't Hi?"

"Ye do, ye look as if ye had been through the battle of Bull Run. Go ter the glass there and fix yerself—some of yer labels are comin' off."

"Hi guess the sticking plaster his no good; hit's some ha peddler give me for some breakfast one morning," and he tried hard to make the curling corners stick to his face, but found it impossible.

"Shtop pushin' on yer face, ye'll have it all pushed out of shape. Faith and ye look as if ye had yer face done up in curlin' papers. Have ye the tickets?"

"Yes, Hi got them hin the front row."
"Oi'm glad of that, fer I loiks to watch
the drummer. Come on or we'll be late."

"'Ave you hever seen the hopera of 'Why Women Sin'?" inquired Wartle as he gazed at the program.

"No, but I know it's good, fer they always have foine operas here at the Third Avenue Theatre. The usher'll be after ye if ye don't take yer lid off."

Wartle removed the silk hat that had furnished amusement for those near enough to see the moth-eaten spots, and placed it under the seat.

"Now don't talk to me," Mrs. Murray ordered as the curtain arose.

"She's lame, hisn't she?" he whispered after the heroine had been on the stage a few seconds.

"Shut up," Mrs. Murray replied in a voice that was heard by everyone in the theatre.

"She's supposed to be lame—didn't ye hear her say that she was pushed out of the villain's airship?"

"But she's dressed in ha hevening dress."

"She didn't 'ave this dress on when he pushed 'er out. Shut up now."

"Hi can't hunderstand hit," Wartle grunted after the curtain had fallen on the first act.

"It's as plain as the stickin' plaster on yer face. The limpy woman is the villain's wife and he is tryin' to kill her off so he can marry his young toipwriter—that's what he pushed her out of the airship fer.

"Stop pickin' yer face—it's bleedin'," and she pulled Wartle's hand away from his chin and warned him to keep quiet as the curtain arose on the second act.

"Hif 'e poisons 'is wife," Wartle whispered, "'e can't marry 'is typewriter 'cause 'e'll be 'anged."

"Don't ye see that he's goin' to poison her and blame it on the hero?"

"But 'e didn't put hanything in the glass."

"But he made believe put somethin' in it—there—there—she's goin' to drink it. No—she says she isn't thirsty—thank God! thank God!" and Mrs. Murray heaved a sigh of relief and sat back in her seat as the curtain fell.

"The Divil will kill yer yit.

"Hain't she got the foine 'ead of 'air? It's just exactly the color hof gold. She's hawfully fat, though, hisn't she?"

"Oi think she's beautiful," Mrs. Murray exclaimed as she clasped her hands together in admiration.

"She has two lovely gold teeth right in the front of her mouth, and diamonds in her ears and on every finger."

"She's got some hon 'er thumbs too, hand haround 'er neck."

"Yis, and diamond buckles on her slippers."

"She 'as hawfully big feet."

"Well, she's a strappin' big woman— I'll bet she weighs over two hundred pounds. Oi wish Oi had some of the fat that she don't need."

"Hi wouldn't 'ave you has fat has 'er fer hanything hin the world. Hi don't see 'ow 'er 'usband hever pushed 'er hout of the hairship—she his two times has big has 'e his, hand when 'e went to choke 'er 'e had to stand hon 'is tip toes to reach 'er neck. 'E doesn't look ha bit well, 'is voice his so weak. When she said to 'im

'Ho, for God's sake pity me, Dalmore,' Hi couldn't 'ear what 'e said hat hall."

"Sure, an' he is supposed to be nothin' but a wee shrimp—keep quiet now, here she is."

"She his much holder than 'e his, hain't she?"

"He is her second husband—ain't ye listenin' to what they're sayin'?"

"Hit's mean hof 'er to want 'im to discharge the typewriter, hisn't it?"

"No, she knows he is stuck on her."
"But she hain't stuck on 'im; she's

hin love with the Doctor—Dick Darow."

"Shut up, he's goin' to give her the poisoned box of bonbons; see! see! she's takin' them, the fool, and she's thankin' him for 'em. The brute, he's goin' away and l'ave her there to ate 'em—she's undoin' the box—hush, here's the toipwriter—the little fool is asking her fer some and she's atin' 'em. Look! look at her eyes! See! see! there she goes, she's fallin' on the Buffalo robe. Bless her heart, the big

"How many more hacts hare there?"
"One—it's dridful excitin', ain't it? I
thought I'd scream roight out when the
toipwriter et the poisoned bonbon."

fat one is telephonin' fer the doctor."

"She didn't heat hit, there wasn't hany-

thing hin the box."

"Ye dough-head, this is only a opera. She made believe ate it, didn't she? Wake up!"

"H'im so sleepy Hi can't keep my

heyes hopen."

"Faith and Oi'll not sleep fer a week after watchin' this."

"The Doctor his hawfully young to be ha doctor, hisn't 'e?"

"Sure and the hero has to be young— Oi think he's foine, he has such nice long, curly hair."

"Hi likes 'im better than Hi do the typewriter—she talks through 'er nose so."

"L'ave that stickin' plaster alone sure yer face'll niver git well if ye kape pickin' at it."

"'Ow many more hacts did you say there was?"

"One, they're gittin' ready fer it now—the loights are goin' out. I'll bet if Oi had that young brat by the neck, he wouldn't whistle up in that gallery ag'in fer awhoile.

"There's the poor little toipwriter in bed—moy, but she's as pale as a sheet—and see the young doctor's over there in the corner examinin' the bon-bons wid a spy-glass—and God love, the big fat blond is bringin' in the little sick toipwriter clam soup."

"What his that glass rod the Doctor his puttin' hin the typewriter's mouth?"

"It's a thermomitor that tells if her fever is gittin' hot or cold. He sez she has one chance out of a million. He's pale, too, the poor divil.

"Here's the pup that poisoned the bon-

bons.'

"His false mustache his comin' hoff, hisn't hit?"

"I hope it does. Bully fer the fat one—she told him to go, and niver look her in the face ag'in."

"Yes, but 'e says 'e won't go."

"Wait a minute, there's goin' to be a scrap—the doctor is goin' to fire him out—there they go—good! good! hurray! fer the Doctor. Do ye hear that noise? That's the villain fallin' down the stairs."

"Hit sounds like broken glass, doesn't

hit?"

"Sure, it's somethin' they use to make a noise loike a man fallin' down stairs—

"The Doctor says the toipwriter is goin' to be her own swate self in a few days—see, he's kissin' her."

"His hit hall hover?"

"Yis and Oi'd loike to come ag'in tomorry noight."

"Hi'll take you 'ome hin ha street car hif you're too tired to walk," Wartle chirruped as if he thought the generosity of his offer would surprise Mrs. Murray.

"Ye'll take me home in nothin' 'till after I go to Sweeny's 'All Night Lunch'

and have somethin' to ate."

Wartle tagged along in silence until he recovered from the shock and then inquired meekly where Sweeny's was.

"Oi'll show ye," Mrs. Murray replied in a firm tone. "It's a foine place—some people say that it's almost as good as any of Childs' places."

"Hi've never been hin one hof Childs'

places, har they hexpensive?"

"Not very, Sweeny's a foine man—I know him well—I used to wash fer 'em before the Chinaman moved next door"

"What do you think you'll heat?"

"I don't know 'till I see the bill-o-fare."
"Hi'd like a bottle hof good hold Hing-

lish hale, but hit's so hexpensive."

After Mrs. Murray had listened to the waiter read over everything there was on the menu several times, she decided she would try an oyster stew. "An ye can fetch me a shupper of dark beer.—

"What are ye goin' to ate?"

"Hi don't want hanything—Hi never heat hin the middle hof the night."

"Ye want a bottle of ale, don't ye?"
"No, Hi don't think Hi'll drink hit, hit might hupset me."

"Drink it, sure ye can't be any worse than ye are now. Bring a bottle of Dogs Head

—it's good for what ales him."

After Wartle drank his bottle of ale, things on the menu began to look cheaper and Mrs. Murray smiled as he ordered the second bottle—and was somewhat astonished when he ordered the third

and she cancelled the order when he asked for the fourth.

"Ye'll drink no more, sure ye're blinkeyed now. Give 'im his hat, waiter."

"Hi hay—hay—hain't 'ad ha bo'le hale hin two years."

"Faith, an ye have enough now to do fer two years more—come out of there, that's the kitchen."

"Do you want a cab, Mrs. Murray?" the waiter asked.

"No, sure he needs the walk—he'll be all roight whin he gits outsoide."

"This 'as been ha lovely hevening," he mumbled as they stopped at Mrs. Murray's steps—and as he bent over to kiss her hand, the moth-eaten hat fell off and rolled out onto the pavement, and to make sure that it would not fall off again until he reached home, Mrs. Murray pulled it well down on the back of his head until it rested on both ears.

"Ye're all roight now, ain't ye? Ye

know where ye are, don't ye?"

"Sure, Hi'm hin 'Eaven." He chuckled as he waddled up the street, waving his chubby hand back over his shoulder.

CHAPTER VIII

The silk shades in the large drawingroom windows of the Kent mansion, which looked out on Fifth Avenue, were drawn, and the elegantly furnished room was delicately lighted with a large chandelier whose small electric bulbs were hidden under the soft sun-colored globes, which matched the golden colored damask which covered the walls and gave the large room a glow of peaceful summer sunset.

The big sliding doors of the adjoining dining room that looked out into the conservatory were open, and the servants were busy spreading the table for the many guests expected, and as a surprise Rosamond had ordered a dozen different brands of expensive cigars placed opposite the "Guest of Honor's" plate, to make sure that he would find a brand that pleased him, for she had read that all authors smoke, and as she sat in the large, silk plush chair, reading a book whose hero reminded her so much of the man whom she had selected the cigars for, she little dreamed he was walking along on the opposite side of the street locating the house and wondering if he would have the courage to enter when the time came.

"I think the table is as you wish it, Ma'am," the servant remarked politely, and after he had repeated the words the second time and waited for a reply, he stepped in front of Miss Kent and forced a low cough that gained her attention.

"I say, I think the table is as you wish

it, Ma'am."

After she had glanced over the table carefully, she inquired how many brands of cigars were at the "Guest of Honor's" plate, and the servant smiled as he informed her that he had bought two of every good brand he could think of.

"You may close the doors, if you will, Henry," and she resumed her seat in the large plush chair and wandered off among

the pages of her book.

After Helen had entered the room and remained silent for almost a minute, which was an exceedingly long time for her, she inquired of her father's whereabouts in a voice that was somewhat suppressed with fear and didn't display any great desire to be informed that he was within a hearing distance and when she learned, through Rosamond's half-unconscious reply, that he was up in his room, she spoke in a natural tone, which usually brought a reply.

"He is always home when the club meets here and it makes him wild."

After she had given Rosamond sufficient time to reply and decided that her presence was not as important as the book, she seated herself on the arm of her sister's chair and peeked over her shoulder long enough to become interested in the title.

"What are you reading?"

"'An Author's Life,' and the character of the author reminds me so much of Mr. Weatherbee's secretary."

"Is it good for anything?"

"Yes, it is a beautiful story and the character of the author is so quaint and witty. I love those droll, witty types."

"You are always admiring some freak.

I wonder if Mr. Weatherbee will come?"

Rosamond's eyes wandered from the

Rosamond's eyes wandered from the book as she unconsciously lowered it to the arm of the chair.

"He said he would in his note. What time is mother coming?"

"She 'phoned that she was on her way over. I can't wait until she comes."

"Why, you big baby, she has only been

away one night."

"Oh, it isn't that, but I want to tell her about us finding Marguerite's picture in Mr. Weatherbee's studio. Isn't that the strangest thing you ever heard of?" and even Helen's fluttering mind rested on the strange coincidence long enough to remain silent for some few seconds.

The sound of their mother's voice greeting the servant in the reception hall brought the two girls to their feet.

"Here is mamma now," and Helen was the first to be folded in her mother's arms, though Rosamond's slight figure was held tightly in the same two arms for many seconds after and one might have thought from the affectionate greeting, that the mother had been absent for many weeks instead of but one night and only a few squares away in the same city.

"What is the trouble with father?"
"Nothing much, I guess he just wanted a day off. How is Grandma?"

"In perfect health," and Mrs. Kent's voice simply bubbled with affectionate enthusiasm. "Why, she is just the healthiest old dear you ever saw. How is your luncheon coming on, Rosamond?"

"All right so far."

"Going to invite me?" Mrs. Kent asked with an inquiring smile.

"I wish I could."

"Who is the guest of honor today?"
"Mr. Weatherbee, the gentleman who wrote the beautiful poem I recited at the entertainment."

"Oh! is he coming?"
"He promised to."

"Rosamond hasn't seen him yet and she's in love with him."

"Helen, please don't be so smart."

"What does he look like?" asked Mrs. Kent in a tone of girlish curiosity.

"We haven't seen him," Helen whispered mysteriously, "but his secretary described him. He is tall and has light hair, so that settles it."

Mrs. Kent bent forward in her chair and imitated Helen's mysterious whispering tone. "Where did you see his secre-

tary?"

"At Mr. Weatherbee's studio," Helen returned as she opened her eyes wide and lowered her voice as if she were telling a child a ghost story and a gentle note of surprise crept into her mother's voice as she spoke after a short pause.

"Did you go to his studio?"

"Yes," Rosamond answered in an unsteady, puzzled tone, which changed the atmosphere of humor that Helen had created to one of mild excitement. "I could hardly wait until you came home to tell you of what we found there," and her lips twitched with nervousness as she paused and looked into her mother's wondering eyes, for she knew she was not prepared for the mysterious news she held in store for her.

"What is it?" Mrs. Kent asked in a gentle, firm tone as she took Rosamond's hand and looked at her with a smile of love that would make a bitter confession seem like child verse, and when Rosamond informed her that it was a photograph of Marguerite they had found she stepped back and her eyes journeyed from one girl to the other several times before she spoke.

"Are you sure it was Marguerite?"

"Positive."

"I saw it first!" Helen exclaimed, and her unconscious pride displayed the absence of any deep interest on the subject, and she was somewhat grieved when her remark was passed unnoticed.

"Did you find out where she is?"

"No, Mr. Weatherbee was not in—we saw his secretary—but I didn't want to converse with him on the subject. I thought it better to wait until I saw Mr. Weatherbee himself."

"Was it an old photograph?"

"One of those she had taken just before she was married."

"I was at boarding school when Marguerite was married, wasn't I?" Helen inquired in a more thoughtful, reminiscent tone than she had ever been known to speak in before.

"Yes, you were only eleven years old then, my dear," and Mrs. Kent sighed, her mind back through the eight years which had turned her hair from a soft

brown to a silvery white.

Helen sat in one of the large chairs and wrinkled her little white forehead in deep thought for several minutes. She knew her mother and sister were not aware of the information she had gained regarding Marguerite's husband and while she wasn't proud of the method she used to enlighten herself on the subject, she was not at all ashamed.

"Is Marguerite's husband still in prison?" she asked quietly and deliberately as she gazed somewhat reproachfully at her mother and Rosamond, who were so shocked by the question that they sat speechless for many seconds.

"Why, Helen!" Mrs. Kent gasped in a low whisper, "who said he was in prison?"

"Rosamond," she replied in a low, positive tone that brought Rosamond to her feet suddenly.

"Why, Helen!"

"I heard you and mother talking about it."

"When?"

"Oh, a long time ago."

"You listened?"

"Certainly I listened," she remarked calmly. "You or mamma never tell me anything, so I have to listen."

The forced note of gentle reproach in Mrs. Kent's voice failed to conceal her great love which she unconsciously showed in spite of her attempt to be severe.

"Helen, I am ashamed of you!"

"Well, I don't care if you are, I'm tired of being the baby in this house. You and Rosamond have more secrets and when I come into the room, you both cough and start talking about the weather. You never tell me anything."

"Because you can't keep anything to yourself, my dear, that is why we never tell you anything, and you're old enough to know better. I have often felt it my duty to tell you about Marguerite, but didn't because I was afraid of you, un-

consciously, repeating it."

"Well, I should know. She is my sister and it is your duty to tell me. I know that she ran away and married against father's wish and by listening I learned that her husband is in prison. I would rather have you tell me the particulars than hear it from some stranger."

"Helen, do you wish to speak in that tone of voice to me," her mother asked quietly, "or are you forgetting?"

"I'm forgetting," she replied regretfully, after a brief silence, as she knelt at her mother's side and squeezed her hand affectionately. "What is he in prison for?"

"Before they were married he forged your father's name on a check, but father spared him to save a scandal. We both begged Marguerite not to marry him. Then father forbade her and she ran away and married in spite of anything we could say or do. Shortly after they were married he committed another forgery and was sent to prison and died there."

"Haven't you ever heard from her

since?"

And her lips trembled as she tried to utter a "No" that was smothered with heavy sobs. "Oh, if she only knew what I have suffered she would surely write to me," she said as her head fell to her hands and shook with bitter grief.

Rosamond smoothed her white hair tenderly and drew her head affectionately to her breast, though her own eyes were moistened with tears and her voice broke

with emotion as she spoke.

"It is not because Marguerite is cruel," mother, that she doesn't write. If she were starving her pride would not permit her to ask for food or tell of her sufferings. And I'm afraid she is suffering—I feel sure of it."

"Something tells me she isn't. She looked so happy in her photograph—so peaceful. She looked as she did the last time I saw her—she seemed to speak to me, and something tells me that we are going to find her—and she is coming home."

Mrs. Kent raised her head slowly and with a feeble, hopeful smile whispered the words half to herself: "Coming home!"

"I feel sure of it," Rosamond continued. "I don't know why, but I do. It all seems so strange that we should call on this man whom we have never met and find her photograph there. It seems like a good omen, and I am positive we are going to find her." And a sign of hope crept into the three sad faces as Mrs. Kent took each of the girls' hands and crowded a smile through her tears and forced a cheerful note into her voice. "We'll hope and trust and pray."

The click of the heavy oak library door sent a warning glance from each to the other as they hurriedly dried their eyes and

sat in different chairs.

"Are you going to tell father?" Helen

whispered.

"No," Mrs. Kent replied in a still lower whisper as she mechanically cleared her throat and tried to manufacture a conversation regarding the luncheon as she fussed nervously with her small lace

handkerchief.

"Dick" Kent, as he was commonly called by members of the stock exchange, strolled leisurely from his library, where he had been in close touch with his Wall Street office, although absent. His hands were pushed deep into the pockets of his dark trousers and the end of a long black cigar, which protruded from the lengthy gold-trimmed amber cigar holder that he held between his two heavy, clean shaven lips, scarcely extended as far forward as his stomach. What white hair there was left, on the sides and back of his head, stood straight on its end, which was caused by the many visits from his nervous fingers. His deep, harsh voice, which would bluff any New York cab horse into stepping lively, was understood, though not always admired by his family.

"Hello, you've been crying!" was his greeting to Mrs. Kent as he entered the drawing room and removed the cigar from his lips long enough to kiss her on the cheek. "What's the trouble?" and Mrs. Kent murmured a faint "Nothing" as he stood before her waiting for an explanation.

"Yes, there is!" and he raised his voice to a key that would have frightened a

stranger.

"She cried when we told her you were too ill to go to your office," Helen exclaimed in a tone of mock sympathy, as she hurried to her mother's side and held her hand and patted it tenderly.

Kent threw his head back and grunted a conceited laugh, which told his pride had been lightly touched. "Oh, there's nothing the matter with me—a little cold, that's all," and he started for the library and addressed Rosamond without turning.

"What time are the celebrities coming?"

"At two."

"Is Miss Butterwing coming?" he asked with a touch of sarcastic humor.

"I think so."

"Let me know when she arrives, will you?"

"Why?"

"I want to go up to my room."

His wit was responded to by the "family laugh" that was always pitched in the same key—delivered in the same tempo and never consisted of more than three ha ha's.

Though Helen had often doubled her weekly allowance by tucking on a few extra ha ha's at one of his pet jokes, "She won't bother you today," she said with a great deal of assurance. "She'll be after Mr. Weatherbee."

Kent paused and spoke without turning, after he had delivered a few heavy clouds of smoke from his cigar. "Who is Mr. Weatherbee?"

"Mr. Weatherbee is the Guest of Honor today," Rosamond answered, and her unconscious enthusiasm only made Mr. Kent more curious.

"Who is he?" he asked sharply without removing the cigar from his lips.

"An author," was Rosamond's timid reply after a slight hesitation, which was caused by the gruffness of his voice.

"Of what?"

"I have only read two of his poems that he gave to the Society—I have never met him."

Kent jerked the cigar from his lips as he turned and walked toward Rosamond, eyeing her severely. "Never met him and inviting him to your home?"

"It is customary to invite a strange author as a guest of honor to our luncheon."

"Do any of the ladies of your Club know him?" and as Rosamond shook her head and whispered a positive "No" he stepped back in utter surprise and was silent many seconds before he found words to express his astonishment.

"Rosamond, I do not approve of this. You shouldn't invite a person to your home until you know something of him. I wish your society wouldn't use your home to entertain men whom they have never met. You know, Rosamond," and he stepped forward and placed his heavy hand on her shoulder, as he bent over her and lowered his harsh voice until it mellowed into a key of rough sympathy, "we were taught one sad lesson by allowing a man to call here whom we didn't know."

"We think this man is a gentleman," and the note of sincerity in her voice only augmented her father's savage gruffness as he gripped her shoulder in his hand and shook it until she winced, though his brutal clutch was meant for affection.

"You should be sure, my dear, you should be positive," and as he entered the library, he slammed the heavy door after him and sank in the massive leather chair and tried to smoke away the misery that his many millions hadn't kept from entering his palace door.

CHAPTER IX

Kent's advice, which was based on real facts that had caused so many heart aches in his family, left the three ladies sitting with bowed heads and their minds pondering over the past and each one silently asking themselves if he were right. Mrs. Kent favored his opinion to a degree, but was undecided as to what step her husband would take toward the strange man if he knew he possessed a photograph of their daughter and the knowledge of her whereabouts. One deep sigh followed the other until Helen's sympathy on the subject had become exhausted and she became somewhat impatient with herself and everyone concerned.

"Oh, don't mind him," she grunted. "He has a bad case of indigestion."

The unexpected remark and the pouty, jerky tone in which it was delivered, brought her mother and Rosamond half way back to earth, and though neither spoke, the humorous expression of their eyes as they glanced at the child explained their opinion of her incapability to be serious for more than a minute at a time, no matter how fatal the subject might be.

The butler appeared at the door and announced Mr. Thisby, and the words had scarcely left his lips before Helen exclaimed "Show him in quick!" and the butler failed to conceal his broad smile as he hurried away, and though Helen's boisterous manner surprised her sister and shocked her mother, they didn't succeed in hiding the fact that they were also amused.

"What on earth is he calling at this hour for?" Rosamond asked in a voice that was equally blended with astonishment and annovance.

"Because I told him to."

"Now remember, Helen, don't ask him to stay to lunch," and Rosamond marked each word with an emphatic nod of her head.

"Oh, he doesn't want to stay," Helen answered in a voice of exaggerated pride. "He'd stay if you gave him half an in-

"You shouldn't mind him," Mrs. Kent remarked casually. "I should think you would be so used to him that you wouldn't notice him, and Mrs. Thisby likes to have him come over here because then she knows where he is. I don't mind him; he seems just like a girl to me."

As Rosamond and her mother left the room, Helen seated herself and pretended to read the book Rosamond had forgotten, though she was gazing several inches above the top of the book and listening attentively for Thisby's voice, and as he "ahemmed" politely, she mechanically dropped the book and exclaimed in a forced dramatic tone: "Oh, how you frightened me!"

"I'm jolly well sorry, I thought you knew I was here, don't you know."

"Well, I didn't, and I'm not aware of the fact yet," and she picked up her book and held it within a few inches of her eyes and smiled behind its pages.

"Really now, stop capering, don't you know. Aren't you going for a spin?"

"Certainly not, you know the Club is giving a luncheon here today in honor of Mr. Weatherbee," and she turned several pages of the book over hurriedly.

"But you don't care anything about

the blooming Club!"

She rose to her feet slowly and drew her shoulders up until they almost covered her ears, then spoke in a whispering gasp that would have frightened herself if she hadn't had such a struggle to keep from laughing, "How dare you call it a blooming Club?" and she sank into the chair with disgust and pretended to read, but was not aware that she was holding the book upside down.

"Bless my soul, I'm only jesting. You said yesterday you didn't care about remaining to the luncheon and if I'd call you would go for a spin, don't you know."

"Well, if I did I have changed my mind. I wish to remain and meet Mr. Weatherbee," and she emphasized Mr. Weatherbee with a vengeance as she noticed she was holding the book upside down.

"Oh, tommyrot, and are you going to remain in the house all the blooming afternoon just to meet that blithering

idiot?"

After she had gazed at him for several seconds with a tragic expression of contempt, she remarked quietly as she used her shoulders to help accentuate her disgust, "You are positively vulgar."

Though Thisby was aware that she was playing another one of her dignified roles, he was somewhat puzzled at the quiet method she had chosen, and a pleading note crept into his small, whiny voice as he advanced a few steps toward her

"Well, he is; he's a blithering ass, upon my soul he is," and his worried, apologetic tone pleased her childish vanity and she held the book close to her face to hide her smile as she continued in her low tone. which was humorously sarcastic: "I'm going to tell Rosamond, and she will tell Mr. Weatherbee and I hope he'll thrash you good!"

"And I suppose you'd be jolly well glad to help him, I'm thinking really.'

"Yes, I would, speaking in such a rude way of a man with brains," and she threw a glance of contempt over the top of her book that silenced Thisby for several seconds, but after he had recovered and adjusted his tie, he seemed to take on new courage.

"Brains!" he exclaimed in a braggadocious tone. "Just because he wrote a few blithering poems that have put all the

ladies daft."

"His poems are simply beautiful," Helen replied in a high, taunting key as she raised her eyes to the ceiling and shook her head in admiration.

"Anyone can write poems if they care to waste time that way, don't you know. Just to show you how easy it is, I scribbled one off last night, before I retired, and I'll wager my head it's more to the point than Weatherbee's, upon my word it is really."

Helen quickly forgot the part she was playing and jumped to her feet with great enthusiasm. "Did you really write a

poem?"

"Upon my word," Thisby replied as he removed a small piece of paper from the

pocket of his waistcoat.

"Read it," and she clapped the covers of her book together and sank in the chair and listened earnestly, and after he had read a few lines, he was interrupted by her long drawn out "Oh," that seemed to last a minute, as she gazed reproachfully into his guilty eyes. "You hypocrite, that is in this month's Smart Set."

"Upon my word I wrote it," and he held the poem, which was written in his own

handwriting, close to her eyes.

"Yes, you wrote it, but you copied it out of the Smart Set."

"Well, I wrote it, anyway," he returned with a smile. "Oh, Helen, don't rig me; on your word, aren't you going for a spin?"

"No, I'm going to stay for the luncheon." "Then by Jove, I stay, too!"

"You can't."

"I will, upon my word, if you don't go for a spin-I stick," and he sat in the chair, crossed his legs, folded his arms and formed a picture of defiance, which succeeded to make her forget the dignified role she had been playing and be quite her excited self.

"You can't, I tell you, Mr. Weatherbee is the guest of honor and there are no other men allowed."

"I'll sit in the library," he answered

"You can't, papa is in there."

"I'll smoke him out with one cigarette."
"I dare you to smoke a cigarette in there!"

"I know what I'll do," and he clapped his hands together as if a great thought had arrived: "I'll go in and let the governor guy me 'til luncheon time and—"

"You can't," interrupted Helen, who was becoming extremely worried at the persistent attitude he had taken. "There are no other men permitted to the luncheon but Mr. Weatherbee."

"But if he doesn't come you'd be jolly well glad to have me here to fill up the gap, don't you know."

"But he is coming."

"Well I can sit in there while you are at luncheon and let the Governor guy me and we'll take a spin after—a jolly happy thought, don't you know—really it is, I must explode it to the Governor," and he entered the library prepared for his usual guying, which always terminated with some sound business advice.

After his feeble tap on the door had been answered by Kent's gruff "Come in," and he broke the several seconds of chilled silence that greeted him with a bold, "Howdy, Governor," that was answered by an unwelcome grunt followed by another cold wave of silence which amused Thisby more than it frightened him, for he had been a sort of a plaything around the Kent home too many years to be frozen out by Mr. Kent refusing to enter into a conversation, and sitting with his feet up on the desk, leaving nothing for Thisby to see but the back of his head.

(To be continued)

GOD'S MARINER

(For the New England Convalescent Rest Home)

By EDNA DEAN PROCTOR

LEAGUES from the light by the harbor side
Is the good ship, fast on a sandy shoal,
Waiting the wind and the morning tide
To spurn the bar for her distant goal;
Ah! when the strong waves lift her keel,
The sails will be wings, the timbers steel.

So voyagers over life's rough sea,
In darkness cast on shoal or shore,
Wait for some tide of sympathy
To bear them out to the deep once more—
Some blessed wind of cheer to blow;
Some guiding light of love to glow.

Let us be light and wind and tide
For those awreck on its chartless main!—
Giving anew the hope that died;
Speeding them still their port to gain;
For oh! God's mariner is he
Who helps the storm-tossed brave the sea!

Copyright, 1905, by Edna Dean Proctor

The Conqueror

By EMIL CARL AURIN

IT'S easy to laugh when the skies are blue
And the sun is shining bright;
Yes, easy to laugh when your friends are true
And there's happiness in sight;
But when Hope has fled and the skies are gray,
And the friends of the past have turned away,
Ah, then indeed it's a hero's feat
To conjure a smile in the face of defeat.

It's easy to laugh when the storm is o'er
And your ship is safe in port;
Yes, easy to laugh when you're on the shore
Secure from the tempest's sport;
But when wild waves wash o'er the storm-swept deck
And your gallant ship is a battered wreck,
Ah, that is the time when it's well worth while
To look in the face of defeat with a smile.

It's easy to laugh when the battle's fought
And you know that the victory's won;
Yes, easy to laugh when the prize you sought
Is yours when the race is run;
But here's to the man who can laugh when the blast
Of adversity blows, he will conquer at last,
For the hardest man in the world to beat
Is the man who can laugh in the face of defeat.





A CENTURY'S GROWTH FEDERAL EXPENDITURES

A COMPARISON OF THE ESTIMATES FOR 1802 WITH EXPENDITURES FOR 1911

by Fred P. Fellows

Assistant Clerk, Committee on Appropriations, House of Representatives



OT long ago there were found, among some forgotten files in the Capitol building at Washington, a number of old documents dating back to the early days of the Republic. Perhaps the most interesting of these, especially to one who has given any atten-

tion whatever to the federal expenditures during recent years, is one entitled: "An Estimate of an Appropriation of Monies for the Services of the Year 1802." It is written in a bold hand upon heavy parchment paper, covering some thirty pages, eleven by seventeen inches. The ink has only slightly faded during the more than a century since the document was transmitted to Congress, "accompanying a letter from the Secretary of the Treasury, received the fourteenth of December, 1801," at the beginning of the first session of the seventh Congress. Thomas Jefferson was then President and Albert Gallatin Secretary of the Treasury.

The total appropriations estimated, for all departments and activities of the Government, were \$3,448,147.18. Surely,

a mighty oak has grown from this little acorn, for one hundred and nine years later, on the fifth of December, 1910, the Secretary of the Treasury transmitted to Congress the book of estimates for appropriations for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1912, a quarto volume containing 688 closely printed pages, calling for appropriations of \$748,414,860.81, two hundred and fourteen times the amount required for 1802! The estimates for "increase of the navy," that is, additional ships of war alone, for 1912 is \$23,294,047.67, seven times the total cost of Government one hundred and ten years earlier! The total appropriations for the present fiscal year 1911 are \$805,294,512.59, exclusive of \$243,907,020. for the postal service, all but about ten millions of which will be paid out of the postal revenues.

There were, at that early day, but four of our present executive departments in existence—the State, War and Treasury departments, all established in 1789, and the Navy department established in 1798. A general post office, with the Postmaster General at its head, was established in 1789; but while its growth was continuous and it gradually assumed many of the

functions now performed by the Post Office Department, it was not established under that name until 1872. While the Department of Justice was not made a separate department until 1870, the office of attorney-general was created in 1789. Besides these departments, which had their genesis during the early years of the Republic, we now have the Interior Department, established in 1849; the Agricultural Department, in 1889; and the Department of Commerce and Labor, in 1903. There are now nine executive departments, the heads of which each receive \$12,000 a year.

The purposes for which appropriations were asked in 1802 were classified as follows: (1) Civil Department, under which are grouped the legislative, that is, the expenses of Congress, the executive, including the expenses of the President and the several departments; and the (2) Miscellaneous, under which are grouped annuities and grants, military pensions, mint establishments, lighthouse establishment, surveying department, miscellaneous claims, contingent fund, second census, and quarantine laws. (3) Intercourse with foreign nations, including "diplomatic, treaties, captures, and seamen." And finally (4) the military and (5) the naval establishments of every kind.

As the Union then comprised only sixteen states, there were thirty-two Senators and one hundred and five Representatives, who were compensated at the rate of six dollars per day for 150 days. The total expenses of Congress were \$179,526.66. This year, with ninety-two Senators and 391 Representatives, each receiving \$7,500 a year, the expenses of the legislative department are \$6,483,-275.25.

The President of the United States then received \$25,000 a year. This appears to have been the total expense of the executive at that time, no estimate having been submitted for clerical service or for maintenance of an official residence. Today the President receives \$75,000, with \$25,000 for traveling expenses, while clerical services and contingent expenses at the executive office cost \$95,560 and maintenance of the White House \$53,510.

a total of \$249,070. The Vice-President then received \$5,000; now \$12,000.

The total expense of the State Department in 1802 was \$22,710, of which the Secretary, who was then James Madison, received \$3,500. This year this department is costing \$387,700. Our diplomatic service then consisted of three ministers, one at London, one at Paris and one at Madrid at \$9,000 each; and our consular service consisted of a consul at Algiers at \$4,000, and three consuls, at Morocco, Tunis and Tripoli, each receiving \$2,000. This was during the height of the power and insolence of the Barbary states, when tribute was levied by them on the ships of all nations. For some years Congress appropriated money to meet their demands, but the bombardment of Tripoli and the destruction of many of their ships by an American fleet under command of Edward Preble in 1804, humbled their arrogance and made it unnecessary thereafter for us to pay them such marked attention. The total expenditures incident to our foreign intercourse were then \$132,116.67; while today the cost of exercising this function, including the diplomatic and consular service, \$3,969,866.41.

The Treasury Department, the head of which received \$3,500, then cost \$79,444.34. This year the appropriation is \$4,440,310. The War Department, including the salary of the Secretary at \$3,000, then cost \$27,250, while today it costs \$2,227,168. The Navy Department, including \$3,000 for the Secretary, then cost \$19,910; today, \$821,340. These amounts are merely for the maintenance of the executive offices in Washington and do not include either the military or the naval establishment, the expenses of which have always been estimated for separately. That the mode of living was then as primitive as were the needs of the departments is indicated by an estimate for the purchase of candles for purposes of illumination.

The general post office then cost \$10,260, of which the Postmaster General received \$2,400. It is evident that this service, which has seen such phenomenal growth, was then expanding, for two additional clerks are asked for on account of "the

great number of new post-roads established in 1800 and 1801." A deficiency of \$45 is also estimated for because of this increase. Inasmuch as the entire clerical force then received but \$4,250, it may be presumed that this extra amount was not extravagant. An estimate for saddlebags recalls the "pony express" and the stage coach, which were the only means for transporting the mails during the early days. This year the postal service, including \$1,697,490 for the department at Washington, will cost \$245,604,510, all of which, with the exception of a deficiency of \$10,634,122.63, will be met out of the revenues received from the postal service.

For the judiciary, including the salary of the Attorney-General at \$2,400, we were expending in 1802, \$137,200. Today we are spending for the expenses of our judicial system about \$10,000,000.

The territories then consisted of the "territory northwest of the Ohio," the Mississippi territory and the Indiana territory, the government of which cost \$16,500. It was not until the following year that, through the foresight of President Jefferson, we purchased from France the great expanse west of the Mississippi.

The expenses of the Indian service in 1802 were estimated at only \$60,750, of which sum \$17,000 was for the payment of annuities to the Six Nations of Indians, and to the Cherokees, Chickasaws, Creeks and Choctaws. Practically every Indian of these tribes has succumbed to the processes of "civilization" and passed to the happy hunting ground, while the remaining tribes "are slowly but sadly climbing the distant mountains and reading their doom in the setting sun." The expense of paying the annuities was \$10,000; from which it would appear that the cost of administering the service in proportion to the good derived by the Indians was as great then as it is today. This year we are spending for the support, education and civilization of the Indians \$8,837,380.

Our pension roll was then \$93,000. Today we pay in pensions \$155,000,000; while the maintenance of the Pension Bureau and agencies costs us \$2,610,120 a year. An appropriation of \$16,000 was asked for in the estimates for 1802 for completing the taking of the second census. The taking of the census for 1910 will cost more than \$10,000,000.

But by far the most interesting of all the estimates made in this document, in view of our present large expenditures in preparation for war, are those for the expenses of the military and naval establishments. Our army was then composed of a general staff, two troops of cavalry, two regiments of artilleryists and engineers, and four regiments of infantry, numbering, all told, 5,441 officers and men. The pay of these men amounted to \$488,496; their subsistence, \$306,497.80; clothing, \$141,530; medical and hospital service, \$16,000, and quartermasters' department, \$120,000, making a total of \$1,072,523.80. This year the pay of our army of over 81,000 officers and enlisted men is costing us \$45,118,446.95; their subsistence, \$8,700,000; medical and hospital service, \$718,000; and quartermasters' department, including \$6,000,000 for clothing, \$35,083,620.60, making a total of \$89,620,067.55.

Armories, arsenals and magazines then cost \$66,766.88. An armory was then maintained at Harper's Ferry, then on the frontier. This year we are spending for armories and arsenals \$499,100. The fortifications estimated for in 1802 were to cost \$120,000; while the appropriations for fortifications this year are \$5,417,200.

An estimate for four thousand flints and forty thousand musket cartridges, together with \$60 for flour for hair powder, brings to one's mind the picture of the soldier of the Revolution and the early days of the Nation, with his picturesque uniform, powdered wig and flint-lock musket.

The total expenditures for the military establishment estimated for in 1802 were \$1,366,840.68. For 1911 the total expenditures for all military purposes are \$109,376,738.24.

The popular demand of today for large appropriations for the navy makes exceedingly interesting a comparison between the estimates for the naval establishment in 1802 and the appropriations for 1911. The navy of the United States in 1802, "retained agreeably to the act providing

for a naval peace establishment," consisted of five frigates of forty-four guns, the "United States," "Constitution," "President," "Chesapeake" and "Philadelphia"; three frigates of thirty-six guns, the "Constellation," "Congress" and "New York"; two frigates of thirty-two guns, the "Boston" and "Essex"; three smaller frigates of thirty-two guns, the "Adams," "John Adams" and "General Greene"; and one schooner, the "Enterprise," of twelve guns. The names of these ships, almost every one of which participated in the memorable naval engagements of the War of 1812, when our navy proved more than a match for the ships of England, are familiar to every schoolboy. The "Constitution," which rendered such signal service during that war, has been immortalized in the stirring poem "Old Ironsides," written by Oliver Wendell Holmes as a protest against the sale of the ship when it had become useless as a war vessel.

On March 3, 1801, Congress passed an act providing for a "naval peace establishment." Under this act the President was authorized, if in his judgment the situation of public affairs rendered it expedient, to cause to be sold, after they had first been divested of their guns and military stores, all or any of the ships of the navy, except the frigates above named. Six of those retained were to be kept in constant service in time of peace, with not to exceed two-thirds of their complement of officers and men, who were to receive only half pay during the time not in actual service. The rest of the ships were to be "laid up at convenient ports," each with only a very small complement of men. Pursuant to this act, six frigates-four of forty-four and two of thirty-two guns-and two schooners of twelve guns each, in actual service, and seven frigates "laid up in ordinary," were estimated for.

The cost of maintenance of a forty-four-gun ship, the largest then afloat, including the pay of the 312 officers and men, provisions and subsistence, medical and hospital supplies, and contingencies, was \$92,429; that of a frigate of thirty-six guns and 270 men, \$79,065.40; a frigate of thirty-two guns and 215 men \$62,495.41,

and a schooner of twelve guns with fiftyeight men \$20,653.26. The total cost of maintenance of the fleet of six ships in actual service was \$536,013.34, and of the seven laid up in ordinary, \$47,716; while the total cost of maintaining the navy with about twenty-five hundred men, including the marine corps, was estimated at \$696,390.57. This amount would not be sufficient to maintain a single battleship today, as this cost, in round figures, is about \$1,000,000 for each first-class ship. Today the pay alone of the 50,396 officers and men of the navy amounts to \$34,534,086. The contingent expenses of the navy in 1802, including "wear and tare and repairs of the vessels," cost only \$103,400; while today we are spending \$8,979,144 for repairs.

The act above referred to also specified what should be the rations of the crews for each day of the week. The food supply consisted of beef, pork, flour, suet, cheese, butter, peas, rice, molasses, and vinegar, one or two articles of which were included in a day's ration, besides bread and spirits which were served every day. It is curious to note that of the \$24,550.36 which it cost to supply provisions for a ship of forty-four guns with 312 men, \$8,007.75, or practically one-third, was expended for "spirits," of which 7,118

gallons were estimated for.

Regardless of the fact that it was then the intention of Congress to reduce the expenses of the naval establishment, as is evidenced by the act referred to, it seems that there was no disposition to limit the size of warships; for the estimates state that "there will be required for procuring materials for the six seventyfour-gun ships, and completing the procuring of frames for two extra ships, \$305,000." The construction of these ships had been authorized and an appropriation of \$500,000 made at the previous session, during which the act to establish a naval peace establishment had been enacted, and this sum was in furtherance of their building. The present year we are spending on account of increase of the navy alone, \$32,125,846. The cost of a single "dreadnought," including hull, machinery, armor and armament, is about \$14,000,-000. The improvement of the navy yards,

dock yards and wharves then called for an appropriation of \$100,000. Today maintenance of yards and docks costs us \$1,290,000—more than the total requirements of the navy for 1802, which were \$1,101,390.57. The total appropriations on account of the navy for 1911 are \$130,876,062.44.

The total cost of the military and naval establishments in 1802 was estimated at \$2,468,231.25 out of a total expenditure of \$3,448,147.18. For this year the total cost of the military and naval establishments is \$240,252,800.68 out of a total expenditure of \$805,294,512.59, exclusive of the cost of the postal service.

This enormous increase in the expenditures of our federal government, during the century and more which has elapsed since 1802, does not of itself convict the Nation of extravagance, for we have in

that time grown from an infant republic of 5,308,483 people, with territory extending only to the Mississippi to a world power of 91,972,266 souls, a country comprising states and possessions then undreamed of, and a wealth amounting to more than \$115,000,000,000. The comparison of our expenditures then and now serves, however, to cause us to pause and give some attention to the cost of our federal government which has increased by leaps and bounds, until the billiondollar Congress, which startled the country twenty years ago, has given way to the billion-dollar session, and that, too, not only without effective protest upon the part of the people but rather with their tacit approval; and the public money is being expended for a multiplicity of governmental functions of which the founders of the Republic could never have dreamed.

THE MORNING STAR

(John Greenleaf Whittier died at dawn, September 7, 1892)

By EDNA DEAN PROCTOR

HOW long and weary are the nights," he said, "When thought and memory wake, and sleep has fled; When phantoms from the past the chamber fill, And tones, long silent, all my pulses thrill; While, sharp as doom, or faint in distant towers, Knell answering knell, the chimes repeat the hours. And wandering wind and waning moon have lent Their sighs and shadows to the heart's lament. Then, from my pillow looking east, I wait The dawn, and life and joy come back, elate, When, fair above the seaward hill afar, Flames the lone splendor of the morning star."

O Vanished One! O loving, glowing heart! When the last evening darkened round thy room, Thou didst not with the setting moon depart; Nor take thy way in midnight's hush and gloom; Nor let the wandering wind thy comrade be, Outsailing on the dim, unsounded sea—
The silent sea where falls the muffled oar, And they who cross the strand return no more; But thou didst wait, celestial deeps to try, Till dawn's first rose had flushed the paling sky, And pass, serene, to life and joy afar, Companioned by the bright and morning star!

Copyright, 1905, by Edna Dea Proctor

BOOKS IN AN EDITORIAL WORKSHOP

by Joe Mitchell Chapple



HERE are times when we want to talk about books; not new books, or rare books, but just our own books. When the new home was secured, I discovered, on the second floor back,

a small room with two windows which seemed to flood it with rays of golden sunshine every hour of the day. For its use I made suitable petition, and the little room was soon transformed into an editorial workshop. I never can tell you how much pleasure I took in just putting away those books, for each volume, as I picked it up and found just the nook for it, seemed to awaken some precious memory.

The old school books, the grammar and algebra that had caused me so many hours of boyish worry and work, the "First Latin Book" and Fenimore Cooper's tales-but hold, I must not go too far or I shall scoff at the five-foot shelf library recommended by Doctor Eliot. Though somehow I think that no one set of books can be of like benefit to every man. Certainly when I looked over my own books I didn't begin to find all the volumes so highly proclaimed to be the representative books of the world. Every volume purchased for my little library I secured because I wanted it-I may have only "dipped into it," but it's mine, and it stands on my library shelf for "browsing" reference at any time. This is why I feel sometimes that library privileges can never take the place of reading one's own books. You need to own the book, dog-ear it, mark it on the margin-you need to feel that you paid for it because you admired the author and desired his works, and can spend an evening or a few moments with him when you wish,

seeing with his eyes and feeling his emotions—not that you must read the volume under pressure and within the two weeks' limit lest you be taxed two cents a day for overtime.

So I put them in place, and now they are all here—even to the bound volumes that came out of the old peach-box nailed on the wall of the garret of the old home. It was a revelation of why the boys drifted into magazine work—the impulse that led to binding copies of the North American Review, Harper's and the Century, unconsciously indicated a trend of youthful ambition.

It's an odd lot of books—there are many old volumes long out of print—not all the "best sellers," forsooth, though a few of these are there! Here is a dainty bit of blue—Eugene Field's verse in the little "poet's corner" where a moment may be spent with Keats or Coleridge, Wordsworth or Longfellow—a niche to me even more sacred than the famed Poet's Corner of Westminster Abbey.

Close by are ranged in solid phalanx an historical series, to say nothing of the fascinating leather-bound Plutarch's Lives, just below the lurid covers of Balzac's and Dumas' works, the military row of cyclopedias, and the corner where Carlyle stands so imperiously. Here are the "complete" sets—you always want to emphasize the "complete," even though you may never have read more than one volume. (Collier's of revered memory got the money).

Here's a set of George Eliot—but there are some olive-tinted volumes that look as if they had been read twice—Thomas Hardy's charming tales! Near the little red "Spectator" of Addison and the "American Statesmen" series, stands a

book picked up in Paris on the banks of the Seine, another from "Auld Edinburgh," and those trim, deep-garnet robed volumes of Ruskin, perhaps too sparsely read, but inspiring withal. Must not we all make a show of the book collector's fervor?

How much inspiration I have had from little books such as Hammerton's "Intellectual Life," Marcus Aurelius and Montaigne, not to speak of yonder two dainty volumes of Emerson. Lafcadio Hearn's "Two Years in the West Indies" is well-worn and has many thumbed pages. Prescott's "Conquest of Mexico" is dotted with notations made during a Mexican trip, and then, master of English prose, Macaulay-whose deathless Essays both inspire and nourish a thirst for sterling literature! The sturdy volumes of Thackeray and Dickens, read and re-read long ago, have still their charm and are kept on the top shelf in memory of bygone days.

Yes, here are Heart Throbs, Heart Songs, Happy Habit and History Making awakening the many associations connected with their preparation. "The Affair Next Door," by Anna Katherine Green, shows that there are times when the mood calls for a real detective story—and "Jane Eyre" with the mark of childish thumbs is blotted with youthful tears in several of the "weepy" places.

Here are little, old-fashioned books-"Fireside Greetings," published no one knows how long ago, but valued because of the old associations, and one of mother's dainty books appropriated and stamped with the embryo book-mark printed on the toy press in the old home-"J. M. C.'s Library No. 7." The little Bible she gave on a never-to-be-forgotten birthday, and "Marmion" and "The Lady of the Lake"-all revive sacred memories of long ago. Tennyson's "Idylls of the King"-how many a quiet winter evening's reading that little volume has furnished! A Sunday evening's dip into Nixon Waterman's or Ben King's charming verse pleases, now and then, or study of Bryce's "American Commonwealth" or Herbert Spencer's "First Principles" when one feels good and strong.

Then there are the new books which have accumulated on the desk rack.

After a glance at Professor Babbitt's "The New Laocoon"—what a stirring of one's deeper sensibilities arises from perusing books with ideas which we are not often privileged to meet. His "Literature and the American College" is a most fascinating discussion of literature as studied in the university of today, more or less foreshadowing the literary taste of American homes of the future.

Hold a minute—I spy a dainty, white-covered book which recalls the days of the "Heavenly Twins" and of "Trilby"—how long ago it seems since they were the rage of literary folk! And then those gift-books, from friends, and the old ribbon book-mark in the volume presented on high school graduation day!

It seems sometimes, as I sit among these few thousand books, in the long evenings, that I am in the midst of men and women who have lived centuries ago and today and yesterday-that I am almost in personal communion with those who wrote them-nay, with the shadowy characters whose counterfeit presentiment their genius summoned from the shades. I can see in each one, between the lines, some personal equation and realize that they after all lived as we have lived. For we are the same that our fathers have been, I am reminded as I look into that wonderful "Gray's Elegy" dear to the soul of the martyred Lincoln. Yes, give me the good old books-they may repose undisturbed upon the shelves for weeks, months or even years, but each one has attached to it a memory.

There is no catalog—no classification—no card index. Sometimes I think books, as well as folks, are over-systematized these days, and it's just a delightful harum-scarum library, that we have in our home. Every hour of the day will bring its own pleasure or profit, as the eye runs over the backs of the books, and chooses its own, rather than going through the passionless survey of a sterilized set of exact card indexes.

Nor are the books "arranged"—it's, refreshing to find Gibbon's "Decline and Fall" beside "Innocents Abroad," and twentieth century Robert W. Chambers' "The Fighting Chance" leaning heavily upon Smollet and Fielding. The several

lives of Lincoln are scattered far and wide—one, I note, is next Forrest Crissy's "Tattlings of a Retired Politician." Wagner's "Simple Life," read because of Colonel Roosevelt's say-so, stands beside Lew Wallace's "Prince of India." At the door, as if to veritably guard the entrance, stand the bound volumes of the NATIONAL, and hard by the International Encyclopedia, and "Notable Americans—a collection that of itself reaches the five-foot limit, and the five-year limit on perusal—though I've never attempted it.

Parkman's "Struggle for a Continent" is beside Meredith's "Diana of the Crossways"-and here are Robert and Elizabeth Barrett Browning's individual volumes standing side by side, even as they worked in life. Stirring Browning-when you feel that you want to get at the very essence of things, consult him and compare his charming written thoughts with your own emotions. The rest of the shelf is occupied by the complete Kipling-I almost forgot to mention it-with everything yet unread, alas, save the irresistible "Soldiers Three," "The Light that Failed" and the delightful "Barrack Room Ballads."

It may be in the heat of a summer's afternoon, or in the glow of a winter's

evening-or perhaps on a cloudy day or in crisp autumn-but there is always a companion book for the weather and the mood. I would not have you think I am "bookish," no, nor even "well read"-I have only had time to "dip" occasionally and try to get out of the books the spirit that lies subtly hidden in the paper and ink. I look over the volumes as I would glance through the diary of an old friendfor men who write that which lives must be friends to all humanity in the broad and universal sense. The glories of Alexandria's great library of tradition in ashes and of all the other notable collections in the world, can be nothing to one's own humble library with its rambling array and varied bindings. It may not be beautiful or ornate in rare bindings; its capacity may not be impressive or awe-inspiring, but in that little library on the Second Floor Back, you will usually find an editor, who when at home delights in meeting the old friends in books, and in talking to readers when surrounded by the work of those whose pens have left messages indelibly inscribed in favorite books. In such an environment it is not difficult to anticipate the responsive sympathy of those readers at least who love best the books at home.

AT HOME

THE rain is sobbing on the wold; The house is dark, the hearth is cold: And stretching drear and ashy gray Beyond the cedars, lies the bay.

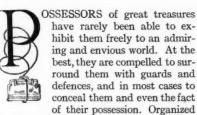
My neighbor at his window stands, His youngest baby in his hands; The others seek his tender kiss, And one sweet woman crowns his bliss.

I look upon the rainy wild; I have no wife, I have no child; There is no fire upon my hearth. And none to love me on the earth.

-Bayard Taylor, in the book "Heart Throbs."

LOST AND HIDDEN TREASURE

Charles Winslow Hall



robbery, torture and murder, would prevail all over the civilized world, were it not that the banks and safe deposit companies are veritable fortresses of amassed monies and the cunning and priceless workmanship of the goldsmith and jeweller. It is because the burglar and robber can no longer find much more than blank checkbooks and plated tableware in the private store or mansion, that the picturesque and luxurious bandit or highway robber is almost as extinct as the dodo.

For many centuries the palaces of kings and the temples of their gods received the greater part of the precious metals and gems exacted from the public in the way of taxes, dues and offerings, taken from devastated lands as plunder, or received from conquered kings as tribute. As men were more frankly and honestly appropriators of other people's property in those days than now, it was considered "good form" to refrain from a vain display of accumulated wealth, in the presence of visiting princes and foreign ambassadors, it being reasonably certain that some "great and good friend" would demand tribute, and if denied, would take over the whole business.

As a result, concealment of the more precious forms of portable property became practically universal and, in many lands, remaineth unto this day. There are massive, underground vaults, secret closets, and simpler hiding-places in hollow trees, concealed caverns, and the earth itself,

in which many millions of treasure are being accumulated. Of these hoards, many are known to but one person, and death often prevents his knowledge from being transmitted to his natural heirs.

Among conquered peoples, an undying hatred of the "dominant race" often ensures the successful concealment of great treasures from generation to generation. The preservation of gifts made to the gods from alien desecration, and the hereditary conservation of family heirlooms and property, still keeps concealed immense treasures.

Fifteen centuries before Christ Job speaks of "princes that had gold, that filled their houses with silver," and further refers to the concealed hoards of former generations, speaking of the "bitter in soul, who long for death and it cometh not; and dig for it more than for hidden treasure." For in Egypt, many centuries before his day, Menka-Ra, builder of the third or "Upper Pyramid" had, if tradition lied not, been entombed with enormous treasures, whose secret was to be known only to the "initiated." They were to hold them sacredly in trust, until the needs of Egypt demanded their recovery and expenditure. This belief outlived dynasty and priesthood. The Persian swept across Egypt under Cambyses; Alexander the world-conqueror, living, won, and dying, left her to the Ptolemies; the Roman eagles swooped upon her, and the Latian empire held her, until the Moslem hordes, six centuries after Christ, wrested her from the Western Empire.

During all these centuries, the belief that all the Gizeh pyramids were the receptacles of vast treasure, as well as of buried kings, became universal. Probably the Persians attempted to enter them and failed, but it is certain that Grecian and Roman explorers entered the Great Pyramid in the remote past. It was, however, reserved for Al Mamoun, the son and successor of the Caliph Haroun Al Raschid, to penetrate to the most important secrets of the Great Pyramid as

yet discovered.

With levers, sledges, and the feeble action of acids and fire, the Arabs penetrated nearly one hundred feet into that mass of granite masonry, before the accidental fall of a stone slab told them that they were close to a great gallery. Breaking into this, they found a simple but almost impregnable barrier-a doorway, formed by a great groove between granite frames, in which slabs of immense thickness were piled, one above another to a great height. When the first, with immense labor, was reduced to fragments, another fell into its place, and this in turn was succeeded by another and another. When, after months of labor, the "King's Chamber" was reached, a single sarcophagus was found, of which Ibn Abd, Al Hakim, testified, A.D. 1133, as follows:

"Near the apex was a chamber containing a hollowed stone (coffer) in which there lay a statue like a man, and within it a man wearing a great breast-plate of gold set with jewels. Upon this breast-plate lay a sword of incalculable value, and in his tiara was a carbuncle, of the bigness of an egg, which blazed as with the light of day. Also upon him were written, as with a pen, characters which

no man understood."

"Also, they found a square well; and at the bottom thereof were several doors. Each door opened into a tomb, in which were dead bodies wrapped in linen."

Another account relates that they found a coffer full of emeralds, which Egypt formerly possessed in great plenty and excellence; and about a thousand gold pieces, weighing an ounce each, their joint value being almost exactly the cost of excavation.

These pyramids were erected somewhere between 2,782 and 5,000 years B.C. They were undoubtedly referred to by Job, and were plundered of whatever treasures were formerly placed therein, but even in modern times small portions of "mummy-gold" and gilding have been found. It is by no means improbable that

the removal of rubbish, and methodical investigation would discover other chambers and passages and perhaps treasures whose value in dollars and cents would be of little moment, as compared with their testimony to the history of the nations, seventy centuries ago.

The fall of Troy, after a ten-year siege by the Grecian princes about B. C. 1184, although seriously recorded by Thucydides, and accepted by Alexander the Great, as a great triumph of Grecian enterprise and military genius, has long been considered as a rather mythical foundation for Homer's immortal epic, the "Iliad." In 1876 the excavations of Schliemann on the reputed site of Troy brought to light under the ashes of two superincumbent fortress-cities the remains answering to the descriptions of Homer, and a hidden vault, containing goblets, bowls, vases, gems, jewels, armes de luxe, and like articles in gold, silver and bronze. These treasures are now generally acknowledged to be the veritable remnants of the once vast riches of Priam, which, although depleted by ten years of costly warfare in the purchase of supplies and mercenaries and the final sack of the ruined city, were thus preserved to enrich the museums of Europe, and greatly increase our realization of the wealth and art of that ancient Ilium, which we have hitherto been disposed to consider a poet's dream.

Two years later Schliemann laid bare the ancient walls and tombs of Tiryns, in Argos, and amid those Cyclopean ruins found many curious and valuable dis-

coveries, but little treasure.

He was more fortunate at Mycenae, which was, if we may believe tradition, founded by Perseus, son of Zeus and Danae, "the fair-haired," and the slayer of the Gorgon Medusa, "the Beautiful Horror," whose face, once seen, turned the beholder to stone. From Perseus and Andromeda, his wife, was descended that Agamemnon, king of Argos, who led the Grecian princes to the siege of Troy, and after the conquest returned to Argos with great booty and many captives. But Clytemnestra, his wife, and Aegistheus, her murderous paramour, slew him "like an ox in his stall," at a great banquet, or, as some say, in his bath, and by the

hands of Clytemnestra herself. With him were slain Eurymedon, his charioteer, Cassandra, a Trojan princess, and many others. There is reason to believe, however, that these noble victims and their faithful associates were placed upon the funeral pile with their arms and ornaments, and later entombed.

For deep in the ruins of Mycenae, Schliemann found the remains of twelve men, three women, and several children, and with them a wealth of gold and silver articles, arms, armor, etc., such as has never, in modern times, fallen to the lot of any explorer. Diadems and crowns of gold, hundreds of plates, buttons, pins, ornaments, brooches, crosses, leaves, butterflies, etc., etc., of the same precious metal, large and small belts and bracelets, broad cuirasses and life-sized masks covering the whole face; cups, vases, bowls and pitchers, nearly all of virgin gold, lay beside arrow-heads of obsidian, mighty swords of bronze, spear-heads and rotting shafts, engraved gems and brazen coffers and caldrons. Repousse and intaglio ornamentation of a high degree of design and finish made these precious memorials of a great tragedy another significant reminder that the world is very old, and that art flourishes in ages which history has told of only by the aid of song and tradition.

Some fear of popular indignation probably impelled the assassins of Agamemnon to bury these costly treasures with their victims, but their superstition would generally prevent robbery. To plunder the dead was considered an almost unpardonable crime against the gods, and it was long considered a blot on the kingly fame of Pyrrhus of Epirus, that, having taken and pillaged Aegaea, he left his Galatians behind him to take a vast treasure from the tombs of the dead.

Odin taught that the dead must be burned, and that everything that has been theirs must be carried to the pyre. Thus Beowulf, the slayer of Grendel, was dismissed to Valhalla, and Sigurd, the Dragon-slayer, with Brynhilda, the Valkyr, whose love and hatred brought him to an untimely death, were both consumed with their arms and treasures. A vast amount of gold and silver, arms and armor, which

have thus "passed through the fire," has been discovered in the Norselands during the last two centuries, and articles containing several pounds of pure gold each have been recovered.

About 1850 some workmen in a garden at Sidon found several copper pots filled with gold-coins of Philip of Macedon and his son Alexander, unmixed with any of a later date. After two thousand years this hoard, whose owner never lived to reclaim what he had hidden, enriched the finders with many thousands of dollars. In 1877 a tomb at Palastrina, Italy, was found to contain a vast treasure of golden jewelry plate, and precious gems.

Somewhere, in the present or ancient channel of the River Busento, near Cosenza in the Calabrian peninsula, lies all that is left of Alaric (the All-Rich), the great Gothic despoiler of imperial Rome. He died about 453 A. D., and, encoffined in three caskets of gold, silver and iron, was laid to rest with a large part of the spoils of pillaged Greece and Italy, in the bed of the river, which the labor of a host of captives had diverted from its usual course. Then the river was loosed into its old channel, the workmen put to death, that no foeman might profane the sepulchre of the great Goth, and the lamenting conquerors, raising the siege of Cosenza, left Italy for their new homes in Gaul and Spain. A recent report announces that a fortunate peasant has lately found a part of this, or some equally ancient treasure.

What was the value of the spoils of Alaric? Alexander's plunder of Persia and India was estimated at \$250,000,000. When Nadir Shah sacked Delhi in 1738, he secured plunder valued at \$30,000,000, and levied a tribute of \$40,000,000 more. Hezekiah's tribute to Sennacherib, after he had incautiously revealed his riches and the glories of the temple, amounted to \$3,000,000 yearly. The Queen of Sheba presented to King Solomon pure gold to the value of \$3,360,000. mariners of King Hiram and Solomon brought every three years from Tarshish gold to the value of twelve millions of dollars, and the amount of gold received by Solomon yearly, from all sources, is stated at over eighteen millions of dollars.

When Shishak or Shishenk, King of Egypt, plundered Jerusalem, in the vile days of Rehoboam, scarcely a generation after the completion of the temple, he carried away the remnants of a national religious offering for the uses of the temple, estimated at forty-six thousand tons of gold and silver, and valued at four billion dollars.

Judging from these and other data, the plunder of so many of the principal cities of Greece and Italy, and the succeeding sack of Rome, must have loaded the war-cars of the Goths with billions of gold, silver and precious stones. Will this lost treasure ever be recovered by

those of later ages?

Traditions of great treasures hidden amid the ruins and catacombs of Rome have always existed, and in a moderate way have from time to time been revived by valuable discoveries. A wild tale of the tenth century records that Gerbert, Pope Sylvester II, discovered under the Campus Martius a subterranean room, wherein among wondrous treasures, once offered to the heathen gods, stood golden statues of a king and queen and all their court glowing in the ruby light of a great carbuncle, at which a golden archer aimed a gem-tipped arrow. That while Gerbert, knowing that these treasures had been devoted to the devils who had been the gods of Rome, was considering by what spell or exorcism he could secure this great treasure, his servant, filled with greed, stole a golden knife, whereupon the archer loosed his arrow at the carbuncle, and in an instant they were in utter darkness, from which issued the shrieks and fiendish laughter of demons.

This legend may explain some of the traditions even now implicitly believed in Mexico, Venezuela, Colombia, Ecuador, Peru, and possibly other countries of the

New World.

Although the conquest of Mexico afforded an enormous booty to Cortez and his followers, it has always been declared that the larger part of the wealth of the Aztec emperors and temples was concealed, and never discovered. Most of the gold secured in the first occupation of the City of Mexico was undoubtedly lost in that terrible night retreat across the broken

causeways, in which Cortez lost half of his followers and nearly all his booty.

In the Lake of Mexico, the merciless swords and ill-gotten gold of those lost Conquistadores lie side by side, and millions more, hidden in ancient ruins or deep excavations, were held back from the greed of the cruel Spaniard, until none of the Aztec blood and faith who held the great secret were left among the living.

In Peru, Atahualpa made by a too-indulgent father, ruler of Quito, and by his own rebellion and the murder of his brother Huascar, Inca of the whole people, met swift retribution at the hands of Pizarro and his fellow-adventurers. Treacherously attacked by these and made prisoner, he collected for his ransom gold enough to fill a room twenty-two feet long by seventeen feet wide to a depth of at least four feet. He sent for more to pile it up to a line drawn at the greatest height which he could reach with his finger-tips, but was cruelly put to death before the rest of the gold arrived.

It is declared that ten thousand llamas, each laden with from eighty to one hundred pounds of gold, were on the way to Caxamarca, where Atahualpa was confined, when the nobles in charge learned of the torture and death of the Inca. They could not go on to Caxamarca, nor return to Cuzco, where Spanish messengers had been sent to hasten the collection of this immense ransom. They promptly drove the caravans into the trackless wilderness, and slaying the llamas, buried the gold, or threw it into the ravines and

torrents of the mountains.

At Cuzco there remained a great chain of gold, made by the Inca, Huayna Capac, to celebrate the birth of his son, Huascar. It had three hundred and fifty links, each of which was two feet long and as thick as a man's arm. When the last army sent against the Spaniards was defeated, this great chain was carried to Lake Urcos, which lies in a vast hollow, like the crater of an extinct volcano, on a mountainridge between the valley of Urcos, and the fertile bolson or basin of Andahuaylillas. Its waters are darkly yellow and very deep, and in their safe keeping the great gold chain of Huayna Capac is believed to lie unto this day. Once a great canal

was begun to drain the lake through the ridge, but the projectors struck the living rock, and gave up the attempt. An immense amount of other treasure is said to have been thrown into the same lake.

Lake Guatavita, near Bogota, New Granada, lies three thousand feet above the sea, and is much like Lake Urcos in situation, and also in its reputation as a receptacle of hidden treasure, thrown away to defeat the greed of the hated Spaniard. An attempt to drain this lake secured some idols and ornaments of gold, but the cost of completely draining it proved so great that the project was abandoned.

Other traditions assert that under the stupendous masonry of the fortress of Sachsahuaman, and temples and tombs in other sections of Inca-land, lie the immense treasures which escaped the

cupidity of the Spaniards.

Over half a century after the coming of Pizarro, Don Garcia Gutierrez de Toledo, Viceroy of Peru, made returns in 1577-1578 of massive gold bars, ornaments, etc., to the value of \$4,450,786, of which the King of Spain received In the last century, many \$985,583. huacas (tombs) were discovered and plundered, the aggregate finds amounting to many millions of dollars. About 1840, a hunter's hounds followed a fox into his den near Cachantiva. In enlarging the entrance he came upon an arch whereby a mummy, even in death, seemed to guard a cavern within, with his bow and levelled arrow. The cave or tomb held many other mummies, among which were gold ornaments, fine emeralds, great rolls of cotton cloth, still fit for use, and terra cotta busts, cups, dishes, etc.

In 1834 Don Mateo Garcia, a descendant of the Incas, incited a revolt against the Spaniards, assuming the Indian name of Puma-Cagna, "the Tiger of the Mountains." The elders, to whom had descended the care of the Hidden Treasures, believed that at last the time had come when the dead Incas were to be avenged and their people liberated from Spanish thraldom. One night, when Puma-Cagna was holding a council, three old Indians summoned him to accompany them. He was blindfolded and taken out of Cuzco, over rugged ways and through a mountain

torrent into a cavern where the bandages were removed. Around him stood the golden statues of the Incas, up to the downfall of the dynasty, and among them he saw an immense quantity of virgin gold in dust and bars. He was allowed to take all the gold he wanted, promised more whenever the insurrection should require it, and rejoined his council the same night, dripping with river water, but provided with ample funds. He was defeated by General Ramirez in his first battle, and hung, forthwith, upon the field.

Tacunga, or La Tacunga, fifty-five miles south of Quito, a little town built of pumice and thatch and often scathed by earthquakes, lies in a valley of the Cotdilleras, and not far away the triple peak of Llanganati towers six thousand feet into the summer sky. Here, some two hundred years ago, one Don Valverde wedded the daughter of an Indian, and for some years was privileged to take from a secret hoard in Mount Llanganati, all the gold he required. After the death of his wife, he returned to Spain, and at his death made a will, bequeathing to the King of Spain the Inca-treasure, and a derotero, plan or map, by which a party, setting out from La Tacunga, could be sure of finding the same. The gift was accepted, the corregidors of the neighboring districts commanded to lose no time in securing this great treasure, and a number of expeditions were sent out. Up to a certain point, the maps and directions are strangely accurate and easy to follow, but near the foot of Llanganati, the seeker is thus directed: "and thou shalt see a mountain which is all full of Margasites (pyrites) the which leave on the left hand; and I warn thee that thou must go round it in this manner:

This direction seems impossible of fulfilment, as the only route open to the traveler leads to the right. The Padre Longo, a priest, who accompanied the first expedition, disappeared mysteriously one night, when near the point indicated by Valverde, and was never seen again. The expedition, after seeking him in vain, returned, probably because he carried the only copy of the Derotero, and nothing was left to guide it. In 1836, the original, or official copy

was stolen from the archives of Tacunga, and the treasures of Llanganati, if such there be, are still awaiting discovery. Perhaps a reader will yet solve this great

mystery.

A multitude of ancient mines and treasures are known only to those Indians of New Spain who have held as a sacred trust their concealment from the Spaniard, and their preservation until the day of freedom and vengeance. The great emerald mines, lost for four centuries; silver veins, once worked by the friends of the Indian, but taken from oppressed and even murdered owners; gold hidden in caves, mountain lakes, colossal ruins, and myriads of graves, still hold back from the heirs of the Conquistadores the sacred things of tomb and temple and the kingly relics of the great Incas.

Wrecks in many seas conceal and in many instances have given up to enterprising adventurers great treasures. Among other instances, Sir William Phips, a Boston boy, recovered from a sunken galleon off the coast of Hispaniola, silver ingots to the value of one million dollars. In 1863 the ship "Royal Charter" went down off Anglesea, England, with from five hundred to six hundred passengers from Australia and great shipments of gold-dust and bullion. Of this the divers recovered \$1,500,000, and private parties, who paid five thousand dollars for the privilege, secured many thousand more. The steamship "Golden Gate" lost by fire, off Manzanillo, Mexico, in 1862, has been located by the wrecking schooner "Louisa D." of San Francisco, and a little of the gold, estimated at six hundred thousand dollars, brought up, still showing the effects of the fire. The adventurers will prosecute their search only in the fall calms, as the wreck lies in the sands where there is a very heavy surf most of the year.

A SPRING POEM

A N apple blossom—just awake to life; The sun, the wind, two enemies at strife; The apple-blossom's heart, the prize to be, For him who gained the early victory.

Then wind, with eager accents, loud and strong, Approached the blossom with his lover's song. He tried to break the petals from their hold So closely on the blossom's heart of gold. But all in vain—the more he puffed and blew, The blossom her pink petals closer drew.

Then sun came out so gently and so warm,
The blossom knew that he could bring no harm.
His brightest rays he sent, his warmest kiss,
Which thrilled each petal pink with rosy bliss,
And, blushingly, her petals fell apart,
And to the sun revealed her golden heart.

But wind was not content to loser be, And he began to laugh in mockery, Ruthlessly he tore the petals from their stem— Flung them upon a breeze, and captured them! But there remained what wind had never won— The blossom's heart, still golden in the sun?



WILLIAM HOWARD TAFT President of the United States

THE PRESIDENTS OF AMERICA®

by Mitchell Mannering



revenues to the kings of the Iberian Peninsula, has become today, with the exception of Canada, British Honduras and British, Dutch and French Guiana, a land of

republics.

Including the United States and the island republics of the West Indies, there are twenty-one of these, with the largest of which and its ruler our readers are or should be sufficiently acquainted, for all the purposes of this article, which is intended to remind American readers that to the southward lies the field of investment and commercial activity which at this time should most interest American corporate and individual enterprise from every consideration of national pride and personal profit.

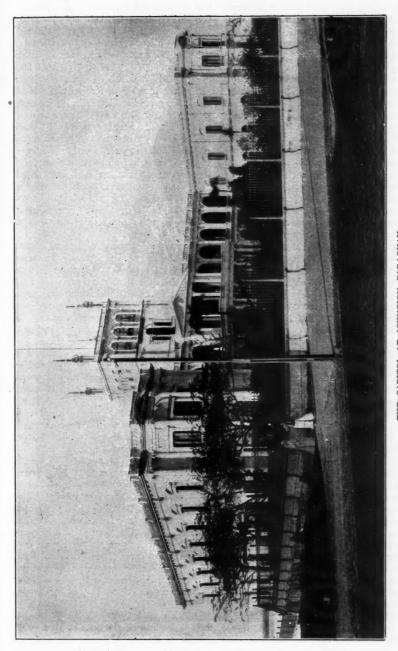
Those of us who found our knowledge of these republics in the geographies and encyclopedias of a generation ago, or even in the travels of men who wrote fifteen or twenty years ago, can have only a very imperfect idea of the growth and development of the last ten or fifteen years, or can realize how the completion of the great Panama Canal, and of railroad systems, public works and foreign steamship lines will change existing conditions, and possibly find us unable to profit as we should by the immense expenditure devoted to uniting the Atlantic and Pacific at Panama. Our competitors in commerce are today immeasurably better prepared to profit by the completion of the canal in 1915, than are we who have dared to attempt and to carry out the work.

Not only is this future disappointment

probable, but even under existing conditions, we are failing to gain what we should in financial, transportation and commercial profit and prestige; and in some cases are finding dangerous competitors in the markets of the Old World in exports which for a generation have been our pride and chief reliance.

The agricultural and stock-raising development of what even now is an inconsiderable part of the unused and fertile lands of Central and South America. must within a few decades completely revolutionize the existing conditions of living and commerce in both Europe and America. So, too, the immense effect of modernizing the many populous cities of states long content to live under antiquated and unsanitary conditions, of stupendous water-power and irrigation systems, and the economical mining of thousands of new and old placers and deposits, with a growth of manufacturing and milling industries which recalls the "boom" period of western and northwestern expansion in our own land, should be thoroughly studied by every American who wishes to find a new field of individual or corporate enterprise.

It is a curious reflection, not new to historians, but largely strange to the average reader, that the empire-building ambition of Napoleon was the chief immediate cause of the downfall of Spanish rule in the Americas. When in 1807–10 Joseph Bonaparte was placed by French bayonets on the Spanish throne the Spanish viceroys and governors-general representing the dethroned dynasty had no longer the legal authority or the power to govern their respective territories. There were many harsh and exacting laws, and acts of corruption and oppression which had alienated the people from the



The National Congress of the Republic of Paraguay is composed of the two bodies. Senate and Chamber of Deputies. The modern Italian Renaissance style is the principal feature of the architecture of the building THE CAPITOL AT ASUNCION, PARAGUAY

rule of church and state, and an immense number, of Indian and mixed blood, had only bitter memories and traditions of Spanish conquest and government, and the day of revolution and often of ven-

geance had come at last.

It is not the purpose of this article to detail by what struggles and losses, victories and reverses, revolutions and factional controversies, courage and weakness, fidelities and treacheries, patriotism and venality each state of today struggled toward the light of civil and religious freedom, prosperity and peace. There is only space for a brief review of each of the republics whose leaders today are seeking, and for the most part with gratifying success, the development of a higher civilization, and broader prosperity. Generally, however, it may be said that the development of the Latin republics during the last two decades has exceeded in its proportions and above all in its promise of future results that of any other section of the world; and this in spite of the international panics and financial crises which have so greatly paralyzed their neighbors, but seem to have had little effect on the progress or peace of mind of the business men and statesmen of Mexico and Central and South America.

The exports and imports of twenty republics (not counting the United States) increased from \$910,422,400 in 1897, to \$2,144,303,000 in 1909, a gain of 135 per cent in twelve years, and of these the exports gained faster than the imports in the ratio of 132 to 113 per cent. The nine North Latin-American states (not counting Panama), increased their business from \$197,550,313 to \$479,582,927, a gain of \$282,032,614, the imports and

exports being nearly equal.

The eleven South American states (including Panama, until recently a part of Colombia), increased their exports and imports from \$712,867,186 in 1897, to \$1,665,102,374 in 1909, a gain of \$932,239,-186, or 133 per cent in twelve years, the exports gaining 153 and the imports 109 per cent.

The total trade of the twenty republics for an average of three years (1896-1898), was \$923,784,304, but for the year 1909 had grown to \$1,220,900,999, and while

the imports grew on the same basis of comparison from \$416,657,607 to \$895,679,943, a gain of \$479,657,607, the balance of trade was very heavily in favor of the republics, showing an increase in exports from \$507,126,697 to \$1,249,005,360, of say \$741,878,663.

The net increase of foreign trade of all the Latin republics (1909 as against 1908) was over \$149,000,000. Their combined area is in round numbers 9,000,000 square miles, about thrice that of the United States. Their aggregate estimated population is seventy millions, and a large proportion of these are still uneducated, and some even uncivilized races. Yet during 1909 the exports of the United States fell off some twenty-five millions of dollars, in spite of increased exports of

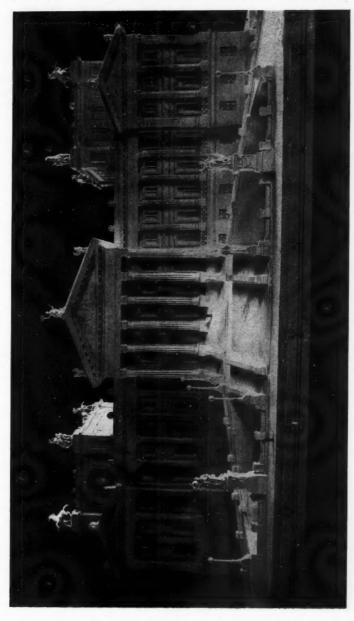
manufactured goods.

These figures may be uninteresting reading to many, but they show more eloquently than any "valiant words" how to the southward of our lowest latitudes immense areas of fertile soil and resources hitherto latent or inefficiently developed, are coming into competition with the depleted natural wealth of older, or rather more highly developed countries. The history of these countries also shows us that peoples hitherto brave and warlike, but cramped and confined by misgovernment and antiquated customs and ideas, are coming into the arena of industrial and commercial conflict, with a reserve of physical and mental energy which must make its mark on the commercial history of each decade to come.

The Argentine Republic (area, 1,135,000 square miles), comprising most of the territory formerly governed by the viceroy of Buenos Aires, was discovered by Don Juan de Solis in 1615, but after two failures was permanently colonized in the last half of the Sixteenth Century. For many years all foreign trade was shut out, and even commodities from Peru, via the River Platte, paid a fifty per cent duty. It was not until 1776 that free trade with other Spanish countries and provinces was per-

mitted.

When French bayonets established Joseph Bonaparte on the Spanish throne, the people of Buenos Aires deposed the vice-roy Liniers, who favored the Bonapartist



THE CAPITOL AT MONTEVIDEO, URUGUAY

The building is also named the Palacio Legislativo. It is reserved for the particular use of the national legislative bodies, the Senate and Chamber of Deputies. Other apartments are set aside, however, for the business of administration, for Cabinet Ministers, and a Library. There is also a grand reception room (Salon de Riestas), in which public receptions will be held. The corner stone was laid by President Batlle in 1906, and will soon be ready for occupancy

dynasty, and chose Cisneros, who remained faithful to Ferdinand VII. Cisneros established commerce with all foreign nations, and on May 25, 1810, consented to the formation of a council termed "The Provisional Government of the Provinces of the Rio de la Plata," which event is still justly considered the first assumption of the independence of the Argentine

people.

Followed some years of warfare and factional dissensions, but on July 9, 1816, separation from Spain was formally decreed; Bolivia, Paraguay and Uruguay became independent states, and the war of independence was transferred to Chile and thence to Peru, where on July 9, 1821, the allied republics of Buenos Aires and Chile captured Lima, the vice-regal capital, and on December 9, 1824, ended the struggle for independence on the field of Ayacucho, where the Spanish lion banner went down in utter defeat.

The Spanish crown, however, refused to recognize the new republics until 1842, and up to 1874 a succession of revolutionary plots, Indian wars and a five years' war with Paraguay greatly delayed development. But a constant stream of immigration from Italy, France, Spain, Germany, England and Switzerland, in the order named, has poured into Argentina and settled and cultivated vast areas of the wild pampas, which only a few years ago were the grazing grounds of half-wild cattle and the homes of their Guacho herders. Negro slavery died out with Spanish domination, and with both went religious intolerance and the combined rule of Church and State.

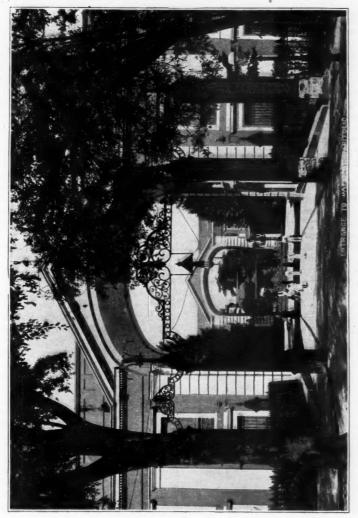
Up to 1880, the chief exports of Argentina had been wool, tallow, sheepskins, dry and salted hides, "jerked" beef and live cattle, with small quantities of metals, ostrich feathers, etc. The harbors were poor, the agriculturalists content to supply the home and the local markets, and the great stock-raisers paid little attention to the development of better beef and mutton, for which no adequate market existed. After that date, however, a great change took place. Shipments of chilled and frozen beef and mutton, wheat and other cereals, found a ready market in England, and by 1893 these seriously handicapped

American exporters in that market. A great drought and the ravages of locusts, or grasshoppers, greatly paralyzed these interests, and it is only within two or three years that Argentina has regained her former prosperity in cereal production. In 1909 out of an estimated world production of 3,336,788,800 bushels of wheat, the United States was credited with 692,-823,600 bushels or one-fifth of the whole, and Argentina with 159,166,000 bushels. Large amounts of flax (about 900,000 tons in 1909), and oats in the central and southern districts and of cotton and sugar in northern Argentina have been harvested in later years. Her foreign trade has increased from an average of \$225,227,324 (1896-98), to a total in 1906 of \$700,106,623, an increase of \$476,879,289.

During the month of November last Argentina shipped to England 219,000 carcasses of mutton, 66,500 of lamb, 112,-000 of frozen beef and 168,000 of "chilled" beef, cattle: 637,000 carcasses in all. The Swift concern of Chicago has established at La Plata, the capital of the province of Buenos Aires, one hour's ride from the city of Buencs Aires, great stock yards and packing establishments, and has contracted for immense shipments to England, which is practically lost to the main house at Chicago. La Plata, founded in 1892, had in 1909 a population of 92,126, seventy per cent of whom can read and write, only ten per cent of the children of school age being illiterate.

In 1909 Argentina had a population of 6,000,000. The foreign-born inhabitants of Argentina numbered 1,039,000 Italians, 664,000 Spaniards, 103,000 French, 84,000 Russians, 52,000 Syrians, 40,000 Austrians, 30,000 English, 25,000 Brazilians, 25,000 Germans, 20,000 Swiss, 9,000 Portuguese, 7,000 Hungarians, 6,000 Belgians, and 3,000 North Americans, 2,220,509 in all.

It is almost needless to say that on the east coast of South America the sentiment is decidedly European, and not especially favorable, although not unfriendly, to the United States. What the future may bring when this virile and resourceful side of the continent becomes our chief competitor and comparatively poorest customer, it is hard to say. Certainly our own failure to reach out for



THE CAPITOL AT CARACAS, VENEZUELA

The edifice covers an area of one and one-half screes in the center of Caracas, and its lovely patio is visited during the day by many of the inhabitants of the City. The architecture of the building is a combination of the Mooraih and Spanish styles, and seems particularly well fitted to the semi-tropical climate of the valley in which Caracas lies.

business, transportation and financial connection in the earlier period of growth will be hard to overcome in the day of prosperity and manufacturing development.

Out of 18,368,000 tons of shipping arriving at Argentine ports in 1909, only 91,000 flew the Stars and Stripes.

Buenos Aires, the capital (population 1,300,000), is the fourth largest city in America, Philadelphia being third with 1,455,500 souls, but the growth of the southern metropolis from 535,000 in 1893 is something phenomenal. With an area of seventy square miles, possessing magnificent squares, parks and avenues, palatial residences and impressive public buildings, a competent street car service, splendid schools, and well-maintained street, water, fire and sewage systems, the story of its growth and improvement partakes of the interest of fiction and adventure. The style, dress and equipages of its fashionables, its magnificent and effective street and store illumination, its great stores and luxurious cafes, restaurants, hotels and theatres make Buenos Aires, an obscure South American seaport a generation ago, only second to Paris as a center of Latin prestige, taste and enter-

In 1880 ships had to anchor twelve miles from the city, but at a cost of over fifty millions a harbor has been built capable of accommodating some ten million tons of shipping annually. Three Italian, two French, two English, two German, one Danish and one Spanish steamship lines connect her with Genoa, Bordeaux, Marseilles, Liverpool, Hamburg, Bremen and Barcelona. Her docks, said to be the finest in the world, connect with 20,000 miles of railway. A canal to connect the Las Palmas and Parana Rivers at a cost of \$47,000,000 will open up inland transportation.

There are 7,619 manufacturing establishments in the city, including big tanneries and currying shops, flour mills and machine shops and factories. Twenty-five years ago Argentina imported all her wheat flour, now she exports some five million dollars worth yearly, beside supplying the home market. The meat freezing industry has immense establishments, employing a capital of \$31,000,000.

Rosario and Bahia Blanca are cities of considerable population, and make large shipments of wool, amounting in 1909 to over 340,000 bales.

Dr. Roque Saenz Pena, born March 19, 1857, now president of the Argentine Republic, is descended from an old *Portena* (of port of) family of Buenos Aires

He completed his university course in 1870 and continued his law studies until 1874, when the Mistre Revolution called him into the field as a captain of the Second Regiment of the National Guards, in which he rose to be lieutenant-colonel. Made a Doctor of Public Law in 1875, three years were spent in practice and politics. He was elected to the Provincial Assembly, and although only twenty-six years old became president of the Assembly in 1877, but resigned in April, 1878, because, having punished a member for breach of the rules, a majority revoked his decision.

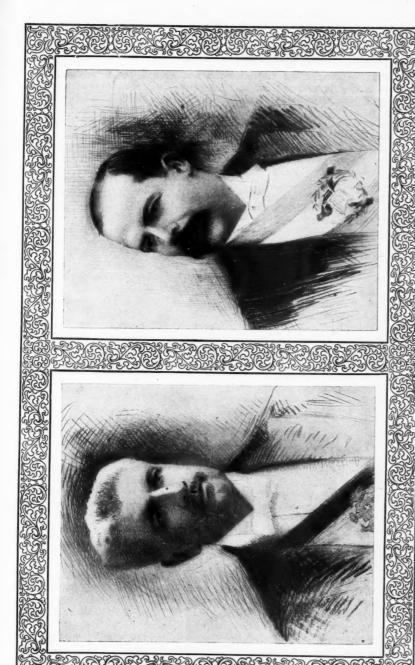
In 1881 he was made First Assistant Secretary of Foreign Relations, in 1886 Minister to Uruguay, in 1889-90 attended the first Pan-American Conference at Washington, and on his return became

Minister of Foreign Affairs.

In December, 1891, he was a candidate for the presidency with every prospect of success, when suddenly his father, Sr. Don Luis Saenz Pena, appeared as the opposition candidate. The son at once withdrew from a contest in which his filial affection and reverence must be sacrificed, and he also resigned his senatorship for like reasons and retired to his Entre-Rios estates. In 1906 he was sent as Special Ambassador to represent Argentina at the wedding ceremonies of Alfonso XIII of Spain, was later made ambassador at Madrid and afterward at Rome.

With Messrs. Draga and Larreta, Dr. Pena attended the second Peace Conference at the Hague, at which he declared that the measure of national influence was really based on the volume of its foreign commerce, in which point of view he strongly supported Argentina's claim to the fifth place in mercantile develop-

A still more significant statement, first made at the Washington Conference and repeated at the Hague, is suggestive of



PEDRO MONIT Late President of Chile, succeeded by Ramon Barros Luco

MANUEL E. CABRERA President of Guatemala

the attitude of Argentina toward the champions of the Monroe Doctrine and her foreign customers. "We are not lacking," he said, "in affection for America, but we are lacking in mistrust and ingratitude for Europe. This has been and will continue to be our policy; we say it with the consciousness of our national individuality, and with all the feeling of our sovereignty."

Later Dr. Pena was chosen by the Venezuelan government arbitrator of its

recent international differences.

President Pena is still dear to his early friends and associates, whose love and confidence are not chilled by the respect he inspires, a willing tribute to integrity unfailing, frankness and loyalty unchallenged, and innate nobility of soul. Gentle and yet strong, tranquil alike in reverses and success, unyielding yet amenable to reason, and debonair and joyous amid society and friends, it is still considered something notable in Argentina, and convincing proof of his combined ability and amiability that with all his nice sense of honor and personal responsibility he has never found an occasion that would warrant his fighting a duel.

Over six feet tall, admirably proportioned, strong and handsome, elegant and irreproachable in dress and bearing, the personality of the President of the Argentine Republic is in rare harmony with his

ability and character.

Bolivia, subdued by Pizzaro in 1538, became some forty years later famous for its immense silver-mining districts of Sucre, Potosi, La Paz and Cochabamba, which paid the viceroy of Lima "the king's fifth" or the greater part of \$3,500,000,000 in silver in 320 years (1545-1864), besides producing a not inconsiderable amount never reported by the miners.

Several descendants of the ancient Incas sought to overthrow their Spanish conquerors, the last, Tupac-Amaru in 1780, being the most formidable of all. Thirty years later at Sucre in May, 1809, and again later at La Paz, men rose against the Spanish viceroy, and although unsuccessful were followed by ominous disorders until August 11, 1825, the provinces of

Potosi, La Paz and Cochabamba declared themselves the Republic of Potosi.

Under Bolivar the Bolivian constitution was adopted, and Bolivia became an independent republic. Between 1866 and 1874 war between Bolivia and Chile over the great nitrate deposits went on with varying fortunes, but in the end Chile secured the coveted prize. A political revolution in 1898 overthrew President Alonzo, since which time Bolivia has been at peace.

Bolivia has an area of 700,000 square miles and a population of from 2,000,000 to 3,000,000, including the Indians of the eastern slope. There are, it is said, 600,000,000 acres of splendid soil, most of which is still awaiting settlement and

cultivation.

Bolivia still produces some silver, \$3,-350,000 worth in 1909, and stands only below the Straits Settlements in the production of tin, exporting about one-fifth of the world's supply of 117,000 tons in 1909, valued at \$14,000,000. The Bolivian-American Andes Tin Company are mining 16,000 feet above sea level and utilize water power generated in the Andean Glaciers 2,000 feet above. Bolivia also produced bismuth ores valued at \$188,578 in 1909, and a quantity of wolframite, a still rarer mineral.

Some \$4,000,000 worth of rubber, a large quantity of cinchona bark and certain valuable furs and skins figure among the yearly exports, but Bolivia is sadly handicapped by the lack of capital, railroad transportation and a harbor of her own on the Pacific coast. The government is taking steps to develop the territory on the upper waters of the Paraguay River with its capital and railroad

terminal at Porto Suarez.

President Eliodoro Villazon is a native of Cochabamba, long noted for her silver mines, is a lawyer by profession and has a high reputation as a learned, honest and efficient statesman. Previous to his election to the presidency he served as Minister of Foreign Affairs, and diplomatic representative to England, France and the Argentine Republic.

Brazil, having an area of 3,218,139 square miles, is a republic made up of



DR. ROQUE SAENZ PENA President of Argentina

twenty states, under a constitution adopted February 24, 1891. The present population numbers about 20,000,000.

First discovered by the Spanish pilot, Vicente Yanez Pinzon, in 1500, the first settlement was made by the Portuguese at Sao Vicente the following year. Bahia, founded in 1559, remained the capital until 1763. The Huguenots occupied the Bay of Rio Janeiro in 1559, but were expelled and Rio Janeiro founded in 1567. Spain held the country as a dependency of Portugal from 1580 to 1640, and the Dutch while at war with Spain took and held Pernambuco, Olinda and considerable territory until 1654.

Gold was discovered in 1691 and \$600,-000,000 in bullion are said to have been exported from 1691 to 1820. The diamond mines, opened in 1710, added in something under two centuries \$100,-000,000 to the jewels of the world.

When in 1807 Napoleon invaded Portugal the reigning family took refuge in Brazil. In 1821 King John VI returned to his throne, leaving his eldest son Dom Pedro as regent. He declared Brazil independent September 7, 1822, and was crowned emperor of Brazil October 12. The new empire was promptly recognized by Portugal, but Dom Pedro abdicated the throne in 1831.

Followed regencies and political intrigues until Dom Pedro II, crowned emperor when only fifteen years of age, succeeded his father. An amiable, patriotic and humane monarch, he met but few insurrections and only two wars, one with Rosas, the Dictator of Buenos Aires, in 1852, and the other with the Paraguayans 1865-1870. In 1871 he provided for the gradual abolition of slavery, but a general discontent arose with the form of government, which could no longer be maintained in the New World. Under Marshal Deodoro da Fonseca, a bloodless revolution ended in the proclamation of the Republic of Brazil, Dom Pedro and his family were ordered to leave the country, and the emperor returned to Europe, refusing to receive the imperial dowry and a subsidy of \$2,500,000 offered him by the republic.

The two principal productions of Brazil are rubber, of which she supplies about 84,000,000 pounds of the 130,000,000 pro-

duced annually, valued in 1909 at \$92,000,000, and her "Rio" and "Santos" coffees, which were estimated at \$162,000,000. The district of Santos alone is said to have shipped to the United States \$50,888,410 worth of coffee, receiving in return a little less than \$4,000,000 worth of American commodities. About \$2,500,000 worth of gold, diamonds invoiced at \$700,000, manganese, cacao, tobacco and minor articles make up the list.

A considerable influx of Spaniards, Italians, Portuguese, Turks and Russians (something over 38,000 at Santos in 1910), is beginning to settle the agricultural lands not devoted to coffee, and the province of the Rio Grande do Sul is making progress as a stock-raising country, and marketed some 33,000,000 pounds

of lard last year.

Brazil trades most largely with Great Britain, forty-eight millions in 1909; twenty-eight millions with Germany; twenty-two millions with the United States and about eighteen millions each with France and the Argentine Republic. Probably United States dealers could sell much more largely by personal visits and adopting the same ways of doing business as the European houses.

Brazil has always taken a great interest in her navy, and has contracted for an ironclad, the "Rio Janeiro," of 32,000 tons, 6,000 tons larger than the British dreadnaught "Lion," to cost \$14,500,000, draw twenty-eight feet and mount twelve four-teen-inch guns in her main battery.

Dr. Hermes da Fonseca, president of Brazil, inaugurated November 15, 1910, a nephew of the first president of the republic, Marshal Manuelo Deodoro da Fonseca, is about sixty years old, of medium height and military bearing. A military engineer by profession, he has been chiefly active in the field of politics, having served as representative and later as secretary of war in the cabinet of President Alfonso Ponna from November 15, 1906, to May 27, 1909, when he resigned to become a candidate for the presidency.

Chile or Chili, supposed to be derived from the Quichua adjective *Chiri*, "Cold," has a coast line of 2,700 miles, but averages only about 140 miles, ranging from 240



ELIODORO VILLAZON President of Bolivia



MIGUEL R. DAVILA President of Honduras



J. VICENTE GOMEZ President of Venezuela



RAMON CACERES President of the Dominican Republic



D. CLAUDIO WILLIMAN President of Uruguay



FERNANDO FIGUEROA ANTOINE F. C. SIMON Ex-President of Salvador President of Haiti



to only sixty-eight miles in width. Her area, including certain territory acquired from Argentina, and the greater part of Terra del Fuego, now known as the Territory of Magellan, aggregates 290,895 square miles and includes twenty-three states.

It was the home of the tameless Araucanians, who drove back the conquistador Almagro in 1535, and prevented Valdivia, who founded Santiago in 1541, Concepcion in 1550 and Valdivia in 1553, from controlling any considerable territory beyond the range of his artillery.

For two centuries and a half they kept the outlying settlements constantly at war, until in 1793 a final treaty of peace was

ratified.

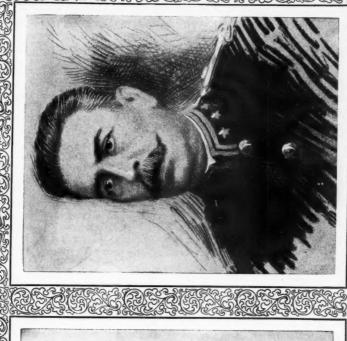
Accounted one of the principal "governments" under the Lima vice-royalty, its governor-general was forced to resign when the throne of Spain was usurped by Joseph Bonaparte, and the formation of the provisional government September 18, 1810, is still celebrated as the anniversary of Chilian independence. Followed a series of contests with the Spanish forces, and between contending partisans, during which the Viceroy Don Osara held southern Chile for some two years and a half, but San Martin and his Guachos defeated him at Chacabuco and drove the Spaniards into Peru and Bolivia. In 1818 O'Higgins proclaimed the independence of Chile, but Spain did not recognize her until 1844. O'Higgins was dictator until the constitution was adopted in 1823, which, as revised and amended, is still in force, gradually growing more democratic, although a high property qualification has always been maintained. From 1843 to 1855, the Argentine boundary threatened serious complications, but was amicably settled. Spain in 1864-65 managed to embroil Peru and Chile in a war, mainly naval, which dragged along until 1869, when the American minister succeeded in inducing them to refrain from further active operations. Spain finally consented to a definite treaty of peace in 1879, but the conflicting claims to the invaluable nitrate deposits in the north of Chile brought on hostilities with Peru, who finally in 1893 conceded the greater part to Chile forever.

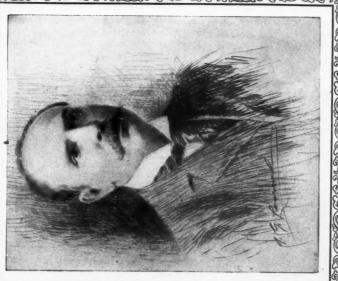
In 1891 President Balmaceda found himself at war with the opposition in Congress who took possession of the nitrate deposits, secured arms and munitions and captured Valparaiso and Santiago. After the death of Balmaceda Don Jorge Montt became president, and the republic has been at peace, and has made great progress in every line of development. The government has now in force contracts with English constructors amounting to \$50,000,000. The custom receipts steadily increase, aggregating \$41,559,076 for the eleven months ending November 30, 1910, against \$36,483,688 for the like period in 1909.

Chile is not an agricultural country, and has twenty-four cities of over 10,000 inhabitants and an aggregate of 924,041 out of a population of 3,240,279. Punta Arenas, the most southern city in the world, in the formerly desolate Straits of Magellan has 12,000 inhabitants, with good wharves, stores, paved streets, and an extensive trade. It is a free port, a coaling station, a Chilian naval depot, and a port of call for every vessel passing through the Straits. The Territory of Magellan, once only occupied by the "Patagonian Giants" and the "Terra del Fuegian dwarfs," and later a Chilian penal colony, has now over 20,000 inhabitants, and in 1909 shipped from Punta Arenas 21,100,244 pounds of wool of the Chilian export of 27,745,080 pounds. Terra del Fuego had then clipped 7,221,634 pounds from 1,146,503 sheep.

But Chile is chiefly a mining country at present, \$87,000,000 of \$110,000,000 exported in 1909 being the product of the mines, including nitrates, which, beginning with a shipment of 100 tons in 1831, increased to 1,836,000 tons in 1910, most of which was shipped from Tarapaca and Antofagasta. Besides nitrates, copper, iodine, borax, salt, silver, gold, sulphur and sulphuric acid figure to a great extent in the exports.

There were in 1907 4,758 industrial establishments, employing over 75,000 operatives, and a gold capital of \$287,-209,523. Education is not neglected, the appropriations for 1911 amounting to \$6,606,953. There are 250 publications in the republic, the oldest being the *El*





JOSE MIGUEL GOMEZ
President of Cuba

RICARDO J. OREAMUNDO President of Costa Rica Mercurio of Valparaiso, now in its eighty-

fourth year.

The greatest drawbacks to Chilian prosperity are a lack of good harbors, for with few exceptions goods and passengers must be landed in open roadsteads from boats and lighters. The other is the want of coal which at present does not seem likely to be met by a home supply, although discoveries are reported both in Chile proper and the Straits of Magellan.

With most of the peoples of the West Coast, there is a strong tendency to seek the friendship of the United States, but so far the business methods and our own lack of sea-going steamship lines have given the great bulk of Chilian imports to Europe. Thus the imports of Chile for 1909 show British goods \$31,842,776; Germany \$22,436,641; United States \$9,601,084; Argentina \$6,617,054, and France

\$5,663,495.

Colombia, named in honor of Columbus, has an area variously estimated at from 463,000 to 513,000 square miles. It has been a republic ever since 1820, under a constitution revised and amended seven times since 1821. Its president is elected for a term of six years, its capital is Bogota, and its population is estimated at 4,000,000 souls.

Known as the Province of New Granada until 1719, when it was made a Viceroyalty, it revolted in 1810 and became independent in 1819, joining with Venezuela and Ecuador in 1822 to form the Republic of Colombia, which dissolved into its component provinces in 1830.

Its history from the beginning has been rich in exciting episodes, and many millions of treasure have been shipped to Spain in the galleons, which found shelter under the guns of the fortress city of Cartagena, but the lack of permanent settlement and development, and the frequent wars and partisanships of the past throw upon the patriotic statesmen of today a heavy burden of judicious enterprise and consideration. Its mineral resources are undoubtedly great, including gold and silver, which is exported to the value of some \$4,000,000 annually. Iron, copper, platinum, lead, salt and the

emeralds of the noted Santander mine, are all to be reckoned with as valuable, but as yet undeveloped sources of wealth. Coffee to the amount of 440,000 bags was exported to the United States in 1909, and a considerable quantity to Europe. Bananas, cocoanuts and pines are now exported in large numbers, with cocoa, tobacco and sugar, rubber, hides, skins and tanning and medicinal simples.

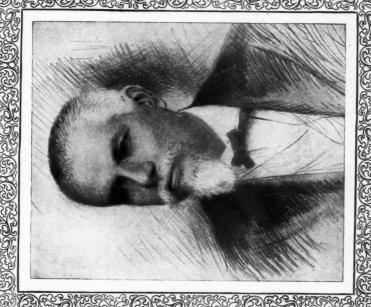
Its president, Senor Don Carlos E. Restrepo, was born in 1868 at ancient Medellin, in the Province of Antioquia, and inherited from his father, Senor Pedro D. Restrepo, the oratorical gifts and love of literature, philosophy and legal research that have brought him into honorable prominence. At the time of his election to the presidency, he had just returned home from serving as president of the National House of Representatives, intending to take up his legal practice and literary pursuits. But on July 10, 1810, he was elected president for the term of four years. His strong, handsome and intelligent face is smoothly shaven, except for a well-kept and slightly curved moustache, his hair is wavy rather than curly, and his large dark eyes, long-lashed and deeply set under well-curved evebrows. befit the poet and orator as well as the discerning and purposeful statesman.

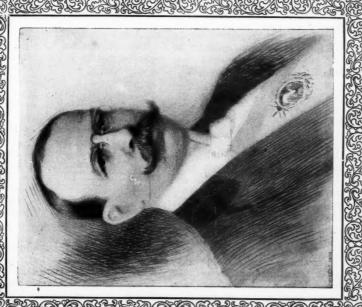
Costa Rica, "the rich coast," most southern of Central American states, excepting Panama, has an area of 21,500 square miles, and is exclusively an agricultural state. Its capital is San Jose, and it has two harbors, Punta Arenas on the Pacific, and Port Limon on the Gulf of Mexico. Its population is about 500,000 and increases but slowly by immigration. The state imposes a tax of \$2.50 in gold on each first cabin passenger and \$1.50 in gold on all others arriving in the republic.

The chief product of Costa Rica is bananas, of which 4,300,000 bunches were exported in 1909. A large quantity of fine grade coffee is also exported.

Costa Rica was a part of the Mexican Empire under Iturbide in 1823, but was declared independent in 1848.

The government is seeking to open up the "Plains of Santa Clara," which, as





GENERAL ELOY ALFARO President of Ecuador

DON JOSE FIGUEROA ALCORTA
Until very recently President of the Argentine Republic

grazing and agricultural lands, offer many inducements to an enterprising settler.

President D. Ricardo Jimenez Oreamundo is not only very popular in Costa Rica, but one of her most intelligent, advanced and personally notable citizens. While his integrity has always been honored, he has in all other respects been held in high esteem both in Costa Rica and in every other country which he has visited.

Born in the city of Cartago in 1858, he is a representative of one of the most distinguished families of Spanish-America, being a lineal descendant of the famous Spanish conquistador and explorer, Juan

Vasquez de Coronado.

His father was for two terms president; a bronze statue was erected by popular subscription in recognition of his civic virtues as the first chief magistrate of Costa Rica. Dr. Jimenez distinguished himself at college, had a high reputation as a writer and jurist, and is considered one of the most effective parliamentary ora-

tors in the republic.

He was one of five lawyers chosen to codify the laws of Costa Rica, was Minister Plenipotentiary at Washington and Mexico and at home filled acceptably the positions of president of the Legal College, president of the Supreme Court of Justice, deputy and president in Congress, Secretary of State and the department of public and rural education, and has finally been elected president of the republic by a majority unprecedented in its history. When inaugurated on the eighth of May last, he found Costa Rica sorely depressed by the earthquake, which destroyed the city of Cartago, but it was felt and not without reason that the new chief executive, animated by his enduring spirit of progress, honor and love of country, and his inspiring force, initiative and foresight will give both peace and progress to the republic.

Cuba, the largest island republic in the world, is 780 miles long, having an area of 35,964 square miles, and a great variety of soil, climate and natural resources. Its northeastern coast is quite temperate compared with other sections, but frost is unknown and a great development of citrus fruit culture is assured. Bananas,

pineapples, cocoanuts and all tropical fruits are grown in their appropriate districts. Its exports may be roughly averaged at sugar, \$71,000,000; tobacco, \$20,000; fruit, \$2,300,000; hides, \$1,000,000 and manufactures, \$13,000,000.

Some 500,000 tons of iron are now being mined annually, and manganese, copper, gold, silver and coal deposits have been

worked to some extent.

Known as "The Ever Faithful Isle," because it continued loyal to Spain during the Bonapartist regime, 1807-1811, it was governed nevertheless by a governorgeneral, who in and since 1825 was empowered to rule "as if Cuba was in a state of siege." As a result, between Spanish legislation and official greed and tyranny, Cuba was for many years deprived of the growth, prosperity and happiness which her resources should have secured for her people.

In 1898 the Spanish-American War began, which brought to an end a civil contest which had raged for some years, and made Cuba a republic. Since that event the development of agriculture, manufactures, railroad and water transportation, popular education and municipal improvement and sanitation has been

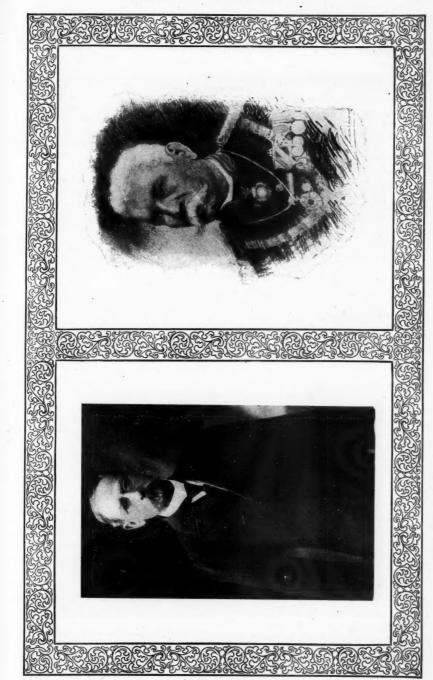
rapid and gratifying.

The resources for 1911-1912 are estimated at \$34,024,582.32, and the estimate of expenditure was \$2,255,097.68 less. An appropriation of \$1,000,000 for the construction of a palace for the president, and contracts for an eighteen-knot cruiser, sixteen-knot schoolship and two small gunboats are the novel features of the year's expenditure.

The first president, elected to serve four years, was Estrada Palma, chosen in December, 1901. The present incumbent, Senor General Jose Miguel Gomez, served with distinction in the revolution which only ended with the independence of

Cuba.

The Dominican Republic, formerly part of Hispaniola, an island colony of Spain, holds the eastern moiety of the island formerly known as St. Dominique by the French, and Santa Domingo by the Spaniards, until it became independent in 1844. Its chief exports are sugar, coffee, cocoa,



PORFIRIO DIAZ President of Mexico

DR. PABLO AROSEMENA President of Panama cigars, tobacco, wool, precious woods and dyestuffs, with some cattle, hides, etc., of the aggregate value of about \$8,000,000 per annum.

Essentially an agricultural country, and a small one, it is handicapped in the race for rapid growth, but is making constant

progress.

Dominica has given many enthusiastic and brave soldiers to the Cuban cause, notably General Maximo Gomez and General Jose Maceo and his devoted brothers. The president, elected for four years, is Senor General Ramon Caceres.

Ecuador ("Equator") lying immediately under the line south of Colombia, has an area of 110,000 square miles, including the desert Galapagos Islands. Its exports in 1909 consisted principally of cacao, \$7,261,000; ivory nuts, \$1,991,000; Panama hats, \$1,158,173; with rubber, coffee, hides and fruits to smaller amounts. The production of cacao exceeds that of any other state, reaching 75,000,000 pounds in the Guayaquil district alone.

The Spanish government was ousted in 1822, and a constitution adopted in 1830. The state religion remained Roman Catholic, but other religions were tolerated. A city loan of \$3,000,000 has been authorized by the government to improve the city of Guayaquil, and a government loan of \$2,600,000 to intersect the city with canals. A government bureau has also been established to give information regarding the city and its resources.

The president holds office for four years. The present incumbent is Senor General Eloy Alfaro.

Guatemala, the largest of the six Central American republics, has an area of 48,300 square miles.

It was governed by a captain-general appointed by the viceroy of New Spain, until it became independent in 1825.

Its exports in 1909 included coffee to the value of \$5,697,183, and bananas, sugar, hides, rubber, precious woods and chicle, making an aggregate of \$6,638,819. Its coffee output is second only to that of Brazil.

Guatemala, the capital, has 73,000 inhabitants and is said to be the most brilliantly lighted city in America.

Senor Don Manuel Estrada Cabrera, president of Guatemala, was born November 21, 1857, at Quezaltenango, Guatemala, and was re-elected president for the term of six years from March 15, 1911. He was admitted to the bar in 1883, appointed to the Court of First Instance in 1886, was transferred to his native town as Judge of the Appellate Court, and subsequently made Minister of Public Affairs. Elected president of Guatemala in 1898, he has continued to hold the office until the present time.

During his regime a transcontinental railroad has been built from Puerto Barrios to San Jose, and the construction of the Guatemalan section of the Pan-American Railway inaugurated. Public education in English has been made obligatory in all the schools. Rubber cultivation is encouraged by the government grants of 112 acres for every 20,000 rubber trees planted.

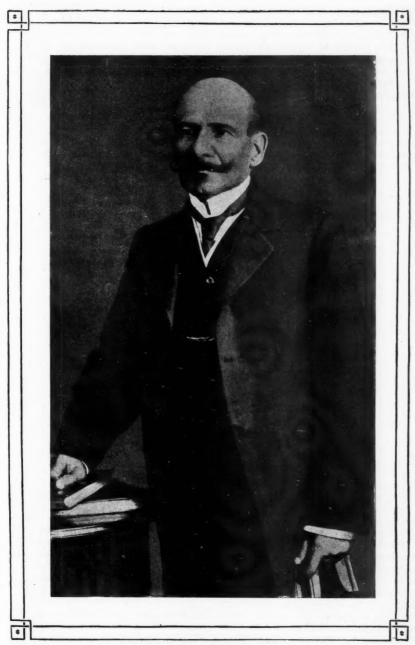
Haiti ("High Land") occupying the western half of ancient Hispaniola, or San Domingo, has with some small islets an area of 10,000 to 11,000 square miles and a population of about 1,700,000 souls. Emancipated by Toussaint L'Ouverture in 1783, but re-enslaved by the French in 1802, General Jean Jacques Dessalines destroyed or captured their armies, and was emperor of Haiti from 1803 to 1806. In 1825 England acknowledged her independence, and in 1843 President Boyer became president of the entire island, under the name of the Republic of Haiti.

The exports of 1909 consisted chiefly of coffee, sugar, indigo, cocoa and other agricultural products, \$8,500,000; logwood, cedar, mahogany and other forest products, \$1,000,000, and live stock, hides, etc., \$150,000.

Railroads are being built to open up the country, and several mines of copper, iron and coal are awaiting their completion to begin operations.

The presidential term is seven years. The present chief executive is Senor General Antoine F. C. Simon.

The largest of the North American Latin republics, Mexico, has an area of 767,000 square miles; and a population estimated at 14,000,000.



MARSHAL HERMES DA FONSECA President of Brazil

A Spanish viceroyalty from the time of Cortez until the Nineteenth Century the Spanish interest was still strong when Hidalgo y Costilla of Dolores, the priest of Guanajuato, raised the standard of revolt September 16, 1810. Successful for a time, he was captured and shot at Chihuahua, July 30, 1814. Morelos, who took up the cause, was defeated and executed in 1815, by Iturbide, who in his turn deserted the viceroy and established himself as emperor in 1822, but the republic asserted itself on October 14, 1824. Senor General Porfirio Diaz, president

Besides the precious metals, deposits of copper, iron, lead, tin, stilphur, onyx, opals and other valuable minerals are found in many parts of the country. In 1909 the Mexican exports ascribed \$71,136,143 to products of the mine, including gold, \$20,000,000; silver, \$37,000,000, and copper, \$10,000,000. Besides these, rubber (castilloa) and "guayule" to the value of \$8,346,000 mark the beginning of returns for the immense capital that has been invested in rubber plantations and the extraction of rubber from the guayule shrub of the elevated plains.

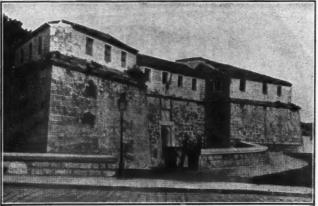


Photo by American Photo Company, from the book "Cuba" by Irene A. Wright, copyright
1910 by The Macmillan Company

LA FUERZA ON THE PLAZA DE ARMAS, REPUBLIC OF CUBA
The oldest habitable building in the western hemisphere which stood guard over the
city before Cabanas or Morro or Panto were ever thought of

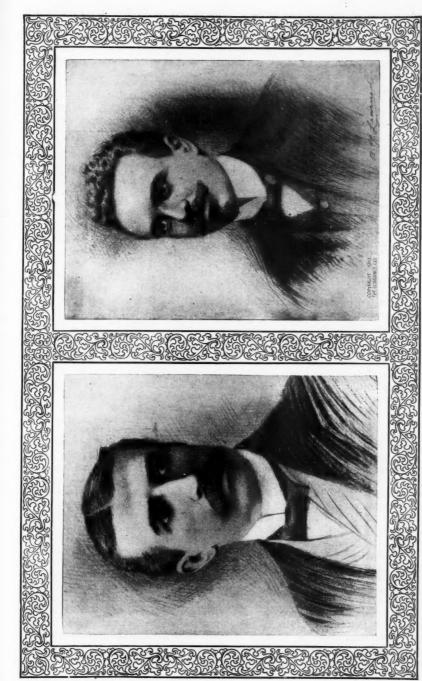
of Mexico 1877-1880 and since 1884 to the present time, is too well known to the American people to require any biographical notice here.

He succeeded to the control of a country rich in varied resources, but whose interests had been largely sacrificed to the production of silver and gold, which, from the Veta Madre lode of Guanajuato alone, had taken out \$250,000,000 in silver between 1556 and 1883. Between 1493 and 1895 the Mexican mints had turned out \$3,398,664,206 in silver coin, one-third of the coinage of the whole world, and between 1874 and 1896 Mexico exported silver money and bullion to the amount of \$683,476,979.

Over 10,000,000 trees on the great La Zacualpa plantations in Chiapas, and vast numbers more in other states, are beginning to show satisfactory profits.

The vanilla output of Mexico (about 140 tons), is the largest in the world except that of Tahiti, and coffee, heniquen, sugar, fruit, cattle, wool, etc., swell the immense returns of Mexican industry, which in 1909-1910 resulted in exports of \$260,000,000, and imports of \$145,000,000, a total trade showing of \$456,000,000.

But every city in the republic, every harbor of any note, every modern improvement that is necessary to increased efficiency has had due consideration, and neither time nor money is spared to make



AUGUSTO B. LEGUIA President of Peru

NILO PECANHA
Ex-President of Brazil, succeeded by Marshal Hermes Da Fonseca

Mexico a land of honored and efficient labor. The splendid artificial harbors of Vera Cruz, Coatzacoalcos and Salina Cruz, the great transcontinental railroad of Tehuantepec with its fleets of tributary freighters, and the stupendous irrigation and drainage projects to reclaim millions of desolate acres at a cost of \$300,000,000, with scores of minor but not less beneficent enterprises in the interests of sanitation, water and sewage, construction, public education, etc., have made a new Mexico within the public service of one man.

Nicaragua, lying between Costa Rica and Honduras, has an area of 49,000 square miles, and a population of a little over half a million. It revolted against Spain in 1821, and except for the brief period of the Iturbide "empire" has been an independent republic ever since.

Its gold output aggregates 20,000 to 70,000 ounces annually, and tin, nickel, antimony and arsenic are also mined. Some 30,000,000 pounds of mild coffees, and an increasing trade in bananas, with cacao, cattle, hides and minor articles, make up the export list. Managua on the Pacific coast is its capital and chief seaport. The Menier cocoa plantation of 187,500 acres is the largest in the world.

Its president, elected for four years, is General Juan J. Estrada.

Panama, famous in story and song, declared itself an independent republic November 4, 1903, and was recognized by the United States on November 13. By a treaty between the two countries, ratified November 18, 1903, the canal zone, within which it was necessary that the Panama Canal should be carried, was transferred to the United States for \$10,000,000 in gold and a yearly subsidy of \$250,000.

The Panama Government is taking measures to encourage the cultivation of sugar to conserve its taqua (ivory nuts), forests and to encourage the importation of stock for breeding purposes.

The president, chosen for four years and inaugurated October 1, 1910, is Dr. Pablo Arosemena. Born at Panama in 1836, of middle height, with dark eyes and an olive complexion, he retains his

vitality and good looks, and is considered a gentleman of pleasing and commanding presence, and an eloquent and graceful orator. Educated at Bogota in Colombia, he took up the profession of the law, practicing in Panama.

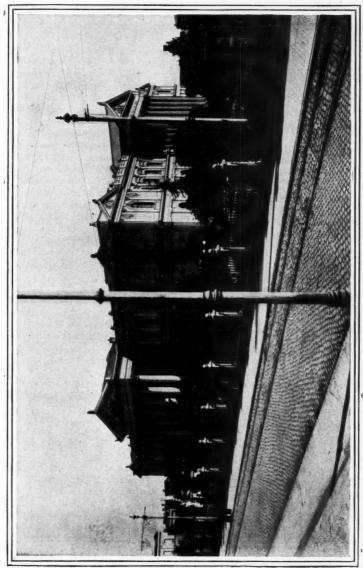
Salvador, the smallest of the Central American republics, has an area of 7,225 square miles, and a population estimated at 1,200,000. Its capital is San Salvador. Its exports are chiefly coffee, of which the exports last returned aggregated \$4,500,000, wine to the value of \$1,100,000, indigo, sugar, hides, balsam of tolu and some minor articles. Gold, silver, copper and lead are mined. The state religion is Roman Catholic, but all faiths are tolerated.

The imports from the United States for three months in 1910 amounted to \$326,078.74, the chief items being fancy articles, flour, shoes, drugs and medicines and hardware; these five amounted to \$227,731.74.

The president is Dr. Manuel Enrique Araujo. He serves for four years from the date of his inauguration.

Paraguay, long as exclusive as ancient Japan, has an area of 98,000 square miles, lying between Brazil on the southeast and north, and Argentina on the west. Nominally governed by the viceroy of Peru, the Jesuit fathers practically ruled the country from 1607 to 1768, controlling, it is said, 400,000 natives in connection with their missions. In 1811 the Spanish governor resigned office, and was succeeded by Jose Gaspar Francia, who made himself dictator, and attempted a policy of strict isolation, as did his successors, ending with Francisco Solano Lopez, who, after a terrible struggle with Brazil, Argentina and Uruguay, in which a very large proportion of the fighting men were extirpated, fell at Aquidaban in 1870, to be succeeded by a more liberal government and policy.

The exports of Paraguay are small and principally confined to live stock and the produce of the forests. When the rail and water transportation plans now being carried out are completed, a large increase may be expected.



THE CAPITOL AT SANTIAGO, CHILE
This is one of the most substantial buildings in the Republic. In it both Houses of Congress have their meetings. Construction was begun in 1858 and was finished in 1875, when inauguration ceremonies were held. In a city noted for its architecture, the Capitol is still considered as one of the most beautiful buildings.

President Senor Manuel Gondra, inaugurated November 25, 1910, is comparatively a young man, born January 1, 1872. Educated at the National College, and for some time one of its faculty, he is naturally scholarly, but has been deeply devoted to the study of the various systems of political administration and has written extensively on this subject. Handsome, neatly dressed, with large, black eyes and a wealth of hair flung back from his full, high forehead, he wears both beard and moustache, and makes a good impression in society or on the platform.

As Minister to Brazil, representative to the Third Pan-American Conference and Minister on Foreign Relations, his services and the esteem in which he was held abroad secured for him his early elevation to the presidency. The capital is Asuncion.

Senor Gondra resigned from the presidency soon after his inauguration and Colonel Albino Jara assumed that office on January 16.

Uruguay, the smallest of the South American republics, has an area of 72,157 square miles and a population of something over a million. Joining Argentina in the revolt of 1810, she drove out the Spanish sympathizers in 1814, but the Brazilians captured and held Montevideo until peace was finally declared in 1828, and the "Republica Oriental de Uruguay" duly established. In 1864 ended a long series of wars and partisan hostilities, but committed Uruguay to an alliance with Brazil and Argentina against Paraguay.

The exports of Uruguay were represented in 1909-1910 chiefly by the products of her cattle and other live stock, which contributed \$44,763,000 against \$2,000,000 from farm and field, and \$8,000,000 from the forests. New contracts are being made almost monthly for additional transportation for the "chilled" and "frozen" beef trade with England and other European countries. The Liebig Extract Company, whose concentrated meat juices and preparations are known all over the world, owns 3,750,000 acresone-tenth of the whole country-and have killed 375,000 head in a single year's operations. The Germans are making arrangements for a great production of beetsugar, and the Uruguayan cities are a revelation to the tourists. La Victoria's electric lighting is said to excel any other city in the world.

The term of the president, Senor Don Claudio Williman, expired March 1, 1911.

Venezuela, signifying "Little Venice," with an area of \$593,943 square miles, was formerly a part of the government of Colombia under the Spanish regime and so remained until on April 19, 1810, the local council of Caracas deposed the Spanish governor and selected a junta to rule during the Bonapartist regime in Spain. In 1829 Venezuela seceded from Colombia and became a separate republic. The population is estimated at 1,345,000.

The gold mines of Venezuela between 1871 and 1890 attracted a good deal of attention, a single group, the El Callao in the Yaruari District, having produced \$25,000,000 during that period. It is estimated that of 6,000 square miles of gold territory, only about 1,000 have been prospected, and these in an imperfect way, from the village of El Callao, which is from 150 to 180 miles from rail or water transportation.

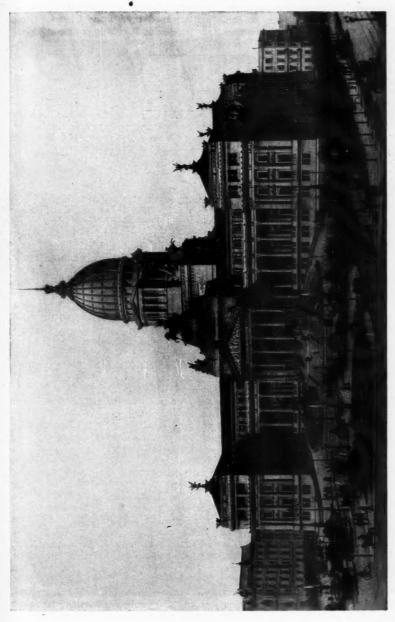
Lack of transportation, the high cost of labor and unsettled political conditions in the past interrupted development, and prevented capitalists from introducing the effective machinery and methods of up-to-

date mining.

Copper was exported to the value of \$6,054,000 in 1909-1910, and new deposits, some carrying gold and silver, promise great returns. Asphalt and petroleum abound, iron and salt are also mined locally. The celebrated Las Margaritas, pearl islands, which produced immense revenues in the early days, still contribute about \$100,000 worth yearly to the known production.

Maracaibo is the principal center of trade, but La Guayra, Puerte Cabello and Ciudad Bolivar are all ports of importance. Coffee, cacao, hides and cattle, copper, rubber, balata, asphalt, salt and other products are exported to a large amount.

The state recognizes the Catholic religion, but all others are tolerated. A great banana trade is projected and European capitalists seem about to enter the mining field.



THE CAPITOL AT BUENOS AIRES, ARGENTINE REPUBLIC

This stately building is placed at the western end of the magnificent Avenida de Mayo. The entire edifice is devoted to the National Congress which has the two legislative factors. Senate and Chamber of Deputiest. In addition to the Capitol Risel, the nation has set apart, to some extent as commencative of the cross-senate and Chamber of Deputies. In addition to the Capitol Risel, the nation has set apart in from of it, to be called Plaza del Congreso. This will be one of the handsomes; public squares in the world

The president is elected for four years. Senor General J. Vicente Gomez, inaugurated June 3, 1910, was born at San Antonio del Tachira, in the Venezuelan Andes, some fifty years ago. Tall and strong, a wealthy agriculturist and stockraiser, he has since 1902 been very active in the political and military operations which were necessitated by the despotic regime of his predecessor, President Cipriano Castro. He has never married, and for a number of years has devoted himself to military service and political life. He has re-established peaceful relations with foreign nations, and normal conditions of liberty and business at home, and will doubtless do much more in developing prosperity and enterprise in Venezuela. .

Peru, a Spanish mispronunciation of Biru, the name of an Indian chief, has a coast line averaging 1,100 miles, affording six good harbors and many open roadsteads. Its area, owing to unsettled claims by Ecuador, Bolivia and Chili, is variously estimated at from 440,000 to 700,000 square miles. Its coastal territory, from twenty to 120 miles wide, is a desert except where rivers and artificial irrigation fertilize farmsteads and large plantations. A belt of Andean ranges some 250 miles wide presents amid its formidable ranges elevated plains and fertile ravines and valleys. The eastern hinterland slopes gradually into the valleys of the Amazon and its tributaries, and is heavily forested and rich in rubber, cinchona and valuable woods.

The great aqueducts and highways, which once supported a much larger ponulation, have been almost utterly neglected, although some of the aqueducts have apparently been broken or deprived of water by natural causes. The chief object of Spanish rule in Peru was to draw from the mines that royal one-fifth of their product which for from 250 to 300 years poured a flood of gold and silver into the Spanish treasury. The records show that between 1630 and 1849 the Cerro de Pasco district alone produced \$475,000,000, chiefly in silver, and this in spite of miserable transportation, mining and reduction methods, which at every stage resulted in an enormous sacrifice of human and animal life.

Today the population is estimated at between 4,500,000 to 5,000,000, a people well disposed toward the United States, and purchasing a larger proportion of American goods than any other South American nation. A large number of American investors are engaged in business and mining, and most of the managers and skilled employes are Americans.

Lima, the capital, has always been remarkable as the capital of Spanish viceregal power and splendor, for the beauty of its women and its terrible losses from earthquakes. It has still the beautiful *Limenitas*, and the liability to suffer from seismic convulsions, but is now the

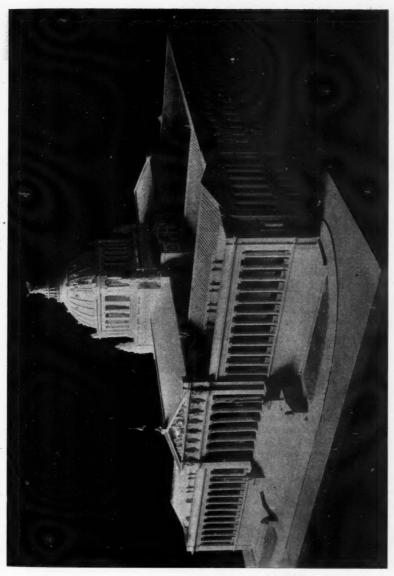
capital of the republic.

Conquered, massacred and plundered by Pizarro 1531-1541, and the Spanish vice-royalty and hierarchy for nearly three centuries more, the natives of Peru, like most of its European inhabitants, had little courage or ability to initiate a revolt when in 1810 the Buenos Airean provinces were aflame with revolution, and the successes of the Spaniards in Chili and Bolivia left a well-appointed force of 23,000 men in the field when De la Pezuela surrendered his vice-regal authority to Abascal, his successor.

In August, 1820, General San Martin and his Chilians captured Lima and proclaimed independence July 28, 1821, and General Bolivar, succeeding San Martin, was made dictator February 10, 1824, and on December 9 utterly defeated the Vice-

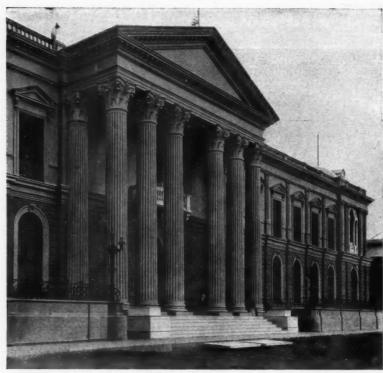
roy de Lerma at Cuzco.

Peru produces gold, silver, copper, tin, lead, salt and iron, and contains deposits of nitrates and large areas of petroleum and asphalt territory. A single copper mine produced 5,000,000 pounds of highgrade ore in November, 1910, and the company expects to double this output from an inexhaustible lode, which also yields gold and silver. There are six steamships burning Peruvian petroleum, and the oil districts are steadily increasing their output and profits. The Southern Railway will extend its line from Callao to Cerro de Pasco on the Ucavali River, about 200 miles, traversing mountain ranges rich in minerals and will tap the immense rubber and cinchona forests of Eastern Peru, most of whose rubber goes



THE CAPITOL IN THE CITY OF MEXICO

As part of the celebration, in the Republic of Mexico, of the centennial anniversary of their declaration of independence, the corner stone of the new federal capitol was laid, with elaborate ceremonies, September 23, 1910. Provision is made in the building for the accommodation of both Houses of Congress. When finished, the structure will add greatly to the artistic attractions of the city



THE CAPITOL IN SAN SALVADOR, REPUBLIC OF SALVADOR

The capitol is called also the National Palace, and is one of the most attractive of public buildings in America. Salvador has but one chamber in the legislative body, which has spacious accommodations here. Besides this arrangement, there has been reserved abundant space for other government departments and officials. Construction was begun in 1905, and the offices were to a great extent occupied in 1910

down the Amazon, and pays an export duty to Brazil. About 2,000,000 pounds were exported in 1909-1910, and it is said that the yield has greatly increased.

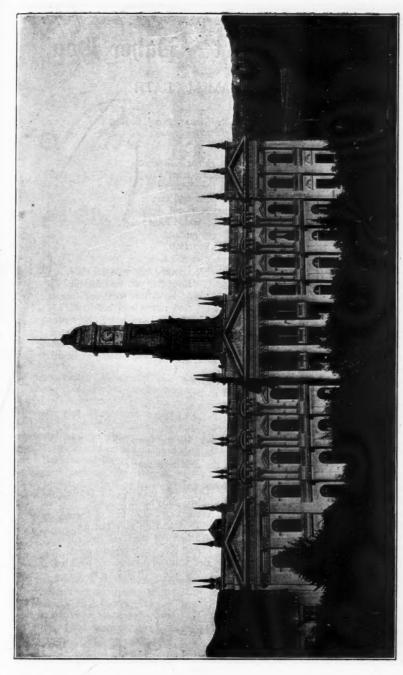
Sugar, cotton, cereals, etc., sufficient for the people and some for export, with stock and sheep-raising, are the agricultural features of Peruvian industry.

Senor Augusto B. Legufa, president of Peru, is a manly gentleman of wiry and medium proportions, Spanish descent, liberal education and affable, generous character. A leading business man, he was called to the cabinet of his predecessor as Minister of Finance. He is a family man and a great lover of horses.

Honduras, with an area of 46,000 square miles, embraces much fertile territory as well as mineral districts. A republic ever since 1821, its people have been relatively free from partisan warfare.

Its minerals include gold, silver, copper, zinc and lead, and recent explorations locate a gold-bearing placer thirty-five miles long by twenty-five miles wide in the Taro and Espiritu Santo Ranges, dividing Honduras from Guatemala. A few natives are the only diggers, but the gravel panned out sixty cents to \$1.10 per cubic yard, and quartz samples indicated \$40 to \$60 to the ton. The iron mountain of Agalteca is said to show 100,000,000 tons of magnetic iron ore in sight, and if verified an American company will expend \$15,000,000 in a railway and mining operations.

The population in 1905 was 600,000. The president, elected for four years, is Senor General Miguel R. Davila.



THE CAPITOL AT LA PAZ, BOLIVIA

This new legislative palace is situated in front of the principal square of the city. The two bodies, Senate and Chamber of Deputies, are commodiously housed here, but various suites are set saide for the President and for other purposes intimately connected with the routine work of Congress. The lofty tower is fast becoming one of the various suites are set saide for the President and for other purposes infumatis of the city.

My Sweetheart—"Pahoe Hou"

By WILLIAM McGRATH

To MY FRIENDS; G. R. HOGGAN AND J. S. JONES
In memory of a pleasant voyage

The shore lights gleam resistance
To every twinkling star;
The breakers in the distance
Are booming, faint and far;
Through running gear and rigging
The gentle trade winds blow;
I on her course am guiding
My yacht—"Pahoe Hou."

The night clouds wrap Nuuhiva,
The young moon drifting slow
Takes back her silvery glory
From rippling waves below;
To dalliance I give over—
Though in fancy, as you know—
And clasp my one true sweetheart,
My love—"Pahoe Hou."

You curse her wild caprices.

How can you understand
Who know not what her face is
And never held her hand?
You may have heard the rustling
Of sails the wind has stirred,
Yet missed the whispered greeting
My listening heart has heard.

For some have traveled over
The wild sea at her side,
Yet claimed her not as lover,
Nor thought of her as bride;
And some have followed after
Through sun and rain for years,
Yet guessed not sunshine laughter
Nor thought the raindrops tears.

And if her motion's bitter
To some poor, seasick swain—
Are all things gold that glitter?
What pleasure but hath pain?
And since among love's blisses,
Love's penalties must live,
Shall we not take her kisses,
And taking them, forgive.

The winds of dawn are roving
My sweetheart is astir;
What heart were lorn of loving,
That had no love but her?
Till last red stars are lighted
And last winds wander west,
Her troth and mine are plighted,
The sea craft I love best.



The Nobility of the Trades

DOCTORS AND SURGEONS

By Charles Winslow Hall



ER fifteen centuries before the coming of the Christ, an Egyptian king wrote or at least assumed the authorship of a papyrus "book" whose subject was the healing art as understood by

those fortunate enough to be versed in such matters in his reign in the ancient land of Khem.

Three great cities, Heliopolis, Memphis and Thebes, each erected on the western bank of the Nile, in the "City of the Dead," immense temples whose priests were not only the servants of the gods, but the teachers and healers of men. At Thebes in that magnificent temple, "The House of Seti," founded by Rameses I and later enlarged and enriched by Amasis, were sheltered eight hundred priests graded into five classes, and commanded by five "prophets," the chief of whom was high priest, and ruler of the thousands of inferior priests, embalmers, tradesmen and attendants who lived by the service of the temple and the insistent care and reverence which the dead Egyptian exacted from the living. A host of pupils whose parents paid nothing more for years of tuition than a nominal sum for lodging and the cost or means of subsistence, learned to be first priests, and secondly astronomers, mathematicians, surgeons, doctors, oculists, etc., etc. None were allowed to

practice all branches of the healing art, and all were under strict discipline and rigid system. The patient or his friends applied at the temple for a physician, describing the patient's condition and chief symptoms to the chief of the medical staff, who detailed some available specialist to treat the patient. So strictly was this specialization followed that one Nebenchari, an oculist, sent to the Persian court to restore perfect sight to one of the royal family, utterly refused to attempt to cure the queen-mother, when suffering from some not uncommon disease. While the patient was thus favored with the most skillful service, the physician could receive no fee or reward, except in the form of some gift to the temple.

While relying much upon vows and invocations, the Egyptian practitioners had a considerable knowledge of vegetable medicines and poisons, the latter including strychnine, prussic acid derived from peach kernels, elaterium, white and black hellebore, spices, balsams, ointments, perfumes, etc., etc. The god Toth is said to be the same as the Grecian Asclepios, and the Roman Aesculapius, and Isis and Osiris were also healing deities.

The utter abhorrence with which anything like dissection was viewed in Egypt prevented the acquisition of extensive anatomical knowledge, and generally the examination of mummies has shown a very

imperfect method of setting dislocated and broken bones, etc.

But however skillful the Egyptian hierarchy may have become in the compounding and exhibition of medicines, etc., the religious nature of their practice was never lost sight of, and as the ages passed it deteriorated from faith into bigotry, bigotry into superstition and superstition into demonology and witchcraft.

Rather later in the world's history, according to Grecian mythology, Apollo, the beautiful but relentless Sun-god, slew



IAPYX BINDING THE WOUNDS OF ENEAS

with his unerring arrow his beloved Coronis, even as her maternal pangs drew nigh at hand, because he believed her in love with a rival. Too late he repented, and saving his innocent babe named him Asclepios, or, as we who follow the Latin usage call him, Aesculapius.

Some say that the god instructed his son in the healing art, but according to others he committed him to the fostering care of Cheiron, the grand old Centaur, who had his home amid the gorges and foothills of Mount Pelion. Here, sheltered by huge caverns, and living for the most part a free and untrammelled out-of-door life and training, the heroes of Hellenic mythology were brought together and made strong, wise and daring beyond ordinary mortals. Hercules, the powerful;

Achilles, the irresistible in battle; Jason, the captain of the Argo and successful seeker of the Golden Fleece; Castor and Pollux, the deathless "Twin Brethren to whom the Romans pray"-these and many other youths beautiful, manly and famous throughout the ages, learned all the simple arts and accomplishments of that Age of Gold, and among other things the powers for good and evil that lay disguised in the trees, shrubs, plants and vines of surrounding territory. Among these Asclepios ranked first in his knowledge of healing, and men said that his skill in manhood brought the very dead to life, and so diminished the endless caravan of reluctant shades that unceasingly enters the dread realms of Dis, that the sombre king of Hades complained to Zeus that a mortal had set aside the laws of life and death, and ignored the final decrees of the Fatal Three. So Zeus, seeking out the offender, killed Asclepios with his thunderbolts, and Apollo, unable to attack his all-powerful sire, slew with his arrows the Cyclops, who under Hephaistos had forged the bolts that ended his son's life.

But Machaon and Podalirius, the sons of Asclepios, and his daughters, Hygeia, Panaceia and Iaso, had been taught his arts, and for twenty generations or more the Asclepiades were honored throughout Greece as the last hope of sick and wounded men. To their great ancestor were erected in many parts of Hellas, but notably at Epidaurus, Athens and Cos the Isle of Healing, temples of the Ritual of Asclepios, which in their day were wonders of architecture, beauty and luxury, as well as hospitals which even today would attract the admiration and patronage of thousands of health-seekers. That at Epidaurus was an immense and beautiful marble temple, rich in splendid statues and votive tablets and works of art, abounding in fountains, altars, pictures and costly hangings, and adapted in every way to cheer and encourage the sick and heavy-hearted, who might find healing but could not die within its sanctuary. For here, curiously enough, no babe might be born nor dying patient close fading eyes upon the cheery cloisters, sacred to healing only; and the only cruel feature of the cult of Asclepios was the removal of doomed patients beyond the beautiful precincts of his temples.

First among his later disciples stood Hippocrates, styled through the ages the "Father of Medicine." Born on the Isle of Cos about 470 B. C., and living over ninety years, he was the contemporary of Pericles, Socrates, Zenophon, Plato, Herodotus, Thucydides, Phidias, and many other illustrious men. Himself a descendant of Asclepios, he studied

medicine under Gorgias and Democritus and also under that Herodicus who first taught that systematic exercise was a cure for many ailments. He was long established at the Asclepion of Cos, where, as at most other temples of Aesculapius, there were medicinal springs, and a system of bathing, purgation, diet and exercise made impressive and solemn by music and religious ceremonies. At some, perhaps at all of these temples, a species of large, non-venomous yellow serpent was kept in honor of the god, and became so tame that it would caress and even lick the wounds and sores of some of the patients-a manifestation of the favor of the god which was deemed a sure prognosis of recovery.

When cured a patient was expected to put up a votive tablet describing the disease and cure, and these tablets became medical annals and text-books for succeeding generations.

Hippocrates seems to have been a rather clear-headed and practical observer and theorist. He declared that there were no "sacred diseases"; i. e., sent by the gods, although at that time all insane persons were considered as the victims of divine wrath. Also that there were two great classes of ailments: one due to seasonal, climatic and water conditions; the other to indigestion or errors of diet, lack or excess of exercise, etc. It is thought that he may have dissected bodies, not-

withstanding the universal horror and execration which this would excite if known. He taught that as there are four elements, earth, air, fire and water, so there were four fluids or humors in the human system; viz., blood, phlegm, yellow bile and black bile. That disease was due to the quantity and distribution of these humors; as that inflammation was due to the passing of blood into parts not previously containing it. His chief reliance was on regimen and diet, although he

sometimes gave very powerful medicines. "Life" he said, "is short and art long, opportunity fleeting, experience fallacious and judgment difficult. The physician must not only do his own duty, but must make the patient, his attendants and all externals co-operate." He is said to have candidly confessed his mistakes, to have been utterly free from superstition, and noted for his purity and nobility of character. The oath of Hippocrates, long the pattern of a physician's obligation, ran as follows:

"I swear by Apollo, the physician, and Asclepios, and I call Hygeia and Panaceia and all the gods to witness, that to the best of my power and judgment the solemn vow which I now make I will honor as

my father the master who taught me the art of medicine; his children I will consider as my brothers, and teach them my profession without fee or reward. I will admit to my lectures and discourses my own sons, my master's sons, and those pupils who have taken the medical oath; but no one else. I will prescribe such medicines as may be the best suited to the cases of my patients, according to the best of my knowledge; and no temptation shall ever induce me to administer poison. I will religiously maintain the purity of my character and the honor of my art. Into whatever house I enter, I will enter it with the sole view of relieving the sick and conduct myself with propriety toward



AESCULAPIUS
From the Louvre collection

all the members of the family. If during my attendance I hear anything that should not be revealed, I will keep it a profound secret. If I observe this oath, may I have success in this life, and may I obtain general esteem after it; if I break it may the contrary be my lot."

This oath exacted by the great medical sage of Cos twenty-five centuries ago, has been down to the present time practically the code of every honorable professor of

OUTLINE RESTORATION OF SOME OF THE PRINCIPAL BUILDINGS HIERON FPIDAURUS

AN AESCULAPIAN SANITARUM AT EPIDAURUS

AN AESCULAPIAN SANITARUM AT EPIDAURUS

A, Propylea (great ceremonial entrance). B, gymnasium and music hall, 250 feet square. C, Doric temple of Asklepios, 400 B.C. D, the abaton or great sleeping colonnade. E, Tholos, possibly shrine of sacred serpents. F, temple of Artemis or Diana. G, sacred grove. H, altar. I, great altar for unused sacrifices. J, southern boundary of sacred precincts. K, square building, use unknown, contained altar, votive tablets, etc. L, supposed to have contained baths, library, etc. M, large building, possibly one of two gymnasiums. N, building of four quadrangles, each 180 feet square and surrounded by rooms opening on the centre of the quadrangle. Supposed to have been a large hotel or dormitory outside the precincts. O, small building. F, hot and cold baths. C, colonnade of Cotys. R, colonnade of Squarangular structure with columns. T, supposed temple of Aphrodite or Venus. U, Ionic temple, possibly northern Propylea or portal. W, northern boundary wall. X, stadium six hundred feet long, seating capacity twelve thousand to sixteen thousand.

the healing art; and of many who in other matters are by no means so scrupulous as they are to maintain unimpaired the traditions and honor of the profession.

Claudius Galenus, celebrated throughout the ages as Galen, was born early in the Second Century, at Pergamos on the western coast of Asia Minor, and studied at Alexandria, making a special study of anatomy, in praise of which he said: "In my view there is nothing in the body useless or inactive, but all parts are arranged so as to perform their offices together and have been endowed by the Creator with specific powers."

A most enterprising investigator, and the first great experimental physiologist, he first dissected animals, and later men, accumulating a mass of practical knowledge which in the dark ages was not even retained, although described in his writings and since his era re-discovered. Prior to his discoveries, the lungs were believed to collect a vital gas or air which passed through the pulmonary veins into the left ventricle and was thence distributed

by the arteries through the system. Galen did not believe in occult remedies, but was artificial in his system of practice, which was to determine by inspection and imagination whether the disease proceeded from too much cold or heat, moisture or dryness. He directed his followers, having thus diagnosed the disease, to select a remedy which had been catalogued as producing the opposite effect-a policy which has certainly been largely followed down to the present day.

It should be said here that there is much reason to believe that India ages ago produced in what is called the Yagur-Veda an immense treatise, consisting, it is said, of one hundred sections of one thousand stanzas each, later cut down by order of the pitying and considerate deities to a neat little library set of six volumes, treatises on anatomy, anti-

dotes, diagnosis, local diseases, surgery and therapeutics. Even in this happily condensed form, the original work survives principally in the fragments quoted in later commentators, but enough remains to show that the ancient sages of Indian medicine had the same lofty standard of professional honor and responsibility, a fair knowledge of anatomy, and considerable skill in the use of drugs, which latter were derived not only from the vegetable and animal but quite largely from the mineral kingdoms. Indeed it is strongly intimated that the Arabian sages drew their knowledge of the preparation of mineral and metallic salts and alkalies, from the Hindus; and especially their skill in the chemical analysis of iron, mercury, arsenic and antimony.

The great Indian teachers were Charaka and Susruta; and they held the same humoral theory of disease as Hippocrates, except that there were but three humors: air, bile and phlegm. At times they prescribed not only gold and silver, but

even pearls and diamonds; and in surgery they attained skill through practice on dead animals and inanimate models.

They had practised tapping for the dropsy, lithotomy, or the operation for the stone, and plastic surgery for the replacement of severed portions of the human anatomy, long before the Christian era.

A primitive form of operative and mechanical dentistry seems to have been practised, and many of these arts were probably acquired of the Hindus by the Arabians through their ancient and long-continued commerce and caravan trade with the East.

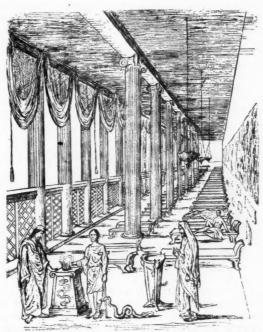
Appealing to the selfish instincts of humanity, the universal longing for the Elixir of Life, and the Philosopher's Stone which should transmute base metal into gold, the Arabian alchemy grew and burgeoned, while the benevolent Hindu originator of chemical lore was forgotten.

It would seem that, under the Christian dispensation, the

"gift of healing" became as generally relied upon as by the followers of Mary Baker Eddy today; rest, regimen, diet, the laying on of hands and vows, prayers and invocations were the chief reliance of the church dignitaries who healed the sick, cast out devils, and doubtless did the best they knew how for suffering humanity.

Such was the practice at the great and famous Benedictine convents at Salernum and Monte Casino in the Sixth Century, where the care of the sick was enjoined as a work of piety. In the Ninth Century

Abbe Berthier of Monte Casino and others wrote books on healing, for these convents had then attained a continental reputation as schools to which students and patients flocked from all parts of Europe. The lover of Longfellow will be reminded of his reference to Salernum in his beautiful "Golden Legend." By the Eleventh Century they had secured portions of the works of Galen and of the



ABATON OR OPEN-AIR SLEEPING ROOM OF THE SHRINE OF ABSCULAPIUS AT EPIDAURUS. PATIENT SARIFICING. SACRED SERPENT LICKS HIS WOUNDS, A GOOD OMEN

Greek and Arabian medical and scientific works, and the use of natural remedies began to supplant purely sacerdotal "Christian Science." By the Twelfth Century the physicians of Salernum had become so famous that Prince Robert, son of William the Conqueror, disembarked there on his return voyage from the Holy Land to be cured of a grievous wound received in battle against the Saracen.

The Jews of that day probably led the world in medical science founded on their possession of copies of the works of ancient sages which they had studiously preserved. Patronized by kings and princes, they were nevertheless persecuted by popes and prelates, and excommunication was threatened to any who should employ them in spite of the interdict of the church. Finally Benedict IX and Urban II, in the Eleventh Century, forbade all clerical healers from practicing outside their monasteries, and these regulations being generally disregarded, it was decreed that prelates, archbishops and the superior clergy generally should refrain altogether from the practice of medicine. On the



HIPPOCRATES, B.C. 460

contrary, the lower clergy, at that time very largely both ignorant and vicious, were allowed to practise all branches of the healing art excepting only surgical operations and especially the use of the actual cautery and the knife; these dangerous offices were sapiently left to the lay brethren, the servants of the community: and hence it came to pass that the barbers and farriers of England were for some centuries the chief practising surgeons. dentists, etc. Thus from the Twelfth to the Sixteenth Centuries all external wounds and ailments were forbidden ground to the educated physician, who had exclusive jurisdiction as priest and healer of all internal ailments. Henry VIII, who, despite his too strenuous policies and

practice in the matters of marriage and divorce, did at times seek to legislate for the good of his people, enacted in 1511 "that no person in the city of London or within seven miles thereof should practice as a physician or surgeon unless he be first approved and admitted by the Bishop of London, or . . . Dean of St. Paul's for the time being, calling to him. . . four doctors of Physic and for surgery; other expert persons in that faculty."

But this law, while prosecuting the quacks and pretenders, against whom it was aimed, shut out many skilled and charitable people who, when they attempted to aid the poor and dependent, abandoned by the regular practitioners to suffering and death, were punished under this law. As a consequence in 1542, another statute of Henry VIII provided that every person "having a knowledge . . . of the nature of herbs, roots and waters, or of the operation of the same . . . may use and administer to any outward sore, uncome (ulcerous swelling) wound, apostemations (imposthumes) outward swelling or disease, any herb or herbs, ointments, baths, pultess and complaisters . . . or drinks for the stone, strangury or agues" without being liable to prosecution under the former statute.

The character and influence of Dr. Linacre, the favorite of Cardinal Wolsey, had already in 1518 secured the incorporation of a College of Physicians to whom was committed the sole privilege of admitting persons to practice within the London Circuit. He was its first president, and held its meetings at his own house, which at his death, seven years later, he bequeathed to the College.

Dr. William Bulleyn of the same family as the unfortunate Anna Boleyn, was a contemporary of Sydney, Raleigh, Drake, Hawkins, Grenville, Spencer, and the rest of that famous galaxy that illuminated the Elizabethan era. The leading physician of his day, he took great interest in vegetable remedies and his "Book of Simples" was an honored authority for generations. He recommends the free use of sage tea; and of figs, saying: "Figges be good against melancholy and the falling evil (epilepsy) to be eaten. Figges, nuts and herbe grasse do make a sufficient

medicine against poison or the pestilence. Figges make a good gargarism to cleanse the throat."

Sir Theodore Mayerne, as the favorite physician of Henry IV and Louis XIII of France, and James I, Charles I and Charles II of England, was the most eminent doctor of the Seventeenth Century. He certainly was strenuous in his prescriptions, advocating an excess in eating and wine-drinking once a month as a grateful stimulant; violent drugs in the gout, calomel in scruple doses and a free use of sugar of lead in his conserves. He leaned strongly to the alchemical and

cabalistical doctrines of his era; advised the use of amulets and charms; prescribed "the raspings of a human scull unburied" in his "Gout Powder," and sought to cure hypochondriacal patients by a cheer-inspiring unguent compounded of adders, bats, earth-worms, sucking whelps, hog's lard, the marrow of a stag and the thighbone of an ox. His "Receipts and Experiments in Cookery" had a great vogue among English housewives. In March, 1654, his last indulgence in wine made him sick, which he attributed to the badness of the wine. He predicted

the time of his own death and verified his prognosis with creditable exactitude.

Sir Kenelm Digby, a contemporary with James I, Charles I, Lord Bacon and other illustrious Englishmen, was cast into prison by order of the Parliament in 1643 at the beginning of the English Civil War, but was released at the solicitation of the Queen Dowager of France. His beautiful wife, the Lady Venetia, was fed on capons fattened with the flesh of vipers, then supposed to be most invigorating food.

His "Sympathetic Powder," which was merely a carefully refined and calcined sulphate of iron, was used by him dissolved in water to bathe the weapon or a bandage that had drawn blood from the wound itself, keeping the wound wet with clean cool water, which treatment was the very reverse of the surgical practice of his day. Undoubtedly most of the wounds which were thus cured got well because they were not tortured by the usual methods of treatment. A curious correspondence on this wonderful discovery took place between the Doctor and Governor John Winthrop of Connecticut Colony.

Dr. Radcliffe, physician to William III and Queen Anne, lost his place at the court of King William in 1699, when the king, having failed to follow the prudent regimen prescribed for him, had become very emaciated and run down. Showing

his swollen ankles, he exclaimed: "Doctor, what think you of these?" "Why, truly," said he, "I would not have your Majesty's twolegs for your three kingdoms."

Dr. William Harvey, who in 1628 declared and finally established the true theory of the circulation of the blood, was one of the physicians who attended Charles II in his last illness, and suffered much from professional jealousy and detraction before (after twenty-five years of effort) he saw it generally accepted as the sais of modern physiology. Among other notable events of his practice, he



GALEN, A.D. 131-201

dissected "Old Parr" by the command of Charles I. Thomas Parr, born in Shropshire in 1582, was first married at the age of eighty-eight; did penance for incontinency when 102; married a second time when 120; threshed corn and did other laborious farm work when 130; and lived during most of his life on coarse brown bread, cheese and whey. Brought to London by the Earl of Arundel, he fed on a more generous diet, drank wine and took life easily, but soon died, November 14, 1635, aged 153 years. The cause of death was apparently pneumonia.

English medicine was strongly tinctured with the varying beliefs of the several nations which had by turns conquered a territory, settled down as peaceful residents, and been gradually swallowed up in what we now call "the English people." The Norsemen inherited from their Odinic ancestors a great faith in the Runic spells, carven for the most part on wood or bark and placed on or near the person of the sick or wounded man. It was very important that no mistake should be made, for the wrong runes could weaken or slay, as well as the proper characters could strengthen and save alive.

Thus sang the Scald to the ambitious healer:

"Twig-runes shalt thou ken
If thou a leech wilt be,
And ken a sore to see.
On bark shalt thou them write
And on branch of wood indite
Whose limbs to east shall lout."

At an early date their descendants, like the rest of their neighbors, the Scots, Picts, Anglo-Saxons and Celts of Wales and Ireland, betook themselves to that study and use of vegetable simples which until the Sixteenth Century were almost wholly unmingled with any mineral ingredients. Hippocrates is said to have had knowledge of 265 remedies. Galen had greatly increased the number by adopting animal ingredients, and new drugs were added as commerce extended the radius of trade and the scope of travel and adventure. The natural magic of the Finns, the leechcraft gathered by viking and Varangian from all the shores of Europe and the Mediterranean, Africa and

Asia, the bartered lore of learned pilgrims meeting at Rome from every known corner of the globe, the unholy but fascinating teachings of accursed Jew and infidel Arabian, dark galdra of heathen Saxon, and remnants of Druidic wortcunning, blended in a pharmacopeia, which is still very respectably represented in the dispensatories and family practice of today.

It was not until near the close of the Fifteenth Century that the bars were let down to receive a herd of mineral specifics, among them antimony, which one Basil Valentine had seen exhibited with good effect

to certain hogs which had then put on flesh and activity in a surprising way. Hogs had long been dissected at Salernum as "likest the human form divine," and Basil had certain monks among his patients, whose condition of health was apparently the same as those which antimony had cured in the case of the hogs. He accordingly prescribed a smart dose of antimony, which, to his horror, killed his patients, despite all efforts to retrieve his fatal error; wherefore, he gave the deadly mineral the name of Anti-moine or "Antimonk" as a warning to the profession that what may fatten and benefit a pig may be dangerous to a priest, or any other man.

Surgery made slow progress during the first fifteen centuries of our era, largely owing to the fact that dissection was still under the ban of public opinion and statute law; and practitioners were often obliged to adopt peculiar measures to refresh and increase their exact knowledge of anatomy. Thus, when Henri II of France was wounded in tournament by the lance of Montgomerie, which pierced his eye through the bars of his helmet, four criminals were decapitated and their eyes pierced as nearly as might be in the same way to ascertain if the wound was surely mortal or might be healed.

When Felix, the chief surgeon of Louis XIV, was about to operate upon him for

the stone, he operated upon several less distinguished patients, at the house of Fagon, the king's physician; most of whom died. He was more fortunate with the king, who of course knew nothing of the unfortunates, who were buried at night and secretly, but the nerve of the surgeon was gone, and in bleeding a friend the next day he crippled him for life, and never recovered his former ability.

Felipe de Urtre, a Spanish Conquestador, wounded by a lance-thrust in Venezuela, had no surgeon with his party, but an ingenious comrade, procuring "an old



STATUE OF ANTONIUS MUSA
Physician to the Roman Emperor
Augustus

Indian" presumably of small value, endued him with de Urtre's coat of mail, seated him in the war-saddle of his destrier, and thrust the lance into the Indian's side at the same aperture, and as nearly as possible at the same angle as it had entered the body of the Spanish cavalier. Then slaying the Indian, he opened the body and traced the path of the lancehead, and finding that no important organ was wounded, treated the injury simply and saved de Urtre's life.

The surgery of a not remote past was radically different from the practice of today, and fell little short of actual torture of the patient. Burning the severed veins with hot irons to stop bleeding, opening gaping wounds wider to promote longcontinued suppuration, inserting tents and compresses between the gaping lips of wounds to prevent healing by first intention, filling gunshot wounds with boiling oil, etc., to counteract the supposed poisonous character of missiles propelled by gunpowder; with a host of salves, ointments, and similar medicaments, it was not until late in the Nineteenth Century that military surgery became the soothing, beneficent, almost painless charity of today.

Ambrose Paré, the chief surgeon of Henri IV of France, by the happy accident of exhausting his stock of boiling oil, stumbled on the discovery that those not thus treated got well quicker, and suffered much less, than those duly cauterized "according to the highest style of the art," and he greatly simplified and lessened the cumbrous cruelties of his day in other respects. But the changes were slowly accepted, as may appear from the following bill of worthy Humphrey Bradstreet, who attended Captain Stephen Greenleaf of Newbury, who was shot while rescuing certain persons captured by Indians and carried across the Merrimac.

In the yeare 1695.

To Captain Greenleaf.

Visits, Balsams, Emplaistors, Tinctures, Unguents, Sear-cloth, Dressings. From the 8th of October to last of January unto the parfecting of the cure of a large gunshot wound in the side and wrist. Major and minor fractures, nerves and tendons lacerated; also a large wound under his side with a laceration of the muscle. For the cure to me; 12; 06; 00.

HUMPHREY BRADSTREET, Chirurgeon.

The naval and military surgical establishments of the last six centuries in Europe were for the greater part of the time not only insufficient in quantity, but poorly supplied, and miserably paid and supported. Henry V, when he led thirty thousand men into France, had but one field surgeon, Nicolas Colnet, who was paid forty marks a year, with a share of the



PARACELSUS, 1493-1541 Philosopher, physician and alchemist

plunder to the amount of twenty pounds more. Any excess over this was to pay a royalty of one-third to the king, and Colnet had to hire a guard of three archers. His successor, Sir Thomas Morstede, who was present at the great battle of Agincourt, was paid thirty-six pounds, had twelve assistants and a guard of three archers, paid by the king.

Under Queen Elizabeth, a host of ignorant persons were admitted to practice in the army and navy, receiving the same pay and allowances as the sergeant-drummer and fifer; viz., "five shillings weekly with an allowance of two shillings a week for clothing."

It was not until 1752 or later, that Dr. John Lloyd, surgeon at Castle William, Boston Harbor, introduced into America the newly discovered plan of tying severed arteries instead of cauterizing them. Silver and iron wire, white silk, and later silk-worm gut or other sterilized animal ligatures were used, and today the buried animal ligature which gradually dissolves

and is absorbed is considered the best ligature.

Smallpox, which appeared ages ago in Hindostan, and has ever since committed fearful ravages in all parts of the world, was first accurately described by Rhazes, an Arabian physician in the Tenth Century, and in the Sixteenth had not only swept over the Old World but had been



WILLIAM HARVEY, A.D. 1578-1657 Discoverer of the circulation of the blood, 1615

carried by the Spaniards to America, and destroyed millions of the aborigines.

In England it averaged three thousand victims out of every million inhabitants yearly in the last decade of the Eighteenth Century, and in France thirty thousand per annum. Russia lost two million victims in a single year, and in Berlin onetenth of all deaths was due to this loathsome pestilence. In some countries onethird of all the babies died of smallpox during their first year, and one-half before the fifth. The only preventive was inoculation with the virus, and this claimed a certain percentage of victims, and often conveyed the disease to unprotected friends. Dr. Edward Jenner in 1775 began the investigations and experiments which in 1798 gave to the world the priceless protection of vaccination, which about 1800 was introduced into America by a Doctor Waterhouse of Boston, and in Europe by De Carro of Vienna. It rapidly spread over Europe, and Spain in 1803 sent an expedition to introduce this great safeguard into all her colonies. Protestant pastors in Geneva and Holland praised God in their pulpits and exhorted their hearers to lose no time in securing this new blessing; and in Sicily and Naples Catholic dignitaries marshalled their flocks in solemn processions to receive the life-saving scarification. The British Parliament granted Jenner ten thousand pounds sterling in 1802, which was followed by a further grant of twenty thousand pounds in 1806, although every endeavor was made by certain persons to excite public prejudice against the Physicians, who had lost a valuable practice in the line of inoculation, condemned it as dangerous, and some preachers denounced it as opposed to the designs of Providence, but Napoleon I decreed him a splendid gold medal, and the Emperor of Russia and king of Prussia especially invited him to call upon them when visiting London; the Chiefs of the Five Nations of Canadian Indians sent him the greatest possible token of gratitude and honor with the following address:

"Brother: Our Father has delivered to us the book you sent to instruct us how to use the discovery which the Great Spirit made to you, whereby the smallpox, that fatal enemy of our tribe, may be driven from the earth. We have deposited the book in the hands of the man of skill whom our Great Father employs to attend us when sick or wounded. We shall not fail to teach our children to speak the name of Jenner, and to thank the Great Spirit for bestowing upon him so much wisdom and so much benevolence. We send with this a belt and string of wampum, in token of our acceptance of your precious gift; and we beseech the Great Spirit to take care of you in this world, and in the

Land of Spirits."

A great discovery was outlined by Leopold Auenbrugger of Vienna, in 1761, when he published the results of seven years of careful research and experimenting diagnosing the internal diseases of the thorax and chest by means of percussion and auscultation. Nearly fifty years later, Corvisart of Paris rescued this vital discovery and the name of Auenbrugger from obscurity, by translating his work into French. It was left for a French-

man, Rene Laennec, born in Bretagne in 1781, to discover the first stethoscope, now so indispensable to the diagnosis of the lungs and heart.

Among the great improvements in surgery may be mentioned the invention of many useful instruments and appliances by Percival Potts of St. Batholomew's Hospital, London, succeeded at his death in 1788 by John Hunter, the enthusiastic anatomist, who discovered that a vein or artery might be extirpated, and that Nature would establish a "collateral circulation," through the enlargement of the minor blood vessels. This discovery enabled him in 1785 to tie the femoral artery and save his patient's life, and Sir Astley Cooper, who succeeded Hunter in office (1793) to tie the aorta, the principal artery of the body, in 1815. An American, Dr. J. F. D. Jones, in 1805, had previously, for the first time, shown the exact effect of ligatures on severed blood-vessels, and how Nature assisted in closing the orifice.

In France, Dominique Larrey, born among the Pyrenees in 1776, became a valued servant and friend of the great Napoleon, and first established that system of "flying ambulances," which carried the wounded to the rear almost as soon as disabled. The staff numbered about 340 men with four heavy and twelve light two and four wheeled ambulances to each division. Napoleon reviewed this arm of the service with the greatest interest, and once exclaimed to Larrey: "Your work is one of the most important conceptions of our age. It will suffice for your reputation." For the Egyptian campaign, Larrey secured the services of eight hundred qualified surgeons, in addition to the regular force. At Alexandria General Figuieres was severely wounded, and on his recovery wished to present Napoleon with a splendid Damascus sabre. "Yes," said the emperor, "I accept in order to give it to the Surgeon-in-Chief, by whose exertions your life has been spared." This sabre, engraved with the words "Aboukir" and "Larrey" was taken from the great surgeon by the Prussians at Waterloo.

Larrey could fight as well as heal. Certain Mussulman fanatics attempted to murder the sick and wounded in the Cairo hospitals, but were cut down by the surgeons, two of whom, Roussel and Moujin, were killed, and Larrey barely escaped. When his patients were dying for lack of nutritious food, Larrey was known to kill the horses and camels of the wagon train, and on one occasion even the officer's chargers, using the cuirasses of the guard to cook his rich soups and stews. Aiding the French wounded at nightfall, after Waterloo, he was sabred and left for dead by some Prussian lancers. Recovering his senses he attempted to reach France, but was taken prisoner, and ordered to be shot, but was saved by a surgeon-major, who had heard him lecture in Berlin, some six years before. Blucher, whose own son owed his life to Larrey's skill, finally gave him a more generous and hospitable reception. He died in 1842, having outlived his imperial master, who had thus



JENNER, A.D. 1749-1823 English physician, discoverer of vaccination

remembered him in his will at St. Helena. "I bequeath to the Surgeon-in-Chief of the French army, Larrey, one hundred thousand francs. He is the most virtuous man I have ever known."

In 1882 Jean Civiale introduced the operation of crushing calculus without recourse to the surgeon's knife. Guillaume Dupuytrien, called "the Napoleon of Surgery," greatly improved the methods

of treating fractures and dislocations, introduced resection of diseased facial bones, and greatly lessened the fatalities from abdominal surgery. In 1835, finding himself at the point of death from the formation of pus in the chest cavity, he refused to be operated upon by the celebrated Sanson, saying: "I would rather die at the hands of God than man." To Armand Trouseau of Tours we owe the operation of tracheotomy-the introduction of a silver tube below the swollen larynx through the windpipe, thus preventing strangulation; to Von Graefe of Warsaw (1811) the surgical reparation of the features, growing new ones, or replacing severed parts, or as it is termed, "plastic surgery"; to Stromeyer of Hanover many a cripple is indebted for the discovery of tenotomy, which, by severing a shortened tendon and allowing it to reunite at the right length, has remedied many deformities.

Richard Bright, of England, in 1827 first described and differentiated from other forms of dropsical infirmities the kidney trouble known as "Bright's disease," and William Stokes (1835), in conjunction with a Dr. Graves, revolutionized the treatment which before their time had almost utterly failed to cure peritonitis. Professor John Hughes Bennett, of Edinburg, in 1841, first recommended the use of cod liver oil in consumption, and Pierre Bretonneau in 1818 showed that diphtheria was something more than an un-

usually severe sore throat.

Cholera, first described by Garcia del Huerto of Goa in 1560, destroyed nearly a million victims in Russia and Western Asia in 1830, twenty thousand in Palermo in four months of pestilence in 1837, thirty thousand in Constantinople in 1865, and nearly one hundred thousand

in Spain in 1885.

The growth of sanitation during the last generation; the more humane and effective treatment of insanity; the discoveries of Pasteur and others, of the microbes which produce hydrophobia, lockjaw, consumption and other once "incurable" diseases; the discoveries of the uses and methods of administering ether, chloroform, nitrous oxide, cocaine

and other anaesthetics; the invention of the instruments by which the inmost secrets of the eye and nasal and throat passages can be inspected or treated; the wonderful improvement made in the realm of operative and mechanical dentistry, and the merciful and effective treatment of the diseases of women are among the great and beneficent changes of the last half of the Nineteenth Century.

Even the "fads," which have been so strongly condemned by the "regular" practitioner, have had their share in the work of improvement. Hahnemann's homeopathy was doubtless largely accepted, because of the drastic purges and bleedings, the reckless exhibition of calomel, the nauseous, digestion-destroying draughts, pills and boluses of the "allopaths" of his day; and the magnetic, eclectic and faith-healing "quackeries" are not wholly without their counterparts in the scientific use of static electricity, the larger use of drugs not unlike the Thompsonian medicines, and the quiet administration of a "placebo" or inert prescription, relying on the faith of the patient and the vix medicatrix naturae.

The powerful "rays" to which Professor Conrad Röntgen has given his name, the use of other forms of intense and colored light in skin diseases, the powers of radium for the destruction of abnormal growths, and a host of minor but hardly less important means of healing, will occur to the mind of the reader as evidences of the immense changes which within the memory of living men have replaced crude, and often almost brutal sciences

of healing.

A great army of martyrs, the trusting and helpless victims of conventional and traditional, and sometimes of recklessly inflicted tortures, have gone down to death, with little benefit to the race except perhaps a hint to some practitioner that his diagnosis was wrong, and his treatment a fatal error. It is to be hoped that in another life they are privileged to realize that, collectively, "they died not in vain," but added their mite to the tremendous current of human labor and suffering, which impels the human race "from hardships to the stars."

THE CASE OF THE CROWN JEWELS

by Maitland Leroy Osborne



OVING his pencil slowly, the editor of the Express, with a thoughtful frown wrinkling his brow, rounded out the final sentence of the leading article that was to make a group of grafters gasp on the morrow, then, biting the end from a fresh cigar, leaned back in his chair and peered owl-like through a cloud of smoke at Brannigan.

"Ever hear of Tunis?" he queried with seeming irrelevance.

Brannigan nodded slowly and groped in the archives of his memory. "A dinky little seaport on the Mediterranean," he answered, "where the slave traders come in from Algeria and Feyyan, and the women wear veils and don't wear waists. I waited there three days for the boat to Alexandria once. A good place to get murdered in."

The editor smiled. "You'll be interested then, perhaps, in knowing that His Royal Highness Sidi Ali Pasha is here in Washington—strictly incog., of course, with a portion of his harem, a half dozen eunuchs and a score of attendants. Also," the great man watched the smoke curl up from his cigar with meditative eyes, "that he brought with him the crown jewels, supposedly worth a few hundred thousand dollars, and that since reaching Washington a handful of unset pearls and diamonds has been stolen."

"Stolen?" said Brannigan alertly, scenting a prospective story.

"Yes, the whole detective force of Washington has been engaged on the case since early yesterday. His Royal Highness had called in a jeweler to discuss mounting

them. The gems were left lying loosely upon a desk for a half hour or so near an open window and it is supposed some sneak thief improved the opportunity to make way with them. Only for the importance of that New York matter I should have wired you at once. Not a whisper has reached the other papers—yet I've risked their scoring a beat on us by saving the thing for you. If—" the editor smiled grimly and flicked the ash from his cigar—"if you should happen to find them it ought to make a pretty good story."

"Consider them found," said Brannigan, diving for the elevator and forgetting the sleepless night ride from New York in which he had written out the story of the Wall Street slump that had shaken the markets of the world. Five minutes later he had hailed a taxicab and was being whirled off to the Turkish embassy.

Brannigan was the star man of the Express, with more official secrets neatly labelled and stored away in his brain than appear on the Nation's records. Brannigan it was of all the force of the Express to whom was entrusted the most delicate missions, and the curly-haired, blue-eyed little Irishman, who could wheedle state secrets from the closest-mouthed Senators, had never been known to fall down upon an assignment.

Arriving at the Embassy, he sent in his card and was at once admitted to the presence, from whence he emerged a half hour later with a contented smile, armed with credentials that ensured his being admitted to the confidence of his Royal Highness, and equipped with information that would be of invaluable assistance.

Entering his taxicab again, he gave a new address to the chauffeur and soon was ascending the brown stone steps of an aristocratic old mansion on a quiet street. At the portal he found himself confronted by a gigantic Ethiopian in gorgeous uniform who evinced an apparent longing too throw him bodily into the street, into whose hands he thrust a large, officiallooking envelope bearing a number of imposing seals, at sight of which the Caliban of the portal viewed him with a new respect and by a sweeping gesture of the arms invited him to enter.

Once across the threshold, Brannigan felt that he had stepped from the commonplace, conventional Western world into the midst of Eastern barbarism. subtle essence of an unknown perfume engulfed his senses, and behind myriad silken draperies he heard faint rustlings, as of flowing garments, hushed whisperings of curious tongues, and felt instinctively the glances of unseen eyes peering at him as he passed. The very atmosphere was redolent of women's presence; intangible, illusive, alluring shapes seemed crowding around him, tempting him to put forth his hand and touch-and yet he' felt instinctively that grim Death stalked on either side did he but dare to draw those rustling draperies aside.

Along the whole length of the great hall he was conducted to a room at the further end, before whose closed door another gigantic negro stood on guard. Here he waited while his credentials were scrutinized by a secretary in a gaudy uniform and

wearing a red fez.

Presently, after consultation with some unseen person in the room, the secretary bade him enter, and a moment later Brannigan found himself confronting a tall, imposing looking Turk, whose flashing eyes inspected him with sharp scrutiny.

Brannigan, bowing, gazed at the exalted potentate before him with equal interest. His Royal Highness Sidi Ali Pasha would have been a notable figure in any costume and amid any surroundings, but clad as he was in severely correct black clothes of European cut, with a single resplendent jewel upon his breast to denote his rank, and surrounded by the barbaric splendor of rare silken draperies on the walls and priceless objects of art scattered around the room in reckless profusion, he presented a personality that awed Brannigan some-

what, in spite of his usual impenetrable sang froid.

"To what fortunate circumstance am I indebted for the pleasure of this visit?" His Highness asked in carefully precise English, betraying the true Easterner's marvellous linguistic adaptability.

"Your Excellency," Brannigan answered, bowing deeply, "the management of the Express, which I have the honor to represent, having learned of the loss you have recently sustained, hasten to offer their condolences and assistance. We understand that the clumsy efforts of the police, as usual, have been without result; and we beg to offer you, if you will honor us with your confidence, the almost positive assurance that we can recover for you quickly the valuables that are missing. For your Excellency's enlightenment I wish to explain that in this country it is the great newspapers, with their limitless resources, their tireless persistency, and their trained initiative, rather than the slow process of the law, that brings crime to light and assures its punishment. No criminal, however cunning, can escape their relentless pursuit, and no crime can be so hidden that they cannot ferret it out. We know that the crown jewels have been stolen—we know that the police have been striving unavailingly to apprehend the thief, and we wish to offer you our assistance. Valuable time has already been lost. I would respectfully urge your Excellency to accept our aid.'

His Royal Highness, as Brannigan ceased speaking, paced the floor for a few moments in deep thought, then turned impulsively and flung out his hand, palm .

upward, in a gesture of assent.

"The secret is out, I see," he said. "I am sufficiently well acquainted with Western customs to understand what your offer means. You will make of the affair what you call 'news,' and I shall gain a great amount of notoriety which I would infinitely prefer to avoid, but-doubtless you will recover for me the jewels, which outweighs every other consideration."

Brannigan, inwardly elated, bowed cere-"Believe me, your Excelmoniously. lency," he answered, "your decision is most wise—and now," he drew out his note book, "will you kindly favor me with

the most minutely exact description of the

missing jewels possible?"

His Royal Highness seated himself upon a couch and lighted a cigarette, then signed to the secretary, who had been waiting unobtrusively in the background, to advance. "You have the list," he said,

"proceed."

A half hour later Brannigan left the mansion, entered the waiting taxicab, and was whirled back to the office of the Express at breakneck speed. Hurrying from the elevator into the reporter's room, he seated himself before his desk, drew his typewriter toward him with nervous haste, inserted a sheet of copy paper on the platen and flung back the Then for a long moment he carriage. gazed introspectively at the ceiling, chewing nervously upon his unlighted cigar, seeking the opening phrase upon which to build the fabric of his "story," and suddenly began to pound the keys with seeming frenzy.

It chanced to be an "off" day for news, and featured as it was on the first page of the Express, with cunningly concocted "scare" heads, Brannigan's story of the robbery of the crown jewels created a sensation. Moreover it was a "scoop," in which every newspaper man takes pride, and Brannigan's sensations as he scanned a sheet still damp from the press and heard the newsboys' shrill heralding of "Extra Express—all about the great crown jewel robbery!" were pleasurable

in the extreme.

But in the first flush of his satisfaction he reflected that the most serious part of the affair still demanded his attention. In consideration of the exclusive information he had gleaned from His Royal Highness, Brannigan had virtually promised to restore the jewels. And it was not an idle promise. Long experience in tracking down criminals in the course of newspaper assignments had made him familiar with the dark by-ways frequented by the guild that preys, and brought him to close acquaintance with sources of information hidden ofttimes from the representatives of the law themselves. For it is a curious commentary on the vanity of human kind that criminals as a class look with as much complacency upon the exploitation of their crimes by the press as do the devotees of fashion upon the newspaper comment upon their frailties and follies. Indeed, despite the fact that newspapers are the greatest modern agency in the detection of crime, the average "crook" grows boastingly loquacious in the presence of a reporter, while he emulates the dumbness of an oyster where a policeman is concerned.

It was upon this curious circumstance that Brannigan relied to fulfill his promise. Also he knew that not Washington itself, but New York, would be the most likely field for his investigation. The vulture of the under-world is a gregarious fowl that flocks to the largest roosting place. The glitter and glare of the Great White Way attracts it as the candle attracts

the moth.

Straight to New York he went therefore, and began a patient quest that led him by devious ways into the maelstrom of the under-world that seethes and eddies ceaselessly beneath the surface of respectability. From gambling hells to saloons he wandered, from saloons to opium joints, from opium joints to cheap theatres, from theatres to dance halls; and in each place he visited he mingled unobtrusively with the crowd, touching elbows with crooks and outcasts of all degrees-thieves, "con" men, gamblers, "touts," the humble "dip" and the aristocratic "second-story worker," all morosely intent on snatching a few brief hours of pleasure or oblivion. And everywhere he went, he watched patiently for a face—a rat-like, furtive face with red-lidded, shifting eyes that feared the light, and lean, snarling lips bared ever in a wolf-like grin. And always while he watched, one hand thrust with seeming carelessness in his pocket clutched the butt of an automatic Colt, and no man stood ever between him and the wall.

After many weary hours he saw the face for which he was watching, and waiting to catch the glance of the furtive eyes, made an almost imperceptible sign of recognition and command and straightway left the gambling hell where his search had been rewarded.

A half hour later, in a private room in a Bowery "joint" he sat facing "The Rat" at a small round table. "Smoke?" queried Brannigan, holding out a fat black perfecto which his vis-a-vis clutched eagerly. Then he pressed a button on the table and presently a bull-necked, scowling waiter thrust his head within the door. "Two absinthe cocktails," he demanded curtly, and when they had been served, rose and locked the door.

Brannigan sipped his cocktail slowly and gazed inquiringly at "The Rat," who drank his at a gulp and licked his lean lips furtively with his tongue.

"Well?" asked Brannigan presently.

"The Rat's" evasive glance wandered restlessly from floor to ceiling. "I don't know a thing," he croaked plaintively— "honest, I don't."

Brannigan smiled serenely, and with his cigar in one corner of his mouth, thrust his hand into the inner pocket of his vest and drew forth a long, flat bundle that looked to "The Rat's" keenly appraising

glance like ready money.

Slipping the rubber bands that bound the package from their place, Brannigan began slowly piling crisp new ten dollar bills one upon another, while "The Rat," torn between cowardice and cupidity, watched the growing pile with glittering eyes.

When twenty crisp green bills lay on the pile, Brannigan shoved them toward "The Rat" invitingly. "They're yours," he said pleasantly, "if you've got what I'm

looking for."

"The Rat"—stool-pigeon, "tout," informer, "fence," a jackal who preyed on those who preyed on society at large—thrust out a claw-like hand convulsively toward the bills. "What do you want to know?" he croaked.

"I want to know what gang pinched the crown jewels from the Turkish prince in Washington, and where they're planted,"

answered Brannigan succinctly.

"That's what I thought," "The Rat" chuckled evilly. "There ain't much doing in that line I'm not hep to. Give me the money." He drew the bills toward him, and folding them into a compact roll, thrust them into his pocket. "It was Paddy Ryan that lifted the sparklers," he said, "and he was so proud over doing the job alone that when he got back on the Avenue, and had put away a few

drinks, he couldn't help bragging about it to a skirt he had a shine for, and showing her the stones. That's Paddy's weakness—women, and bragging about his cleverness. It happens that the skirt is a friend of mine, and she put me wise. He's hiding now in his old quarters on the East Side, waiting for a cattle steamer to leave for Liverpool. It's over a saloon." "The Rat" named a street and number. "Go in the side door and up two flights—it's the first door on the left as you go down the hall. That's about all, I guess?"

Brannigan nodded. "Much obliged," he said genially. "If I can do you a favor

any time, let me know."

"The Rat" rose and unlocked the door, peered about him for a moment suspiciously, and vanished down the dim-lit hallway.

Mr. Paddy Ryan, chevalier d'industrie, expert "second-story worker," "con" man and general all-round "crook," having in his own parlance "made a killing," was temporarily secluded in the privacy of his apartments pending the departure of his customary means of conveyance to European ports—a cattle steamer. He was no stranger to Europe and the Continent, and just now he was pleasantly contemplating a brief sojourn in Amsterdam, where certain business matters might be quickly attended to, followed by participation in the pleasures of Monte Carlo, Nice and Paris. Mr. Ryan, collarless, coatless, vestless, with his gaudy striped shirt open at his bull-like neck, was reclining luxuriously in a softly padded Morris chair, with his slippered feet comfortably elevated at a pleasing angle, a tall, slender-stemmed glass of cheerful hue within easy reach, and a fat goldbanded black cigar between his lips, perusing the columns of his favorite sporting journal. In a word, Mr. Ryan was for the moment deeply at peace with all the world.

There came a rap at Mr. Ryan's door—a gentle, discreet, confidential, apologetic rap, denoting confidence and friendly intent. Mr. Ryan sighed luxuriously, lowered his feet to the floor, flicked the ash from his cigar, and rising, strolled negligently to the door and threw it in-

vitingly open.

Tableau! Brannigan, reporter for the Express, stood quietly smiling upon the threshold, with a very big and business-like looking automatic Colt pointing directly at Mr. Ryan's shocked and surprised countenance. With seemingly one movement Mr. Ryan's visitor had entered the room, closed and locked the door, deposited the key in his pocket and thrust his obnoxious weapon in unpleasing proximity to his host's right eye.

For a long moment Mr. Ryan squinted with fascinated gaze down the interior of a blue steel tube that seemed to his apprehensive vision to be a mile in length and as large in its interior dimensions as one of those massive implements of war that grace the revolving turrets of a battleship.

"Well—I'll—be—d——d!" stated Mr. Ryan feelingly, after a surprised moment of silence, allowing the pink sporting sheet to drop from his relaxed fingers to the floor.

"Sit down, Paddy," invited Brannigan pleasantly. "I want to talk with you." Sulkily, Mr. Ryan complied with the invitation, relieving his overcharged feelings with a lengthy flow of picturesquely

vigorous profanity.

"Now, Paddy," observed Brannigan pleasantly, when his host had ceased swearing from lack of breath, "I've got you dead to rights, and I'm going to make you a proposition. You've got the goods, and you'll have to give them up, either to me or the police. I've got a private agency man watching every entrance to the building. If you'll look out the window you'll see one across the street. And I have an assistant waiting at the public telephone booth around the corner. If I don't report to him in ten minutes he'll call police headquarters, and then, Paddy, it will be you for the barred window and the bread and water diet. And I don't think you like bread and water, Paddyyou tried it for a couple years, didn't you?"

Ryan squirmed and glared at his tormentor malevolently. "D—n you—yes!"

he growled.

"Now then," continued Brannigan, "I'm going to offer to compound a felony. I don't care two cents whether you go to prison for the rest of your existence or not, but I do want the *Express* to have the prestige of turning over the Prince's jewels

to him without police assistance. The game is up for you anyway, and I'll give you a hundred dollars to recompense you for your time and trouble, and fake a story about the recovery of the jewels that will not involve you in any way, if you will hand them over quietly. Think quick, Paddy, time is fleeting."

For a long moment Ryan gazed contemplatively at the ceiling, watching his dreams of Nice and Paris and Monte Carlo dissolve and disappear—then he sighed deeply, and rising, lifted the cushion from the seat of the Morris chair, ran his hand into an opening in the under side, drew forth a chamois bag and handed it

to Brannigan.

"They're all there," he said huskily, and Brannigan, assuring himself by a hasty inspection that this item of information was correct, handed the chastened Ryan a hundred dollar bill, backed alertly to the door, unlocked and opened it, stepped through it with a parting smile and hastened down the stairs.

An hour later he was on his way to Washington, and after the jewels, imposingly arranged, had been photographed for the Sunday edition he returned them in person to His Royal Highness.

"Your newspaper enterprise—it is marvellous," said that exalted personage. "I feel myself to be under the deepest obligations, both to you personally and to your paper."

"It is a pleasure, I assure you, to have been of service to your Excellency," answered Brannigan, bowing himself from

the presence.

A week later while in the midst of his labor on the story of a scandal in the Land Department, a secretary of the Turkish Embassy presented himself at Brannigan's desk in the reporter's room of the Express and gravely placed in his hands an elaborately gold-mounted shagreen jewel casket. Surprised, Brannigan pressed the spring that released the cover, and when it flew back, there on a bed of crimson satin lay revealed the gorgeous jeweled star of the Order of the Moon.

"With the most gracious compliments of His Royal Highness Sidi Ali Pasha," stated the secretary with punctilious exactitude, and saluting gravely, he departed.



AWEDDING TRIP By ZOE FOR ONE HARTMAN

HH in the state of the state of

HE big lake liner was on its way at last. Shirley Neeves clung to the rail and gazed back over its lengthening wake at the distant docks which were fast merging their identity into that of the sky-line. She was still a little numb and dazed

from the shock of the morning-her wedding morning when she had wakened to find that her bridegroom had departed for regions unknown with another bride. At first she had sat stunned, while her sister-in-law wept and her brother swore; then suddenly her brain had cleared, restored to activity by an inspiration to take her wedding journey alone. Why not? The traveling suit, a triumph of un-bridelike inconspicuousness, was in readiness; the trunk and the suit-case she had been packing for weeks were even then awaiting the transfer man; and every inch of the route she knew by heart, for she had planned it herself months ahead. Why should she return to the covert gibes and intolerable condolences of the girls at the office, or lay herself open to the pitying patronage of her brother's family?

As her eyes wandered out over the blue, sunlit waters of Michigan, she laughed a hard, defiant little laugh at the thought of the storm of disapproval, not to say horror, awakened by her announcement of her determination to take the projected trip. They had looked at her as if they doubted her sanity, and had given her to understand that she was about to outrage

the most sacred tradition of rejected love—namely, that a broken heart should stay broken for a decent interval, say, at least twenty-four hours! But the dashing of her matrimonial hopes had left her, for the first time in her life, indifferent to authoritative opinion and inaccessible to the proprieties—a suddenly reared tower of reckless self-confidence. She knew she was doing an unconventional thing and she gloried in it, feeling vaguely that, somehow, she was thereby getting square with fate.

"Am I to stay here with my nose to the grindstone for the rest of my days," she had demanded of her tearful sister-in-law, "just because Joe Sellars chooses to throw me over? I've never been anywhere in all my life, nor had anything nice to wear till now. And I've always wanted to see the Lakes and the Thousand Islands. Let people talk! They'd talk worse if I stayed. And if I can help it, they're not going to get the idea that I'm pining for Joe Sellars. I'm going!"

Again she laughed aloud with a grim triumphal joy in the reminiscence, and aroused herself with a start to the reality of the gleaming white deck, the oily undulations of the waters about the stern and the deep, not unpleasant accents of a human voice addressing itself, apparently,

"Well, who'd dream of meeting you here, Miss Neeves?—I suppose it's Mrs. Sellars now!"

Amazed, Shirley turned quickly to see before her, hat in hand, a brawny stranger, square of chin and deep of chest, whose brisk movements and fresh, unlined face belied his heaviness of build and the sprinkling of white in his hair. There was something vaguely familiar about the way his eyes had of smiling deep down in their sockets beneath bushy brows, while the rest of his face remained grave; and she felt overwhelmed with confusion under their whimsical gleam of recognition. As if divining her difficulty in identifying him, he came to her rescue.

"I'm afraid you don't remember me, Mrs. Sellars. My name's Bryson—Proctor Bryson, of Atlantic Central Insurance. I used to see you often in the offices of Smith and Belknap when you were Miss Neeves. I was in there not long ago and my friend Smith was telling me how he was about to lose his best stenographer in a few days, for she was going to get married. I'm glad to see you again. D'ye remember how Smith got you to do a long abstract for me once when my stenographer left me stranded?"

Shirley caught her breath sharply, and then bit her lip to cover up all traces of bewilderment.

"Yes, I remember you now, Mr. Bryson. Did—did Mr. Smith mention my new name to you?"

"I don't think he did. I saw the name on your suit-case while you were at the purser's desk downstairs, and I said to myself, 'Bless me if it isn't the bride starting on her honeymoon!' By the way, I once did a little business with a Joseph Sellars, but I suppose it can't be the same chap. Dandy sailing weather, isn't it? Looks as if we'd have smooth water the entire trip."

Again that deep-set smile, bewildering in its possibilities of frank goodfellowship; but Shirley was too badly

shaken for any more friendly overtures. How she got rid of him she never knew, so intent was her mind on a certain incriminatory suit-case which, she hazily remembered, had been carried to her stateroom by a cabin-boy. Thither she hurried—all but ran—to fling herself down beside the suit-case and stare helplessly at the name inscribed on one end in small, black capitals, "Mrs. Joseph H. Sellars." Her first sensation was one

of acute consternation over the fact that the label, put on by her own hands with many a proud flourish, had been overlooked in the excitement of the morning after all the pains she had taken to eliminate all traces of the bride from her appearance! Her first impulse was to repudiate the title at any cost, then followed a



"Well, who'd dream of meeting you here, Miss Neeves?—I suppose it's Mrs. Sellars now!"

hopelessly impotent feeling that the mistake could be cleared up by nothing short of a full confession of her jilted state to Proctor Bryson—an ordeal not to be considered for a moment as being within the range of the humanly possible. Besides, there was the remote chance of attracting the suspicions of others, who, like Proctor Bryson, might have seen the label.

Stupefied, she made her way slowly back to the upper deck, trying to recall

the mental processes by which she had decided on her present course, but the nightmare of the morning had left nothing but anguished blankness of mind. Passing through the ladies' parlor, she paused, struck by a reflection of herself in one of the full-length mirrors. Passing over the discovery that it is possible to lose any of one's two and thirty years with the aid of a glove-fitting tailored gown, even of the most conservative color, she told herself that while the face was too white and the eyes were too feverishly brilliant, there was happily no hint of the lovelorn old maid in the mirrored figure.

As she gazed, a reckless daring grew within her; why not play the role thus thrust upon her, for all the glory and distinction there was in it? She felt reasonably sure that the tale of her poor little matrimonial fiasco could not filter far beyond the limits of her small circle, since her brother and sister-in-law, feeling a kind of family disgrace attaching thereby, would be loth to spread it. Without any consideration for qualms or doubts,

her decision was taken.

After her first sensation of distaste had worn off, she spent the rest of the afternoon on deck behind the covers of a magazine, evolving an appropriate fiction to account for her lack of a bridegroom. Also she dug up an old wedding-ring for the emergency-a family heirloom which she carried with the rest of her valuables in her suit-case. So she was ready for Proctor Bryson when, the next morning, he drew his chair up close to hers and began apologetically, "I must beg your pardon, Mrs. Sellars, for the foolish blunder I made vesterday in assuming that you were out on your wedding trip. I sort of wondered at first why you didn't present your husband, and when I saw he wasn't with you on deck or at dinner, I realized that you were traveling alone. I tell you, I almost put my foot in it once or twice!"

"It was a very natural mistake," said Shirley, feeling herself flush up under his frank look, but meeting his eyes with a steady smile. "As a matter of fact, Mr. Bryson, I am taking a belated wedding journey. You see, immediately after our marriage, my husband was called away unexpectedly on very pressing business, and of course, just at that critical moment. what must I do but come down with a terrible nervous headache; and he had to go on and leave me. I'm on my way to join him in Montreal and then comes our real wedding trip together."

It was only a warmed-over tale of a friend's interrupted honeymoon, but, charged with romance by her imagination, it acquired a sweep of enthusiasm that carried conviction to herself as well as her auditor. She told herself she was surprised that the hard, prosaic drudgery of her life had left so much romance in her.

"It must be hard luck to have your honeymoon postponed!" he sympathized with a heartiness that made her wince. "But it's not so bad, I suppose, as no honeymoon at all. Now that's my fix. Confirmed bachelor—no hope. At least, so my friends say." He chuckled whimsically, then veered to a more business-like tone. "That reminds me-I'm going to Montreal, too. I had intended to stop a few days with an old chum in the Thousand Islands, but this morning got a message by wireless that'll make it impossible for me to stop. So you see, I'm yours to command till you find your husband. Any little odd jobs you may have that you don't want to turn over to the middies, just set 'em aside for me."

Seized with a pang of uneasiness, Shirley started to demur, but was overruled by his protest that it would be a great feather in his cap to serve a bride. Under the soothing influence of his big, cheery, wholesome personality, her doubts subsided, and she yielded herself, at first reluctantly, and then with the avidity of a pleasure-starved soul, to the seductions of the great horizonless world of waters. Here sunset was a miracle, and the cry of the herring gulls mingled with the hissing of the water about the bow, and made a wierd lullaby that was like a sedative to her weary mind and jaded nerves.

The outlook from her deck-chair revealed a more kindly, softer-cushioned world than any she had ever knownone that seemed furtively interested in herself. For the story of her delayed honeymoon gradually found its way to them through the garrulous old captain, whose genial interest in her she saw fit to repay with the confidence. She loved to lie in her chair and let her eyes rove the length of the deck, where the sleek and well-groomed passengers lounged or promenaded, and in many a fleeting glance paid respectful tribute to her new dignities. As the hard-driven stenographer—humble cog in the wheel of business—

she had never known that deference. Then, too, the chivalric devotion of Proctor Bryson, none the less gratifying because offered to a presumably married woman, went far to help her forget the man who had discovered that his engagement to her was "all a mistake" in time to take his wedding journey with another woman.

Sometimes she almost forgot about the other man completely, and laughed and jested happily with Proctor Bryson or matched her fancy with his in weaving wonderful halfspoken romances of the lake and the sky, as they leaned on the rail and looked out over the water. The transition from the Lakes to the St. Lawrence was a source of almost childish delight to her, and the Thousand Islands with their shore line of gleaming lights, looming up in the summer twilight, like so many half circlets of jewels, awoke every sybarite instinct in her.

"Arabian Nights land!" she breathed wistfully, as he pointed them out and described their beauty. "I want an enchanted palace there!"

He surveyed her thoughtfully with a look she did not understand. "You're right in line for one," he said whimsically. "Happy people always get one."

The unconscious irony of the remark chilled her, and she was glad to bury it deep in plans to prolong the trip from Montreal to New York. Meanwhile, as they approached Montreal, Proctor Bryson laid possessive hands on her suitcase, tranquilly reasserting his intention

to "stick by her till she found her husband."

"Oh, I don't expect Mr. Sellars at the pier to meet me," she assured him hardily. "He'll be much too busy for that. I shall take a carriage and go straight to his hotel."

"Do you know, I've a kind of an idea he'll be there," he observed. "I should



pointed them out and de"Just then Proctor Bryson intervened with a storm in his
scribed their beauty. "I want
eyes that drew from her a low word of entreaty"

if I were in his shoes. We'll look for him, anyway."

Shirley flinched at the shaft, thankful that the confusion of landing relieved her of the necessity of a reply. As they made their way down the gangplank and wedged through the crowd on the pier, her mind was too busy with the problem of how to get rid of her cavalier to grasp immediately the significance of a certain familiar-looking back looming up ahead of her. It

was not until the owner of the back drifted slightly apart from the crowd at the further end of the pier and presented a clean-shaven and almost delicately regular profile, that she awoke, with a half-stifled cry, to the possibilities of the situation. Proctor Bryson turned quickly and looked at her with concern.

"What is it? Did they jostle you? Or," fatal instinct sent his glance flying after

hers, "did you see Sellars?"

Just then the crowd broke and he of the profile swung front and advanced to within a few paces of them, talking proprietor-wise to a pretty woman, a silk-lined, sleepy-eyed creature with an expression of sweetness

that just escaped insipidity.

"Well, I'll be —! It is the Sellars I once knew. Come along, Mrs. Sellars, we're in luck!" cried Bryson in his big, hearty tone, darting forward, too absorbed in his discovery to heed the voice at his elbow, pleading in an agonized undertone, "Don't, oh, please don't, Mr. Bryson, it's all a mistake!"

It was too late. Sellars had already seen them and stopped short. Of the conventionally handsome type of man—straight-browed, thin-lipped and square-jawed—he was, however, lacking in a certain rugged openness of feature that stamps mere good looks with the seal of

the thoroughbred.

"Hello, Sellars, don't you remember me?—Proctor Bryson, who insured your life once back in the days when I was with the Metropolitan Life? Glad to see you again, I had the honor of coming up from Chicago on the same boat with your wife, and we've just been looking for you!"

Sellars recoiled before the outstretched

hand.

"My dear Mr. Bryson? I don't remember having met you, but I'm willing to take your good intentions for granted and explain that this lady is not my wife. I really haven't the honor of her acquaintance. This is Mrs. Sellars!"

Drawing his companion's arm magisterially through his own, he flung Shirley the impassive glance of the stranger, but she noticed the trembling of his hand and the sudden damp pallor in his face—a sight which gave her the iron steadiness for which she was groping.

"Mr. Sellars is quite right." She faced him without a quiver, inaccessible alike to the helpless amazement of Bryson and the arctic temperature of the bride. "There has been a mistake. Neither of us has the honor of the other's acquaintance. Come, Mr. Bryson, shall we go?"

Sellars blinked and mumbled something she did not catch, for just then Proctor Bryson intervened, with a storm in his eyes that drew from her a low word of entreaty. By the time the current of the crowd caught them and swept them away to the landward extremity of the pier,

he was raging.

"Why didn't you let me hit him? He'd have made such an elegant corpse—the d—— hound! It would be a much neater, more sportsman-like job to jam his head into the pier than to swear out a warrant against him for desertion and bigamy!"

"But it was a mistake! You think-"

Shirley's voice failed her.

"No, no, you can't feed me that little fiction! Your face told me all I wanted to know, and his, too. What's to be gained by trying to shield the cursed reptile?

Now he'll get away!"

"Shield him!" She laughed hysterically, her control fast slipping from her. "Why should I shield him? In the eyes of society, he has committed no crime. It's I who've been a terrible fool. I lied to you. I'm still Shirley Neeves. He simply jilted me, that's all."

Bryson stared at her blankly, while she rushed on, panting in her effort to hold herself, "And I thought I was going through a stage of romantic suffering for this wretched little shrimp! And I laid myself open to the impossible humiliation of being repudiated by him even as an acquaintance, after stealing his name and masquerading as his wife for three days! To drag one's pride in the dirt for a creature like that!"

"Why did you pass yourself off as his wife?" He was watching her, puzzled, in a patient effort to gather up the broken threads.

"Because I was mad as a hatter! I went blundering off and forgot to change the label on my suit-case and after you had seen it, I didn't have sense enough

to tell the truth, or lie out of the fix cleverly. Why, the lie even pleased me—I enjoyed being a bride—ugh!" The dogged hardness in her tone broke. "Please call a carriage, Mr. Bryson, and get me some place where I can scratch off this horrible label!"

Promptly he hailed a passing taxicab and helped her in, calling to the chauffeur: "The Windsor," then to Shirley quietly: "Now tell me all about it. How did you happen to take the same trip as Sellars

and his wife?"

"How was I to know they'd take the very trip he and I had planned. Early the morning of my wedding day—the day I left Chicago—when I got his message saying he was to be married to a former sweetheart, I was desperate. I'd been looking forward to this trip six months. Never'd been anywhere to amount to anything in my life before, and the grind at the office was driving me crazy. Besides, I just couldn't bring myself to go back to the disgrace!"

"It isn't a square deal, sure, but disgrace—" he protested, with a boyishly obvious effort to spare her further humilia-

tion.

"Yes, disgrace!" she burst out in longpent rebellion against the nameless law that penalized her failure to hold her lover. "A big-minded, generous man like you, Mr. Bryson, simply can't realize what it is to be a jilted girl! It's the man that does the wrong-she's perfectly innocent; yet by the time her best friends and all the respectable people and all the bums in town get through with her, she's lucky if she has any self-respect left, much less a rag of reputation! There was a jilted girl in the office across from ours, and if what she went through-oh, well, what's the use?" She paused, oppressed by a dread of impending tears. "I was a coward and a f-fool not to know-there are-worse things to f-face! D-don't think I'm going to cry! I n-never cry!" And she choked back the sobs in fierce

Proctor Bryson squirmed a little and looked fixedly out the window.

"And I had the chance of my life to hammer his worthless carcass to pulp!" he muttered. "That's always the way—

those whelps usually get away with nothing worse than a good hiding or a fifty thousand dollar breach of promise suit on their hands. He thought he saw breach of promise in your eye, all right, a minute

"Breach of promise suits are for people who have money to pay 1-lawyers," she quavered, dabbing industriously at her eyes. "My skimpy savings would never reach around one, especially after this trip.—Oh, it is funny, after all, isn't it?" She suddenly burst into a tremulous little laugh. "Just to think of my blubbering here like a baby, instead of thanking my lucky stars for my escape! Suppose I'd married him! That would have been the real tragedy!"

"Well, you're about the gamest little woman I ever saw!" remarked Bryson, fixing her with a steady, thoughtful look under which she felt herself flushing un-

comfortably.

"Game? No, if I'd been really game, I'd have stayed in Chicago and faced it out. I—I'm ashamed to think how badly I've behaved on this trip. And you've been so good to me, Mr. Bryson! It sort of took the bad taste out of my mouth to find one man too big and fine ever to play the sneak or the cad. I—I shan't forget it, I can tell you, when I get back to Chicago."

"You aren't going at once?" he asked

quickly.

"By the very first boat. Oh, it won't be so bad." She fetched an heroic smile.

"People will finally forget."

"Why go back at once?" he objected, after a pause, clearing his throat impatiently to gain better control of his voice. "It's hideous to think of your facing the torture alone. Why not travel around awhile and get your bearings, and then go back with me—as my wife? I—I wish you'd consider it, Miss Shirley, I really do!"

Shirley shrank into her corner of the cab, the hot blood mounting her face and

neck, her pulses in a tumult.

"I know you speak out of the goodness and generosity of your heart," she said, when she could speak, "so I'm not going to be offended. But go home, Mr. Bryson, and think no more about me until you can

forget your pity for me. Then you'll be grateful to me for not taking advantage of your kindness."

"I haven't made you understand!" he exclaimed in a tone of self-disgust, leaning



"I would let him live-if I were you"

toward her, his face tense with earnestness. "D'ye think I could be such a cad as to offer you pity at this time? Besides, it doesn't cut any figure in my offer. I'm thinking chiefly of myself. On the boat, while I still supposed you to be a married

woman, I began to discover how much I cared—and it hurt. I know I'm a great club-footed blunderer to let it pop out like that, but isn't it human for a fellow to want to do something when he sees the woman he loves up against it?"

"I understand now, and-and appreciate it," faltered Shirley, adjusting her mental balance with a strong hand. "But don't you see, that's not the kind of comfort I need? I must go back there at once,

and take the pitying gossip and the jeers and thrive on them. It's the only way to get back my self-respect. What I need now is not a husband, but a friend."

"And you have him right here. If that's how you feel about it, Miss Shirley, I'll never mention the other thing to you as long as-you want to keep an embargo on it. Will you shake on the friendship business?"

Slowly she put out her hand. As he wrung it, the taxi drew up at the Windsor and the door flew open. After helping her out, he bent down to look up into her face and ask anxiously: "By the way, if I should meet Sellars, I don't know whether to hasten his exit from this vale of tears, or merely to kick him

off the street. Suppose the day'll ever come when I'll want to thank him-for

anything?"

For the life of her she could not suppress a tremulous note of laughter, as she whispered: "I'd let him live-if I were you."



THE ISLAND OF PEACE Stuart B. Stone



EACE," murmured the Finnish military attache, shifting his toy of a sword.

> "Peace . . . worldpeace," buzzed the South African viceadmiral, with a tug at his gilded war-frazzling.

"Peace . . . peace . . . peace," droned ambassador, charge d'affaires, humanitarian, under-secretary, minister plenipotentiary. The pauses, the breaks in the hum were punctuated oddly by clank and clatter of cold steel.

Old General von Bernstorff bowed his purplish, apoplectic face until his crisp, white mustache almost profaned the delicate cheek of the Directress of the Department of Civic Beautification.

"Peace is a rainbow," cackled the old gallant. "Look-ere it fade."

Anna Sartoris followed his airy gesture. In the luxurious leather armchairs in the council hall of the Brockenvelt Foundation in Washington lolled the scarlet and gold of Iberia, the blue of France, the bright green of Carpathia, sheen of gilt, shimmer of tassel and scabbard. The girl did not smile. Her ripe lips were compressed painfully.

"Don't laugh," she pleaded. "How can you at such a moment? I'm all a-tremble -almost afraid."

The veteran of Folkestone eyed her "Listen. A few bars of whimsically. such metallic music will frighten the dove of peace from our midst forever-"

He was interrupted by the sharp tattoo of the gavel. The chairman arose. He was unwontedly pale, this little, iron man of affairs.

"I request your undivided attention," he began. "I need not dwell upon the vitalness of the matter in hand. Mr. Gates, president of the Universal Peace

Propaganda, will give us in detail his final proposal."

From the richly-carved, massive table in the center of the circular chamber, a young man arose. A single calm, imperious glance checked the swish of whispering. His face was grave, lined, kindly. His tones were rarely incisive, yet oddly magnetic.

"There is no change in the tenor of the Propaganda's proposal. It is-in a word-lasting world-peace to be accomplished through the Foundation's purchase and destruction of the navies of the earth. The power is yours. The report of your treasurer just read shows that the original Brockenvelt bequest of three hundred million dollars, augmented by the splendid gifts of later philanthropists and magnified by the judicious investments of the directorate, has resulted in a fund computed in billions. The Foundation influences-nay, I speak plainly—controls practically the commerce, industry, diplomacy and statecraft of the world. The ruling idea of your founder was that the directors should be left absolutely unfettered to administer unto the future as the future would be ministered unto. There remains then but the one question of advisability. What is the greatest benefaction the foundation may render unto the world? What single achievement, though accomplished decades after his death, would inscribe the name of Brockenvelt on Fame's golden scroll as the greatest human benefactor? It is world-peace."

General von Bernstorff, fidgeting restlessly, grew rigid at a turn of Dyke Gates' prematurely-gray head.

"General von Bernstorff, you have a suggestion?"

The old war-dog, sullen for a moment, rose with a military click. "God of battles-yes!" he blurted. "The uniform I've worn these forty years—the unnumbered thousands of good and brave men to be thrown out of employment and all aim in life by this fantastic dream——"

The peace-president broke in. "A million good and brave men released from the steel bonds of a profession of death and destruction, diverted into channels of useful productiveness, made into breadwinners and croft-builders. What else?"

Old Bernstorff sank stubbornly into his chair. A swarthy, fezzed figure in

the rear of the chamber arose.

"The plan—it is good. Always I have so favored the disarmaments. But why is it—to destroy—sink down—blow up such ships, great moneys, into ocean. I

understand not-"

Again Gates interrupted. "The modern battleship, designed solely to destroy and defend, is incapable of conversion for any useful peaceful purpose. When removed from the fighting line it is valuable only as scrap steel. The cost of demolishing, transporting, re-forging would hardly justify the expense. My plan is simpler, surer, more profoundly impressive. The pressure of a button, the thrum of the wireless, and the armadas of the earth settle beneath the waters of Amity Bay."

A Prussian naval lieutenant, one of a knot of a dozen grouped immediately behind Gates, sprang up. "I suggest," he said, "that, despite the prodigious sum to be expended by the Foundation, there is no money really lost, save the mere cost of the iron and steel. hoarded moneys of the Foundation thus released will be sufficient almost to discharge the national debts of the powers. The money will re-circulate immediately, furnishing the impetus for tremendous industrial development. The cost of all government will be reduced enormously; taxes will cease to be a burden. matter of cost, I think, may be eliminated from the discussion."

The Australian military attache was on his feet. "One thing you forget," he reminded. "The barbarous races, the wild peoples, they that torture and eat their fellow-men."

Anna Sartoris half-rose, placing her

hand lightly upon the gilded sleeve of the diplomat. "We shall win the wild peoples by deeds of love and charity," she said.

Dyke Gates nodded, the first flush of the evening in his cheeks. "Fortunately the old world numbers few barbarians in this enlightened day. But we have allowed for that. It is proposed to destroy only the battleships, the larger cruisers, and the bulk of the aerial craft and submarines. A sufficient number of small gunboats will be left to police the wild places. The slight aerial and submarine force preserved will be insufficient unaided by the main line of battle to cause apprehension of international trouble."

Gates took his seat amid a silence tense and painful until the chairman rapped

for attention.

"You have heard," he said. "Most of you are already aware that the directorate of the Foundation has practically unanimously approved the plan of the Propaganda. The ministries of the principal powers also have consented. Under the terms of the treaty, about to be submitted, the nations agree to build no more fighting ships, to disband their naval establishments with the exception of the mosquito fleets, to decrease their armies to the dimensions of mere constabulary forces, and to arbitrate all international matters of dispute. Has everyone been heard?"

A low growl from old Bernstorff was the only response. "There remains but the outline of the plan of action," con-

tinued the chairman.

Dyke Gates arose again. there was a click to his heels suggestive of the growling Bernstorff. "This is the plan," he announced. "On a date to be announced within the next few weeks the navies of the world will rendezvous at Amity Island in the South Pacific. Crews barely adequate to navigate the vessels thither will be carried. A great fleet of liners will go empty for the purpose of transporting the assemblage back to the mainland. A marble memorial, artistically befitting its great purpose, will be erected on the island. There amid appropriate exercises the current will be released to destroy the world's battle-line.

detail will be announced as soon as possible."

As Gates took his seat, the secretary of the Foundation began to call the roll of the nations. One by one the accredited representatives of the powers approached the table and affixed their signatures. At the call of the Austro-Germanic Confederation, old Bernstorff, scowling prodigiously, stalked to the table and sprawled his long name. A perfunctory motion to adjourn carried and the assemblage filed out silently.

Dyke Gates lingered. Anna Sartoris, the Directress, was placing the pen used by the treaty-signers in a recess of her flowing, wide-sleeved purple robe.

"An ode, Madam Directress," he said lightly. "Surely the occasion will justify one of your rhythmic measures. "The Song of the Brockenvelt Rocks,' say."

For the second time that evening she asked a man not to laugh. Her own rich notes trembled slightly. "Brockenvelt is the world's creditor. His magnificent bequest made this thing possible. But yours is the idea. I've been thinking—I don't know. If I can find the words, I—I'll sing mainly the greatness of Dyke Gates."

He went disconcertingly pale. "Ah," he cried, "an ode—write me a latter-day ode of the man and the idea, of lasting fame, of power——"

"Of power?" she echoed, vaguely

puzzled.

"Aye, power, my captain!" responded a deep voice. They both turned to observe Kolb, the Prussian lieutenant, in the shadow. Gates frowned.

"Lieutenant, you have orders to execute."

The big German saluted half-airily and withdrew. The Directress, clutching the precious penstaff, drew her classic robes about her. The high-keyed tension, the tremendous enthusiasms of the evening had gone from her. She felt oppressed, uneasy, over-strained. "Why does he salute you?" she asked, almost petulantly. "Why do you give orders? Why do you have such incongruous members in a peace propaganda?"

He laughed with his old kindly magnetism. "Don't mind Kolb. He couldn't

bid his grandmother farewell without saluting. When the day comes, we'll put old Kolb to plowing, or preaching. Remember—the ode."

"I-I don't know," she faltered. "Good-

bye."

Anna Sartoris, entrusted with the preparation of the program for the exercises attendant upon the engulfing of the fleets, temporarily relinquished her work of civic adornment to a subordinate. Accustomed to handling enterprises of vast scope, she felt an almost utter incapability for her task. ,To President Navarrez of the Iberian States she assigned the opening address on "Millennial Dawn." The proceedings were to begin with a prayer by Pope Leo XVII and to close with an invocation by Ito Ko Shan, the Buddhist scholar. Madame Gormelli of the National Theatre was to sing "O, Bird of Peace!" with a thousand-voiced chorus of all nations for the refrain.

"It's writing history—world-history. It's hardly a woman's work," she complained to Gates when he came to exhibit Jean Paul Laudanne's design for the stately onyx and marble peace memorial to be

erected on Amity Island.

He laughed down her doubts. Since the signing of the treaty he was given more to laughing, she had noticed. When she insisted that his own bas-relief adorn a panel of the temple, he declined the honor absolutely.

"You are too modest," she urged. "It isn't a matter of personal preference. This is your work, your masterly achievement. You have no right to refuse."

"I have no rightful place thereon. If I have consummated a world-achievement, let me not perform a world-jest." He spoke roughly, bitterly. He left her

hurt and wondering.

The preparation for the coming event threw them together constantly. Her own private suite in the splendid domed palace of the Foundation was quite near the quarters assigned the Peace Propaganda. He consulted her daily on matters of strange portent to a woman—of the time for the sailing of the Chinese squadron from Pichili, of the reluctance of the Italian republic to class the Victor Garibaldi as a fighting ship, of sinister details

of lyddite, kilowatts, armor belts, fighting tops and magazine hoists. She surprised him with her technical knowledge of such matters. He could not know that since the signing of the treaty she had spent hours nightly in the study of arms

and armaments.

Her eager enthusiasm merged gradually into a set, implicit belief in the absolute sanctity of the enterprise, a viewpoint he seemed rather to combat. At times he appeared to waver, to doubt his own handiwork. The ode he had insisted upon had now no charm for him. Lines here and there hinting his praise and glory he hurt her infinitely by commanding her to omit. His conduct puzzled her, rendered her increasingly uneasy. Before the signing of the treaty he had been a model of unflagging, never varying determination. Now he would tumble from a wildly exultant mood, oddly tinged with near-egotism and tendernesses which brought flushes into her cheek, to fits and spells of silence wherein he would seem almost to regret the great mission.

The headquarters of the Propaganda gleamed with an incongruous display of the war-colors of the nations. Stolid Prussian lieutenants, sprightly French captains of chausseurs, melancholy Chilean commandantes thronged his rooms. On one occasion, standing unobserved in the shadow of the hallway, she witnessed the leave-taking of Lieutenant Kolb,

about to sail for Kiel.

"I understand, my captain," the lieutenant was saying, "the signal of last resort is—". The lieutenant leaned forward, whispering.

Gates nodded.

"Here's hoping we may never use it," said Kolb, and strode off.

Later, poring over a chart of the littleknown Amity Island while awaiting Dyke Gates in his office, she read mechanically the open pages of a note-book:

"Admire ... H. M. S. Magnificent.
Adore... U. S. S. Oklahoma.
Aim ... Command Beach.
Alter ... Prinzessen Carlotta Maria."

"Why should a peace society have a code-book of warships and military details?" she asked upon his return.

"Why not?" he parried gravely. "The cable companies give us no reduced rate.

With what has a peace society to deal if not with military detail?"

Next day the press dispatches announced the first sailings of the remoter fleetsthe British, Scandinavian, French and Iberian squadrons. Within a few days every armored vessel of fighting pretensions had cleared for the island rendez-The leviathanic cruisers of the Venezia type, incomplete in the Spezzia yards, were towed. Scores of other vessels in more or less advanced stages of completion or repair were towed similarly from Clyde, Fore River, Yokohama, Kiel and the LaPlatte. The seven seas swarmed with the gray and drab steel monsters running up to fifty thousand tons' displacement. Huge smokeless, electric-propelled passenger liners accompanied the war-dogs for the purpose of bringing home the meager crews. Marines, blue-jackets and gun crews mainly were left behind, turned adrift into the unfamiliar ways of civilian life. The aircraft were carried on the decks of the larger ships.

A luxurious aerial special carried the members of the official party from Washington. The President of Federated North America, the Vice-President, the fourteen members of the cabinet, the chairman and directorate of the Foundation, the accredited representatives of twenty-nine powers, poets and singers assisting in the program, and Anna Sartoris. Dyke Gates and the executive board of the Peace Propaganda had gone

before.

Whirring over the boundless southern seas in the vicinity of the island, the party beheld far below long lines of majestic ships plowing steadily southward, splendidly oblivious to their impending doom. Swift scout cruisers, speeding at more than forty-five knots, appeared to float idly upon the face of the gray-blue waters. The passengers gazed awesomely down from the glazed observation-windows of the aerial liner. Most of them had strutted in gold harness all their lives.

"It's like attending a royal funeral," muttered the Russian ambassador.

"It's like waiting on the combined funeral of all the kings of the earth," growled old Bernstorff. He turned quickly at a light touch upon his arm.

"It is indeed a royal burial," whispered Anna Sartoris, "a burial of international hate and envy and discord, General. If—if only——"

"If what, my dear?" prompted the veteran, wonderfully mollified.

She turned away with a sigh. The unrealness of it all bore upon her. The inconceivable sublimity and audacity of the idea, the strange spectacle of the doomed armadas underneath. She seemed to dream. Where was Dyke Gates? Where in that vast expanse of sunlit, spice-laden sea was his uniformed, spurred and booted company of peace propagandists?

Another hour of swift, silent flight brought them to the island. Jutting out of the warm, tranquil waters to a height of fourteen hundred feet, flanked with a tropical extravagnace of spike and frond, the speck of land elicited an involuntary gasp of admiration from those on board the aircraft. In the landlocked harbor worthy of Rio Janeiro, at this distance appearing like beetles drowsing in a pan, the armada of the nations lay. Half a thousand monsters of war floated idly at anchor-grim, gray thunderers from the Clyde, squat, broad-nosed German craft, trim, white Australian cruisers. From their mastheads fluttered the warspectrum of the nations—the seventystarred American emblem, the blue cross of Muscovy, Argentine's mystic sun-face, the tri-color of France, the spitting dragons and crimson sun-balls of the unchanging East. Crowning a slight eminence above the harbor was the marble and onyx peace memorial, its domes and minarets in odd, white relief against the background of Edenic verdure. Upon the sloping beach hundreds of seamen strolled-turbaned, fezzed, jacketed, tunic-clad. As the airship passed over the harbor a jarring medley of martial music floated up to them-Die Wacht am Rhein, God Save the King, La Marseillaise, thumpings of tom-toms, the shrill skirl of bagpipes, the clamor of brass. Far beyond, in the wooded heart of the island, Anna Sartoris discerned a break in the thick tangle of vegetation, a long irregular line of something vaguely white.

The liner slowed down, landing easily upon the beach. The diplomats alighted, glad of the opportunity to stretch their cramped limbs. The Directress gazed about the unreal scene. Nowhere showed a familiar face or sight. It was as though she had been set down in a Seventeenth Century pirate rendezvous or a modern, exhibition-made Streets-of-Cairo. Her head almost reeled. She must think. She must get to herself. Behind the splendid peace memorial a forest of palms and mangrove promised cool and fragrant seclusion. She hurried in that direction.

Within the forest's shadow the jarring impression of the motley congregation gave way to a feeling of delicious intoxication. Gnarled and twisting vines, thick as a man's leg, crossed the narrow path. Sweet, faint aromas of the world's hot girdle wafted to her delicate nostrils. Petals bright as the coat of Joseph brushed her cheek. Gaudy parroquets and cockatoos, nature-painted birds she had seen only in zoological gardens, chattered and scolded. She walked on and on, giving no thought to lurking danger overhead or underfoot. The exercises were scheduled for the late afternoon. It must be now about eleven o'clock. The forest was restful, sense-stealing, alluring. Here was peace, good-will toward men. It was relief, thrice-blessed.

She had walked she knew not how long when the path took a sudden dip, a sharp turn and ended. She found herself looking out upon an unexpected clearing in the jungle. For an instant, she thought she must dream again. She rubbed her dazed eyes, pinching herself. She did not dream. Spread out for her wondering inspection was a long line of low, frame, barrack-like buildings. To the extreme right she beheld a mountain of stacked coal and beyond that a row of shaft-houses with their inclined planes and somber smoke-stacks. Here and there trim khaki-clad pickets walked.

A sudden clatter of conversation caused her to shrink back in the shadow. Two of the guards almost brushed her as they passed. They were jesting roughly of some dereliction of duty. She waited until they passed, then proceeded to skirt the clearing. A painful hundred yards

ahead and she came upon a shed of mammoth dimensions. Numbers of square, wooden boxes were stacked before it. By their markings she knew them to contain ammunition. She proceeded toilsomely and guardedly, to discover a vast frame shop-building containing machinery and a cluster of buildings evidently intended for officers' quarters. The clearing extended into the distance in a series of what she realized must be plantations.

The mangrove forest held quarters and maintenance for an army. Why? How was it that he, who had acquainted her with every minute detail of preparation, had not spoken of these things? Did he know of them hinself? She leaned against a thick trunk and thought. Today the island held a great crowd to be fed, it was true; but the ships in the harbor had brought abundant food. They were to embark upon the passenger liners before night. The assemblage upon the beach would not require such extensive provision. Then the ammunition brought from the doomed vessels probably. But no, the compact was that guns and projectiles were to go down with the ships. And the coal, and the repair shops? She put her hand to her fevered forehead and groaned aloud, for the moment oblivious to all danger of discovery. The spice-scented breeze caught her rich, red-brown hair, loosened from contact with the sharp fronds, and sent it streaming. Vague premonitions, chance words, the strange code of the Propaganda, Kolb's remark about the signal of last resort-these things flashed across her heated brain.

The stir of an approaching sentinel aroused her. She glanced overhead. The sun was far to the westward. She must get back to the peace memorial on the beach. Somehow it seemed that some unfathomable, unearthly danger awaited the motley throng.

She turned and began to retrace her way through the stubborn foliage. The return of the pickets forced her farther into the forest. Stung into frenzy by the feeling that she alone among those who had come on the airship knew of the existence of a permanent military depot on the island, she struggled through the

dense growth, at first hardly noting her direction in the intensity of her purpose to get forward, to be in time—in time. After a few minutes of this aimless progress, she desisted, endeavoring to get her bearings. The path should have been about here. No, it was at the foot of the slope. She retraced her steps hurriedly, took another observation, then realized that she was lost.

"God of nations!" she moaned. "Give me strength-wit-time!" Springing up, she located the receding sun and proceeded to beat her way steadily northward. Here and there she was forced to detour to avoid some impenetrable thicket or impassable gully. Once a bright, gaudy something squirmed and hissed in the grass at her feet. Another time she touched a bough that moved clammily away. An hour passed-two-three-an age-an eon. Through it all the prayer thrummed in her mind-"Strength-wit -time, time, time!" Time for what? She did not know. Her head began to swim. She heard faint music-dim, sweet, heavenly harmonies. Now she knew she must dream. "Jehovah, Lord God, who holdeth the nations in his hand-" The fourth number of the program! No, no, she did not dream. It was the 179th Regiment Band. The exercises had commenced. She had stumbled upon the edge of the forest. Breathlessly she ran down the slope and out upon the crowded plain. Before the peace memorial the solemn mob surged. Madame Jomelli's golden tones were filling the tropic air with the first notes of "O Bird of Peace." On the sun-kissed waters of the great harbor, the international armada, augmented since the morning, lay deserted, awaiting the thundering doom. she must be in time. In time-in time for what?

Desperately she sought the man, the one man whose great will and force had made the strange scene possible, the one man who could prevail at such a moment. In the sea of strange-garbed heads she could not find him. She bumped into old Bernstorff, redder than ever in the fierce heat of nine degrees south.

"Dyke—Mr. Gates—where is he?" she demanded.

"Sh-h-h-h!" cautioned the old veteran. "Don't miss this song. It's the only good thing about this dam—er—this abominable business. Why—what's up?"

Someone plucked at her sleeve. It was Lieutenant Kolb, still harnessed in the bright tints of war.

"Mr. Gates desires to see you immediately—come."

He conducted her along the outskirts of the crowd to a low, rough shed at the water's edge. Kolb opened the door, almost shoving her inside. He did not enter. Inside, Dyke Gates was peering through a slit to observe the exercises. The shed was filled with strange mechanical appliances, a jumble of wires, levers and armatures. Gates turned upon her. There was that upon his face which she had not seen before—a fierce triumph, mastery, exaltation, something that checked her hot words. He was first to speak.

"I've been searching vainly for you. Your absence has caused the only hitch in—in what's happening."

Suddenly she found words. "In the forest—back there, Dyke—I saw coal mines, powder, machinery, quarters for an army—why——"

He nodded gravely. "They are mine—though my pickets must have been careless. All this is mine, too." He made a sweeping gesture toward the armada in the bay. "I have outwitted the diplomacy of the earth. I've trapped her mailed fist. I rule the old globe. She's mine, every sea and continent."

She shrank back, doubting his mind's balance. He sensed her fears and smiled reassuringly.

"I'm not mad, either," he explained. "The big-wigs and minor poets yonder have a precious button and a tangle of machinery they'll unloosen after a bit. It's been inspected and O.K.'d. They imagine they are going to destroy those war-dogs frowning out there. Unfortunately there's one false line in the chain. The real connection is here." He indicated his machinery.

"There isn't a living soul in all that great fleet, save on one ship. You see the 'Manitoba,' the double-turreted battle-ship next the landing? She commands

the beach. No one can embark without the consent of her big guns. On board the 'Manitoba' are the leading spirits of the Propaganda. You've remarked their military qualities heretofore. With them are enough picked tried men, themselves mainly ignorant of just what's up, to man the guns of the line nearest the shore. From the mob up there we can force enough recruits to serve our temporary purposes."

"But why—why have you not told me all this?" she demanded. "It is monstrous—impossible—insane!"

He leaned forward impulsively. "I could not tell even you; I haven't time now. But it's to rule the wide world—with you as queen, empress or whatever pretty title you fancy. With that invincible armada at my beck and call, from this paradise isle I can destroy the shipyards of the earth, levy tribute upon its ports. There'll be no bloodshed. I simply compel, overawe. It's a dream greater than Alexander's—beyond the imagination of Genghis Khan—too vast for the brain of Napoleon. They dreamed of world-conquest. I have conquered."

"God in Heaven!" she cried. "You would take upon yourself the powers of the Almighty!"

The thousand voices of the international chorus singing came through the rough slits. He examined his watch. "Listen," he commanded. "There's no time for explanations, for pleadings. I'm no colossal criminal, no monster. I'm fitwith your aid-fitter far than those out there for world-government. My dream, too, is of peace. It's already mainly accomplished. But I go further. With your help I dominate the world-force its beautification and uplift-dictate the policies of the nations for their own good. for the good of the seething masses out beyond that great blue rim. Don't you see see? You must see!"

His clutch upon her arm tightened until she gasped in pain. The mighty chorus died out. The President of the North American Federation began to quote from the Apocalypse. The throng turned toward the sea.

"When the President finishes—" she muttered.

"When the President finishes the world begins a new era-the age of Gates," he completed. "No time now for explanations. Afterward you will understand."

He stepped toward a nickeled lever. The movement turned his back to her for an instant. The prayer of the forest rang in her ears. "To be in time—in time—in time!" She threw her strong, lithe frame upon him. The folds of her long, purple robe she had ready to choke, to strangle. It was not necessary. The weight of the unexpected attack bore him down. His forehead struck against a coil of the dynamo. He lay quite still.

For a second, she felt that she was fainting, then she rallied and hurriedly examined the maze of wires and levers. A push-button in the wall almost grazed her shoulder. It must be the explosionrelease. She started to press the button, then drew back. Those men on the "Manitoba"-to encompass hundreds of deaths! No, she could not. She put her hand to her forehead and thought. In another minute the man on the floor would awaken. He would conquer her, she knew. Better, then, the swift, minor tragedy of the "Manitoba" than this impending enslavement of the whole world. She put forward her trim finger, wavered an instant, then pressed the button. She slapped her fingers to her ears, expecting, dreading the roar of the heavens rended. But nothing happened. The ships in the sunlit bay still floated easily. Yet something was happening aboard the "Manitoba." Ah, the airships. They were deserting the "Manitoba." The button she had pressed had been the signal of last resort, the sign that the scheme had failed. Thank God! There would be no blood upon her hands. Now if she could but find the appliance to accomplish the explosion. Ah, God of nations! A slight noise at her elbow

diverted her attention. Dyke Gates was upon his feet again.

"What is it?" he muttered, blinking dazedly through the window at the mounting aircraft. "What's happened?" Mechanically he reached forward to reverse the nickelled lever.

She arrested the extended arm. "Nono-no," she pleaded sobbingly. "Don't do that! For me-for me-for my sakethat your name may be blessed forever

by those up there!"

Gates hesitated, one hand upon his throbbing head. The ascending line of aeroplanes came steadily on. Kolb had opened the door and stood upon the threshold anathematizing all women. She scanned the walls hurriedly.

"Where—where is the explosion-release?" He had both hands to his bleeding brow.

"Behind you," he groaned.

She sprang at the indicated button. Next instant she was flat upon the floor across the sprawling forms of Gates and the Prussian lieutenant. Her head ached thumpingly. She would never, never hear again. Through the seaward window she saw that the sun had gone from the leaden sky. The world flamed. The harbor had risen. The firmament rained smoke, spars, foam, hulks, guns, solid steel. She looked up the hill at the throng before the peace memorial. They were upon their knees. Ito Ko Shan, the Buddhist, was offering his invocation just as called for by the program. They had never known.

"Thank God," she murmured, "for peace that passeth all understanding!" She turned at a slight touch upon her sleeve. A man, limp, sprawling, bleeding, yet smiling, extended his hand.

"Not my name on the fair roll-but

yours," he said.

She turned and ministered gently unto



THE

MUSICAL SEASON IN AMERICA

by Arthur Wilson



HE temper of the audience at the premiere at Philadelphia of Victor Herbert's opera in English. "Natoma," was a feature of the performance. I mean the unconscious and therefore truthful frankness with which it sensed and reflected the vitality

of what it saw and heard on the stage. The intangible yet deeply pregnant atmosphere or spirit which is created by and pervades a large audience at a crucial moment in the performance of a drama is a striking illustration of brutal and unembellished honesty. The mask of sophistication is down. Social amenities Impulse rules, and for are forgotten. that one instant the hearer reverts to the elemental state of an honest animal. He is bored, puzzled or pleased. If he feels boredom, but is constrained because of obligation, deference or friendship to show signs of pleasure, consciousness and memory will quickly conspire with habit to replace the social harness, but it is too late. His mood has been fused with that of others, here, there, yonder, and it is instantly the prevailing mood of the audience, as clear and appreciable an appeal to the senses as is the record of a voice upon a phonographic plate.

The psychology of the emotional expression of a large body of people is a curious, baffling, yet inexorably logical and withal a highly instructive thing. The effect of stimuli from the external world upon the nervous centers is a larger determining factor in the daily walk and conversation of men than the prompting of precept, duty or any other volitional allegiance. It is the subconscious impulse

which is indicative of true feeling, because it springs from the inmost sources of life; therefore it is something elemental, physical, not denoting commonness in the sense of vulgarity, but a fundamental attribute of humanity, just as the roar that bursts from thirty thousand throats at a critical moment in a baseball game, when, by a skillful play, the favored side scores the winning run, is something more than a loud noise. It is the spontaneous expression of tremendously vital feeling. By their interest in one of the teams, and in proportion to the intensity of that interest, the spectators are charged with a nervous vitality as a dynamo is charged with electricity. If the climax turns on a winning play, and that interest is glorified rather than crucified, the vitality is released, hence the roar. It is simply the demonstration of a law of nervous energy, which is in force as truly in the lyric theatre as in the sporting arena.

An athletic contest generates nervous excitement because it involves suspense, a problem and a sharply defined conflict. It has wide popular appeal because dramatic instinct is universal, and it is the very essence of drama, for drama is either forceful or feeble in proportion as it consists of a bitter struggle, leading through clear, cumulative development to a powerful climax and at least a plausible solution. It may be argued that the arena breeds excitement which is physical and primitive rather than emotion which is spiritual and exalted, such as it is the function of drama to do. The one is but the refinement and the higher development of the other. Both must trace their origin to the same source. When the drama loses the fundamental principle of the games-namely, that of stern and relentless conflict, then the dramatist should make the arena his laboratory. He is losing sight of the primal nature of man, to which he must, at least in some degree, appeal, for no matter how deep the veneer inlaid by habit and social environment, that elemental nature will endure, and from it powerful emotions will continue to spring as long as blood is blood and nerve is nerve.

If then, the world over, the spectacle of a struggle strikes deeply through the attention, into the interest, even to the emotions of normal men and women, whether it be that of a gladiator and a wild beast, a wrestler and his mate, two league champions on the diamond, or Macbeth and his fate upon the stage, let us examine the inherent qualities of the libretto which Mr. Redding wrote for Mr. Herbert's opera, and notice its effect upon the audience, not after Mr. Herbert's friends were minded to think of him and his music, but during the first seconds which followed the curtain upon particularly the first and second acts.

First, what of the story? The first act takes place on the island of Santa Cruz, two hours' sail from the mainland. second and third acts are laid in the town of Santa Barbara on the mainland. The time is fixed at 1820, under the Spanish regime. Natoma is an Indian maiden, the daughter of a chieftain and the last of her race—they always are on the stage. She is the slave and childhood's companion of Barbara, the beautiful daughter of a Spanish gentleman, Francisco. Natoma loves Barbara as do certain others. The first of these is her cousin, one Don Juan Bauptistta Alvarado, who, according to the Century Magazine (volume 41, 1890-91, page 470) was His Excellency, the Constitutional Governor of the Californias and Monterey, but according to the libretto is merely a dashing, adventurous and amorous Spaniard. Barbara rejects him once in the first act, and again for all time in the second.

One shrewdly suspects that it will be the business of the be-titled Alvarado to hatch and perpetrate plots for the discomfort and annoyance of some more favored suitor, who is soon found in the person of Paul Merrill, a handsome young lieutenant in the United States Navy whose vessel is anchored nearby. Being the accepted lover, he is necessarily the principal tenor of the opera. There is also a half-breed, Castro, who aspired, with Natoma once his, to restore the glory of their decadent race, but she scorns him. Since he is a minion of Alvarado, one again shrewdly suspects that together the two will concoct the necessary mischief to keep the play running smoothly.

These are the chief personages. the first act Natoma is seen showing Paul about the island. He rather fancies her. She, in her naive simplicity, is seized by a passion for him, a devotion as absolute as the fidelity of a dog. She tells him that Barbara is coming home from school and that he will love her. Barbara does return from the convent. She and Paul look into each other's eyes, and the orchestra begins straightway to play the love theme. Alvarado sings a serenade, makes his proposal and is rejected. He and Castro exhibit the dauntless courage of their several races, also their love of vengeance by plotting to abduct Barbara on the following day from the festivities on the mainland in celebration of her return home, and her coming of age. At this occasion the townspeople of Santa Barbara and of the surrounding countryside and the troops from Lieutenant Merrill's ship would all be present, that the daring of the conspirators in whisking the girl away bodily from the midst of such a sprinkling of friends might be the more illustrious.

Natoma, who was secreted near, within an arbor at a well, overhears this gentle scheme, and putting her vase upon her left shoulder, walks slowly, very slowly, diagonally across the stage and off at the rear. This walk up stage as it was done by Mary Garden, who created the part, was one of the memorable moments of the opera. The gliding, panther-like movements of her hips, and the gliding, panther-like movements of her feet as she drew them along, close to the earth, were sinister with a meaning which boded no good for Alvarado. Then the stage is cleared and the shades deepen for Barbara, who sings "good-night" to her father-a most amenable parent, who objects neither



THE "BIG QUARTET" THAT PRODUCED "NATOMA"

The American grand opera that had its first production on any stage in Philadelphia on February 25. From left to right: Joseph D. Redding, who wrote the libretto; Andreas Dippel, general manager of the Philadelphia-Chicago Grand Opera Company; Cleofonte Campanini, general musical director of the Philadelphia-Chicago Grand Opera Company, and Victor Herbert, composer of "Natoma"

to her remaining out to contract a cold in the starlight, any more than to her choice of a lover. But the love duet must be sung, so she begins it, alone, like Juliet, and like Romeo, Paul arrives, overhears, and the compact is sealed. When they are enarmed, a light is seen moving in Barbara's house. It presently stops, and in its pale reflection is seen the face of Natoma looking upon them as though suffering, but with stoical endurance. Thus the curtain falls.

The second act is the scene of the festival. There is pageantry and there is dancing and singing. When all have gathered and Barbara and her father have entered triumphantly upon horses; Alvarado proposes that she dance with him the minuet which her mother had taught her. She complies, and rejects him for the second time when he throws his hat upon the ground, and she refuses to pick it up and place it on her head, which would have been a sign of acceptance had she done so.

Castro now sticks his dagger in the ground with much bravado, and challenges all comers to a dagger dance, a form of amusement which Mr. Redding is said to have found existing among the inhabitants of the mountains of California. Natoma, with an ominous air, walks forward and plants her dagger beside that of Castro, and the two begin to circle about the blades with lithe, crouching and menacing movements. As Alvarado and Castro appear about to begin to snatch their prey from her father's side, Natoma seizes her dagger and plunges it into Alvarado. Castro is about to exterminate her, when Lieutenant Merrill intervenes. The populace is now supposed to prosecute vengeance upon her which the sailors from the vessel endeavor to prevent, a situation not made altogether graphic at the first performance. At that movement the doors of the mission at the rear of the stage swing open. A priest appears, raises his hands and calls: "Hold! hold! Nomine Christi!" The crowd is awed into silence, and waits motionless. Natoma slowly walks toward the mission and disappears within. Its doors close. The curtain falls.

The third act reveals Natoma within the mission. She has a song of disordered fancy in which the thought of motherhood seems to prey upon her mind, as the sleep-chasings of a fevered and deranged brain. In its apparent intent to create a fore-boding, this number is not unlike Desdemona's "willow" song in Verdi's "Otello." Then follows a long soliloquy, which dramatically is the strongest portion of the work.

In her desolation and semi-delirium she sings broken rhapsodic utterances of Paul; she harshly upbraids herself for having done wrong, for having been false to herself, to her father's teaching, her people's faith, in loving this man; she calls to the Manitou for mercy; she will arise and go to her people, and they will drive the invaders before their wrath like thunder, and again possess the land.

She is startled by the priest calling "Peace" to her. She derides his God. He holds out Divine help to her. She, embittered, will admit no need of help. The priest leads her thought to Barbara, the one tender chord of her heart, and urges her acceptance of the ministrations of the church, Barbara's church, with the argument that it will make Barbara happy. She gives her word to accept.

The mission begins to fill with people, who enter the several pews and are seated, facing the altar which is to the right of the audience. Natoma meanwhile stands immovable by the railing. Paul and Barbara enter and sit in the foremost pew. The choir of monks chants a Gregorian hymn. The priest proclaims a text from the pulpit. Doors open at the side, a chorus of nuns enters singing. Natoma descends from the altar and approaches Barbara. As she does so, Barbara kneels before her. Natoma takes from her throat her amulet which had been the fetish of her religion, and places it over Barbara's head. Natoma then slowly walks out the door at which the nuns had entered. The curtain falls and the story ends.

Stripping these events of embellishment, this is about what remains: a slave girl, who loves her mistress, loves the man who loves and is beloved by her mistress. Another man who sued for her mistress' hand has been refused, and plots to run off with her. The slave stabs him. After crying out to her Manitou in the belief that she has done wrong in loving this white man, the lover of her mistress, and that in penance she will return to her people, she is persuaded by a priest to renounce her religion and receive the ministrations of the church, because the priest tells her it will please her mistress. This is dramatic structure which Mr. Herbert undertook to clothe with music. There is the mistress and her lover in whose avowal of passion and oneness of soul the librettist requests the interest of his audience. There also is the wicked intriguer, Alvarado, whom the librettist wishes to be held in displeasure. Aside from fancying a foolhardy undertaking, he is the finest fellow in the opera. Does the course of the story compel us to give it our attention and emotional interest, unconsciously and without volition, even though we be not intimate friends of the librettist, of the composer, or even of opera in English, or does it not?

Granting that the love interest is simultaneous on both sides-indeed, Paul hears Barbara telling the stars that she loves him before he gets his breath after running up the hill to say that he loves her-where are the dramatists' obstacles set in the way to impede this match, to emphasize, to place value and distinction upon it, to enlist the interest and sympathy of the audience in it, even to arouse the audience with a desire to fight the lovers' battles for them? Dramatic motives of that stamp when infused into a play defy lethargy or indifference. Where, too, are the cross relationships imposed by the dramatist upon his principal characters, which demand an attitude and course of conduct toward one which will be unfair, unjust, even perfidy toward another? Where, besides Alvarado's fatuous plot, is there some device to provoke a sense of apprehension in the audience?

Let us look for a moment at the plot of a familiar opera. When Verdi wrote his "Aida" for Ismail Pacha, the Khedive of Egypt, he was fortunate in having for his librettist Mariette Bey, the eminent French Egyptologist, who, in his research in the history of ancient Egypt, had



MARY GARDEN AS "NATOMA" THE INDIAN GIRL

found an incident from which he evolved the scheme of the plot. Not all men who make the writing of librettos their avocation, fare as well. Here are four principal characters, Aida, Amneris, Rhadames and Amonasro. Examine for an instant the relations of each to the other imposed by the dramatist. The several relationships of Aida are: to Amneris, that of duty of slave to mistress; to Rhadames, that of fidelity to a betrothed husband; to Amonasro, that of obedience and honor to a father, and to her own people. Each of these three relationships is absolutely irreconcilable with either of the other two. As slave she is guilty of gross presumption and infidelity in loving the man who is beloved by her mistress. As the betrothed of Rhadames, she is guilty of treachery in beguiling him into betraying the location of his army's camp to a rival general, and thus bringing everlasting ignominy upon him. As the daughter of Amonasro, she is a traitor to him and to her people whose princess she is, in loving the leader of the army that has taken her father and others of her own people captive and has ravaged her country.

Amneris, as queen, must sanction the death of the traitor Rhadames, yet as woman, her love compels her to plead to the high priest for his exoneration. Amneris has held Aida in affectionate regard, yet she is humiliated to see the general of her armies pass her by and prefer the charms of her slave. Amonasro beholds his daughter in love with his captor and the despoiler of her own country and her own people.

Here is a plot in the very essence of the word, for here are strands of human passion which cross and recross with conflicting and radically opposing interests. Every moment of the dialogue between any two of these four characters is fraught with the deepest dramatic significance. Even during the imposing pageant of the triumphal return of Rhadames laden with the spoils of the war, Verdi does not halt the progress of his drama. It may be that to many "Aida" is a hackneyed opera. Its power to give pleasure will often depend upon those who sing it, and not upon the subtleties or the craftsmanship of its plot, but it has a strength of construction which would permit it to be acted as a spoken drama, because in it there are problems which defy a common solution, conflicts to be waged in which the emotional interest of an audience is unconsciously and spontaneously enlisted.

Where is there any excitement to be derived from a cross relationship in the characters in Natoma? The chief motive of the drama is inherently weak. It is a conflict between the slave's sex-love and her devotion to Barbara. The devotion of woman to woman is a noble and beautiful spectacle in life but it lacks theatrical plausibility. It is not a theme to be expounded on a stage. Furthermore, as the story of Natoma now stands, this conflict is kept entirely within the heroine's own soul. It may be raging there with all the fury of the contesting elements, but if so the audience can only vaguely guess at the fact. Natoma has disclosed the depth of her love for Barbara by the eulogistic account of her mistress which she gives to Paul, and with a commendable touch of dramatic irony tells him he will love her, which, as it presently appears, he hastens to do.

But what of the love which Natoma herself feels for Paul? Miss Garden made it clear that it existed, for when Natoma first came on with the young officer, she threw herself on the ground at his feet, and gazed up in his face in a transport of adoration as she begged for the mere joy of serving him. Natoma is not anemic, she has lived in the open. She is doubtless The biggest thing capable of passion. in her life thus far has been her love for Barbara, but it is the first law of human existence that the sex-love when it dawns is triumphant over every other, and yet from the time that Natoma sees the love of Paul and Barbara, she does not utter a word or perform an act that makes her love convincing to the audience. It may be argued that she is an Indian and therefore stoical, and yet, could there have been a wildly rebellious moment in which she had cried out with all the flaming passion of an elemental soul in bitterness against the lovers' happiness and against her own misery, she would have been more clearly defined, more plausible and more human as a character. There is within her, apparently, no trace of resentment or jealousy against Barbara. It will be argued that herein lie the beauty, the pure altruism, the true psychology of the story, but in the drama there is greater force in action, when love, hatred, blood, violence or some form of sheer compulsion is the motive, rather than altruism; and psychology should be used by the playwright more in the craftsmanship of his drama, and less in its theme and treatment.

The most pronounced and spectacular piece of business Natoma has, aside from the dagger-dance which is picturesque, but merely an interpolation, is her stabbing Alvarado, an act which springs wholly from without her sex nature. When she overheard Alvarado plotting with Castro, is it improbable that she might not have been tempted for an instant with the terrible joy of letting them carry out their scheme, for she had seen the glances between the lovers, and if Barbara were out of the way, perhaps he might be won again.

Natoma's strongest scene as a character and the strongest scene in the opera is that of the first part of the third act. Here one feels the piteous weakness, the

humanness of the woman.

The lyrics here, both of her love lamentation and of her resolve to return to her tribal life, are the best of the book. Of course for operatic purposes Natoma speaks English which is intended to be as idiomatic and correct as that of Barbara, just as for operatic purposes Minnie in "The Girl of the Golden West" will continue to speak Italian until Mr. Savage permits her next season to speak English. But in this soliloquy Natoma has lines to utter which have dignity, significance and euphony.

The other place in the drama where the librettist has sought to make Natoma express this love conflict was at the conclusion of the first act when from the house she sees the embracing lovers. The lighting at this juncture was unfortunate on the night of the premiere, for her face, illumined by the candle she held below, was as ghastly as that of the returned spirit of Pedro, which, in Raoul

Laparra's "La Habanera," comes to walk the courtyard of his brother Ramon, and torment his soul a year after the day Ramon had murdered him. As skillful an actress as Miss Garden is in facial expression, it was beyond her art or that of anyone to make the situation plausible. When the curtain fell, people were groping, mystified, as to what it was all about, even as they were at the conclusion of the last act disappointed that there had not been something which took hold of them, thrilled them with a big, tangible, emotional idea. The applause and the general spirit were desultory, evasive, except as the appearance of Miss Garden and the other singers and particularly of the composer aroused enthusiasm.

The conflict of love and friendship within Natoma's own breast, which is brought to the very beautiful but very rare conclusion that friendship wins, is therefore not sufficiently vital, either in theme or in development, to grip the mind or to incite emotion, such, for instance, as does Mr. Belasco's melodramatic, but inherently stunning game of poker in "The Girl," in which a woman so perverts her moral sense that she "stacks" the cards to win her lover's life and her own

happiness.

The element of next importance which one would expect to afford interest would be the real love affair. Mention has been made of the easy time the beatific two, and Paul in particular, appeared to have of it. The girl was his without asking. Father didn't offer a ghost of an objection, or did he even appear to look up the youngster's pedigree. Alvarado, Castro, Pico, Kagama and the rest of the mischief-hatching gang were a double brace of lazy and negligent laggards, for they never so much as challenged their rival to a duel. As a result of these and possibly other more pertinent omissions Lieutenant Merrill's chief function appears to be to sing sentimental ditties, and to wear his sword gracefully-there, it must not be forgotten that he uses it once in defence of Natoma's life, which was indeed a kindness on the part of the librettist. As for Miss Barbara don Francisco, her chief business is to be feted upon attaining her majority, to wear pretty gowns and to reciprocate the affection of Lieutenant Paul Merrill. Both might have been borrowed from some harmless musical comedy; both are about of the same calibre,



JOHN McCORMACK
As Lieutenant Paul Merrill in "Natoma"

therefore it is to be hoped that both were duly married.

It is no dramatic fault that Paul and Barbara love at first sight. Shakespeare wrote a tragedy in which Romeo was

smitten the moment he looked upon Juliet at the ball in her father's house, but he found other ways to excite interest in the lovers by hemming them about with such difficulties that the audience would be aroused to sympathy and to a desire to themselves aid the pair in attaining happiness. Unless the feelings of an audience are so played upon. how shall the members thereof be moved to swoon with joy when the lovers do finally possess each other? Emotion is entirely a matter of relative and not absolute appreciation, but that is another matter. It was by no mere accident that in the first scene of his first act Shakespeare precipitated upon the public streets a violent encounter between the Montagues and the Capulets, beginning with the scullery boys, or possibly it was the hostlers of the two rival establishments, and ending by drawing the heads of their respective houses into the embroilment. To further show the deadliness of this feud, the prince of Venice arriving in person, complains that too long it has disgraced the streets of his noble city, and that the lives of the participants shall pay the forfeit of its recurrence. As though to further challenge the right of Romeo to love Juliet, the dramatist draws him into a quarrel with the fiery Tybalt, Juliet's cousin, in which Romeo is made to kill him. Here is but the beginning of bitter adversity, conflict and problems which spur the audience to sympathy.

Richard Wagner wrote a music drama on the subject of human passion which might serve as a helpful model, both for its theatrical plausibility and appeal, as well as for the superlative eloquence of its score. Tristan does not woo Isolda under the smiles of a beneficent fate, indeed he does not woo her at all, and it is because that fate, as made theatrically visible in Brangaena's potion, overrules the barriers set in his way by man, that love triumphs. It is Isolda's first duty in the first act of the drama to tell her maid, and hence the audience, of the chasm of outraged pride which divides her from this man who now bears her to become the queen of his uncle, King of Cornwall. If love is to rule between these two, then here at the outset are serious, seemingly

unsurmountable obstacles to be overcome, nor is the problem ever entirely solved; thus the terrible suspense hanging over the guilty pair in the garden scene which leads to the tragic climax of discovery after avowals of love which had been doubly poignant in the exaltation and ecstasy of their passion because of that very suspense.

Where are the evidences of a stagecraft in "Natoma" that will set an audience to scheming out solutions for its love problems, or at least rousing itself with some apprehension as to the outcome? There are none. There is no cause for apprehension on the part of the audience, nothing to call for more concern than the most prosaic announcement of an engagement of two young creatures of society upon whom their respective fathers will settle a million, and whose first real dramatic problem will be the divorce.

While there is virtually no dramatic structure in the book, Mr. Redding should have credit for certain lines, chiefly those of Natoma, which have strength and beauty. Her narrative to Paul of her father's ancestry and of the significance of the amulet which she wore is in the trochaic verse of Longfellow's "Hiawatha." It has character and is euphonious even as her text in the soliloguy of the last act.

Now let us hear the truth according to Paul. Before the advent of the beautiful Barbara, while the simple ways of the Indian girl vet found favor with him, he addresses her thus: "Gentle maiden, tell me, have I seen thee in my dreams, I wonder?" and we are pardonable if in turn we wonder whether or not, at the island where his ship touched just before this one, he had not accosted one of a sextet of native nymphs in moccasins and buckskin skirts with: "Tell me, pretty maiden, are there any more at home like

When sheer etiquette demands that Paul deliver himself of a congratulatory and felicitatious speech on the occasion of Barbara's coming-out fete, at which time she really makes her debut into the best society of the south shore, the plight of the composer to find something in Spanish politics that a young Yankee could at that time honestly praise is no trivial

matter. Obviously the proper trick was to launch out under the colors of a national eulogy and then to shift his rudder with such tact and adroitness as to bring up in the harbor of his adored one's personal graces, where naturally he would have leagues of leeway in which to give free sail to his gallantry and imagination. The discovery of Columbus as the national hero to start with was a master stroke. After paying his respects to him, it was an easy tack around to Columbia, whom everybody would know was the fair Barbara herself, and the string upon which he could fly his kite of adulation through the whole sweep of the romantic heavens in an apotheosis of Columbus and Columbia, love, youth, springtime, nature, the setting sun, open arms, Goddess of liberty and Goddess of the free, and any other pertinent and relevant articles lying about not in use. Fortunately the score contains an argument which sheds some needed light on these not altogether luminous subtleties.

If it be unkind to put such sentiment and such literature into the mouth of the principal tenor of the opera, who usually has a hard enough time of it at best, what of these rhapsodizings emburdened to the night by the young woman he is obliged

to love?

"My confidant, O silver moon, How oft with thee I've held commune, And wondered if the tale be true, That lovers should confide in you. Ah, bid me now, when none can hear, To whisper in thy kindly ear The greatest secret ever told. A story new and never old, I love him.

and yet people have asked: "Did Mr. Herbert get away from the operetta style of writing? Has he expressed true passion?" Poor Mr. Herbert. He is an able, a wellschooled and imaginative musician, and a courageous man, but he cannot make a prattling babe converse with the moving eloquence of a queen of tragedy, and such ditties as the above are veritable prattle.

It is apparent that the book lacks evidence of the technic of the stage, that its characters are not characterized, and that much of its text is without distinction either as drama or literature. Last month it was the purpose of an article in these

columns to show how haphazard and fatuous is our present method of approach to this question of opera in English, for what is a manifestly obvious reason. Before our theatrical producers will risk the expenditure of money on a new play, they are reasonably assured that it has sufficient inherent value as an acting drama to warrant success and the financial outlay. Usually the pieces which meet these expectations come from the brain and experience of a man who knows something about the craft of the stage. But when our composers, who are lured by the deadly fascination of grand opera, undertake to increase operatic literature by one more immortal work, they sublet the making of the skeleton, the bones and tissue of their creation, not to a man who makes skeletons, but who may make houses, or unmake laws, or even make the score which is to clothe the skeleton men, in fact, who write for the stage as an avocation, a diversion or a pleasant accomplishment. Hence the libretti of our "Pipes of Desire," our "Natomas" and our "Sacrifices," which as far as logical, even plausible dramatic construction is concerned, are either deplorably vapid or deplorably ridiculous. When it becomes the custom to first secure a libretto which could, if need be, stand the test of being acted as a spoken drama, and which is the product of a man who knows by study and by practice, by what conflict, what development and what solution of what dramatic motives such a libretto is to be built, so that it will have vitality and appeal, then there will be reasonableness in a composer's hoping to achieve something enduring. Thus far the year has witnessed sumptuous productions of inherently mortal works, structures of marble reared upon foundations of pasteboard.

In spite of the book, Mr. Herbert has accomplished much in his music. The reviewers in Philadelphia and New York called attention to the fact that in the first act he seemed to be conscious of a restraint which probably indicated on the one hand his desire to keep above the level of operetta, and on the other a style of something less than his usual fluency. The attempt to write music

of true passion in the love duet with such a text is reasonably unwarranted. There is however in this act, as through the opera, a vitality and clearness of expression in the orchestra, as when the composer would mirror the situation on the stage, or would follow a quick transition of thought in the story.

As a whole the score reveals a facility in orchestral speech. It is rare that one hears a passage at some sharply outlined or salient moment through which it is possible to see the composer's intention, but revealing an inapt technic which blurs and loses the desired effect. Repeatedly there are situations and sentiments to which the music has given a significance they do not inherently possess. The orchestra does not pall on the ears with heaviness, monotony or thickness in grouping. The heavy brass and the percussion are permitted to sit in blessed silence a portion of the time. There is skillful, ingenious and often exceedingly expressive and beautiful combination of orchestral tints and colors which have been mixed from a resourceful palette and by a keen imagination.

In the second act, where Mr. Herbert is unfettered by the book, he has given his fancy free play and has written music for the pageantry and the dances which carries the stamp of its own irrepressible individuality. There is a melody with a rhythmic lilt and a harmonic color under it which spells Herbert so that he who runs would both read and feel. It is a song for Pico which helps to amuse the populace until Barbara and her father arrive, and it brought the signs of joys to those on the other side of the footlights as well. Here was rhythm and a melody to which few senses will be impregnable, for the appeal of rhythm is the most elemental in music. It antedates melody. There are other interesting pages. The dagger-dance is marvelously sinister and ominous in color, and there is spirited and well-written music for the chorus.

Natoma's music is notably characterizing. The broken and undiatonic melodic line denotes with singular directness and force the rugged strength and sincerity of the girl's nature. Here is true atmosphere and illusion.

While the scheme of leading motives in a score is not a thing about which the general public is fastidious, yet it is due Mr. Herbert to observe the workmanship and display of creative power here that in a large measure reveal his musical qualifications. Mr. Herbert does not employ these themes, or derivatives of them, simultaneously, as Wagner in his maze of psychologic polyphony, but singly, much as in the fashion of Puccini.

There are two themes identified solely with Natoma, one seemingly indicative of her love for Paul, and the other, the more prevalent of the two, emblematic of her fate. The former is the first to appear. After Paul has told Natoma that she casts a spell over all his senses, this theme is heard in the orchestra, pianissimo, in G sharp minor, in the scale of the flatted seventh. It is unqualifiedly Indian in its melodic and rhythmic contour. It recurs at these situations later in the opera: when Natoma falls at Paul's feet begging the joy of only serving him; after Barbara's return and welcome; when Natoma is left alone to muse on Paul's words; when Natoma's face is seen as a spectre at the window during the lovers' embrace; in the orchestral prelude to act two which opens with Natoma alone; later in this soliloguy after she has wished happiness to Barbara and remembers that for an hour Paul's love was hers; again in her disordered fantasy in the church, and finally in the concluding measures of the opera when she leaves the mission and enters the convent garden.

The theme of her fate is a bold phrase first heard in F sharp minor, when Paul asks her what is the secret of her charm, referring to the amulet which she wears. It begins upon a syncopated accent and descends from the keynote through tones on the fifth, fourth and minor third of the scale to the lower keynote an octave below. Its repetitions outline and visualize to the ear the psychologic development of the dramatic motive as far as Mr. Herbert has been able to impart such to the story. They are as follows: in Natoma's narrative of her father's prayer to the great spirit for food for his famished people and how it was answered; with funeral softness and gloom, in the basses, as Natoma tells of her brothers lost in battle, mourned by her aged father; with fine dramatic irony and as a flame of fire in the orchestra when Natoma has recounted Barbara's charms and tells Paul he will love her; at Barbara's arrival and first word of greeting to Natoma; when Natoma



LILLIAN GRENVILLE
In costume as Barbara in "Natoma"

introduces Paul to Barbara; when Castro tries to claim kinship of race with her; after Natoma has overheard Alvarado's plot with Castro and walks across the stage; at the end of the first act and preceding the second, and when Natoma rises and accepts Castro's challenge to the dagger-dance. Here Mr. Herbert has indicated the moral force of the act by an admirable bit of musical cunning. Heretofore Na-

obvious.

toma has been passive; her musical motive has descended. Now, although it is not for herself, she nevertheless takes the aggressive, and her phrase, not absolute, but a derivative, is now heard inverted and ascending. Here is a subtle piece of psychology that a man who could write nothing better than even a good musical show would not have thought of. The same ascending phrase is heard in the prelude to the third act preceding her scene which is the strongest part of the opera. The theme is heard again descending when she cries out her resolve to go back to her people, which ethically would have been a weaker thing than that which she did. The theme is heard again in the very closing measures.

This motive contains what is known as the "Scotch snap" which has prompted some to affirm, to Mr. Herbert's legitimate wrath, that it is not Indian at all, nor is it Scotch, as Mary Garden and Andrew Carnegie might prefer, but plain, unvarnished Irish. Of course Mr. Herbert would have had no access to it had it been Irish. Whatever its nationality, in some of the citations I have made above, this figure of the "snap" is used alone, but the significance of the thought is

The composer makes the orchestra tell what is going on when Paul and Barbara first get a good look at each other by playing a motive of marked melodic beauty whose business it is thereafter to denote the love interest between the twain. Once, a few minutes later, Barbara again rests her eyes on Paul, according to the stage directions, and again the orchestra announces that the shot has landed. The theme begins the scene of Barbara's confession to the moon of her spasms of affection, and thus reassures the impatient who may have feared Paul was going to be prevented by duty on shipboard from arriving in time. It proclaims the tidings when in unison the two vow that they love each other on a high B flat with all the voice they can muster, and later it shows that Barbara is pleased with Paul's grandiloquent metamorphosis of her into Columbia, a near relative of Columbus, all of which is asking a good deal of one group of notes.

It may not be necessary to pursue the musical symbols which accompany and graphically characterize Paul, Alvarado and Castro. There is a noticeable family resemblance between the figures employed to mirror the slippery rascals Alvarado and company, and their sleek if not altogether professional knavery.

It is at once to be seen that this use of guiding motives is not haphazard or bungling. There is subtlety displayed and usually dramatic force and clearness, although I should be interested to know just what is the meaning, hidden or otherwise, in assigning to the Girl's Voice, heard off stage early in the second act, the first two phrases, elsewhere developed as a theme of Alvarado's protestation of passionate esteem, accompanying his words: "Fair one, listen to my vow of love," which he had made to Barbara late the preceding evening. It is now early morning of the second day. Perhaps this is only to imply that here is a fair one who actually believes that it was-addressed to her alone.

There is a fastidiousness of taste in detail, but there is to be felt at times the large sweep of true emotional power in this music. The orchestral interlude between acts two and three is not the most convincing music. As a rule Mr. Herbert has found his most worthy as well as most spontaneous and delightful expression in those pages which portray and accompany Natoma.

It was both fortunate and unfortunate that Miss Garden should have undertaken the part. To the eye and by that means to the understanding her portraiture was engrossing and masterful. Her marvelous command of plastique, of pose, of bodily lines and of appropriate costuming and make-up, coupled with her sense of dramatic characterization achieved one continued picture as to the life, which will endure in the memory of all who saw her. The disappointment was in her delivery of the music. In Debussy's semi-declamation, even in the graceful outlines of Gounod's melody in the purely lyrical pages of "Faust," her illusion of voice and command of color is sufficient, but Mr. Herbert's melodic line is merciless. It simply must be sung, or the defective vocalism that would attempt it is unsparingly laid bare. Miss Garden's diction was a model of euphonious English.

Of the others Mr. Sammarco as Alvarado was entirely satisfying, as was Mr. Dufranne as Father Peralta. Of Mr. McCormack, as Paul, and Miss Grenville, as Barbara, the best that could be said is that like their lyrics and parts of their music they would have been counted acceptable in a light opera. Mr. Campanini conducted with sympathy, a fine appreciation and with an authority and command which did not degenerate into brutality. Of the English diction of the singers and some allied topics it will be possible to speak again.

For the sake of the record let it be added that the premiere occurred at the Metropolitan Opera House of Philadelphia, Saturday evening, February 25, by the Chicago-Philadelphia company, Andreas Dippel, director. The first performance of the opera in New York took place at the Metropolitan the following Tuesday evening. It was sung by the same cast.

A word of commendation is due Mr. Dippel for his courage in undertaking the production of the opera and of accomplishing it with such evidence of zealous care in all regards, particularly the sumptuously beautiful settings and other appointments of the stage. "Natoma" clearly is not the harbinger of the new "American school." Perhaps it has pointed the way to reforms which will hasten the coming of that harbinger. If so, it will not have served in vain.

as Mar

THERE IS!

By CLEMENT HOPKINS

THERE'S an eye to watch and know each hidden thing; There's a willing hand to draw each hidden sting; There's a heart to feel each human beat of ours; A mind to comprehend our darkest hours.

We never stand to face the world alone; Angels are near to touch and move each stone! Our torch may smudge, but yet the light is there. To make the pit of doubt a valley fair!

We may not hear the music when it plays, Nor see the shining sun beneath the grays; The East is darkened by our own conceit; We crush the flower that grows beneath our feet.

The wise Creator dwells not far away, Nor robed in royal garments does He stray; Truth lingers near to comfort and to bless, Within the hut of Love and humbleness.

Soul-love is great enough to lift and bear The pent-up sorrows of this world of care; The law of contact will remember me, And send a message to encircle thee!

BANCORAN

THE CORAL ISLAND IN THE SULU SEA

64

Isabel Anderson



N a trip through the Philippine Islands in August, 1910, we went out of the usual course of travelers to visit the small coral island of Bancoran in the Sulu Sea, one of the southern Philippines, uninhabited, and seldom, if ever, visited. It was our purpose to obtain, if possible, some new species of gulls or terns, as well as to enjoy the beau-

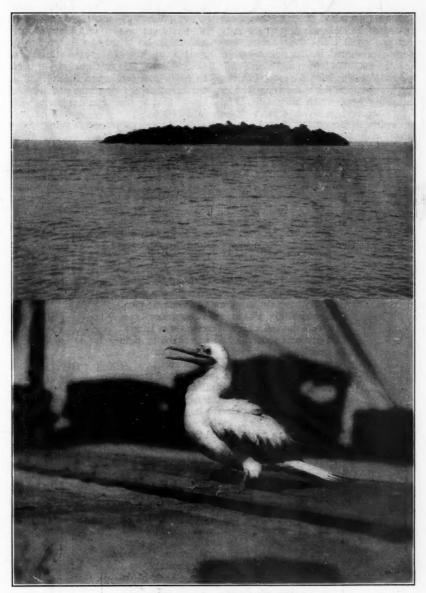
tiful sea gardens found among coral reefs.

We made the trip on the cable steamer "Rizal," which was about to visit that part of the Sulu Sea in order to inspect the telegraph cables connecting the remoter army posts. When we approached the island, several of us got into the glass-bottomed boat that had been taken along on the "Rizal."

The afternoon was ideal—the sky pale blue, fleeced with white clouds, piled high in masses like glistening snow. The intense sun, shining on the ocean, flashed back a hundred shades of blue and green, violet and amethyst. Out to our right, like an emerald among sapphires, floated the single island, which broke the continuity of the sea. On one side the rocks, which studded the water, chafed the surf into foam. To the left, a long, narrow beach of coral sand lay shimmering, pale yellow under the sun-The little island was covered light. thickly with green trees, which were dotted white with thousands of resting gulls and terns, while others, on the wing, dark-colored or snow white, circled above the beautiful little island in the clear, pure air.

It was from this fairy landscape that we turned to look into the water through the square of glass in the bottom of the boat. If Alice could have had her choice in entering Wonderland, she surely would have selected a doorway leading through a glass-bottomed boat, instead of dropping down a rabbit's hole. Over the sandy surface, only a few feet below us, stretched fields of green sea-grass, on which the fairies must have used lawn-mowers, for it was neatly clipped and well kept. Interspersed among the fields were beds of feathery, lace-like vegetation, unnamed in the language of our party. Passing one expanse after another of submarine pasturage, we saw depressions in the coral where tiny fishes played, or where queer, unknown water creatures had established a little world for themselves and were living in its narrow confines, in the midst of vastness, unconscious of those who were passing over them.

Drifting on into deeper water, we came to a mysterious gray world of curls and feathers, trembling with life, a forest of pale ghost trees and swaying brown ones, of high hills and dark valleys under the sea in the coral reef. Pretty rock gardens came into view, where grew cabbages with blue edges, and purple fans and sea anemones. A huge toadstool was seen, and a giant fungus and a cactus plantat least they looked like these to us. There were rainbow shells, half hidden, and great blue starfish clinging to the rocks; and in and out among the sponges and the brown coral branches that were like antler horns, swam curious fish-white fish the color of sand, and big green ones with needle noses, electric blue fish, and others black and yellow, silver fish and fish of many colors, and striped ones that looked like sly prisoners dodging their keepers. We caught a glimpse, too, of a huge turtle, nosing around in the



CORAL ISLAND AND ONE OF ITS BIRDS

sand—a turtle so big we were sure he must have been a hundred or more years

of age.

As we approached closer to the island, flock after flock of gulls flew wonderingly over our small craft, their breasts and wings green-tinted in the reflected light from the sea. We landed and found their nests of leaves built on the ground among the great roots of the trees, some of them containing eggs, which were white and

about the size of hens' eggs. There were several varieties of gulls and terns, some brown with green-blue eyes, and others snowy-white. A few specimens were shot, and one or two were captured alive and taken on board the "Rizal" to be carried to Manila for the Bureau of Ornithology. One of these proved never to have been catalogued before, and as the scientists had long been searching for it, our visit to Bancoran was not in vain.

THE PIONEERS OF THE OREGON TRAIL

By EDWARD WILBUR MASON

THIS was the roadway of the commonwealth That bridged the continent. This way they came; The swart, bronzed pioneers from Engelish mead Or Scottish correi or from Erin's glen. How brave they were who followed empire's course And hitched their covered wagons to no star Save Hesperus! They wrestled with the wood On rocky slopes where grew the towering pine, And entered like a swift, resistless wedge The wide domain where wilderness was king. This new and spacious land was theirs by right-As fresh as from the mills of glaciers cold With water courses crying for the keel, And fragrant meadows yearning for the strength Of the plow horse it stretched afar. The rock, Green-comforted with moss, they touched, and swift There came the spent cloud's largess of the snows Their very feet struck fire from out the clods And wealth was theirs beyond the heart's desire. But glory more than all the unearned gold They gave their lives of worth unto the soil, And the rich mould repaid them every throb. Their bone and sinew and their zest of fire Reclaimed the waste place and the desert sand And made them blossom as the Sharon rose. The mountain ranges and the canyons wild Were nurtured in the bloodshed of their souls. They flourished and they multiplied, and grew In stature with the peaks that pricked the stars. Their towns and cities and their capitals Salute each other on the heights. Their herds Go down upon the plain, or mantle dark The hills that thundered to the buffalo. They need no other monument than these Their works that make the wonder of the West!



publishers aim to give each issue its proper "feature" article, so the several phonograph companies offer on their lists, month by month, some new attraction. It may be a "find" in the vaude-ville world; it may be an exclusive contract with a well-known Grand Opera artist, or perhaps some new acheivement in the technicalities of record-making. For instance, the Columbia list for March announces exclusive rights for recording the work of Miss Mary Desmond, the famous

VEN as periodical

feature "Song of a Nightingale," perhaps the first exact reproduction of a nightingale's voice ever recorded. And the Edison Company has made the first of its double-faced records.

English contralto. The Victor people

Pardonable pride is exhibited in the Columbia Company's announcement of Miss Desmond's records. She has lately been at the Manhattan Opera House, New York City, where her work aroused much favorable comment among musical critics. English and Irish opera-goers were quite in love with her rich contralto voice, and on the Columbia list for March, her solos "Nadeschda" and "Beloved, It Is Morn," double disc record No. A5256; and selections from "Samson and Delilah" and "Mignon" ensure for her an appreciative following among Columbia owners.

The Hitchcock selections on doubledisc record No. A5257, are especially good this month. "In Days of Old" has been heard by many who saw "The Yankee Consul." "Recollections" gives Mr. Hitchcock in a song of somewhat different character than is usually expected from him. Aside from its value as a very pretty little

ballad, "Recollections" proves that Raymond Hitchcock can use his versatile baritone voice to other purposes than of

making the public smile.

Few sacred songs have been more finely interpreted than "Lord God of Abraham" from Mendelssohn's "Elijah" and "Oh, God Have Mercy" from his "St. Paul," sung by David Bispham on the March Columbia list. Mr. Bispham is admittedly the greatest artist in the field of oratorio, and he has, as the saying goes, "done himself proud," in these two magnificent numbers.

A very fine instrumental record is No. A5253, with the overture of "The Flying Dutchman," rendered by Prince's Military Band, and "A March of Homage," another of the favorite Wagner compositions.

A good negro dialect record is No. A5251, with Golden & Hughes in a skit, "Darkies' Schooldays." On the opposite face are Negro Minstrels, including themes of "Carrie fron Caroline," "Happy Days in Dixie" and "Balmoral."

Some very good dance music is offered by Prince's Orchestra in the "To Thee" waltz and "Emperor Frederick" march and two-step. Schools whose music is furnished by the Columbia will find the "Emperor Frederick" an admirable march in lively time.

Few Irish melodies are as tuneful as "Where the River Shannon Flows," which, after several seasons' use, was put aside for negro, Indian and again negro "popular" music, only to be revived of late to a

more staying popularity. On the Edison list for March, Mr. Will Oakland sings

the ballad delightfully.

An Indian novelette rendered by the American Standard Orchestra is "My Rampano." Shouts of Indian braves, war-cries and other features used to embellish Indian music make a very finished record. For "coon" songs, "Down on the Mississippi" and "I Feel Religion Coming On" are given.

Who could sing "Gee, But It's Great to Meet a Friend from Your Home Town," to better advantage than Mr. Billy Murray? Versatile artist though he be, Mr. Murray's forte is the interpretation of American enthusiasm. He well voices this national spirit, and cannot fail to please on Standard Record No. 631.

The work of Miss Elizabeth Spencer, a lately initiated Edison artist, has created much favorable comment. This month she sings "Those Songs My Mother Used to Sing" and "Just A-wearyin' for You." "Teach Me to Pray" is sung as a duet

by Anthony & Harrison.

An innovation for the Edison public is No. 621, with two selections on a single record. Doubtless Edison owners will welcome the double-face arrangement, and will lose no time in voicing their ap-

proval of records of this kind.

Never have I seen an Edison list which did not abound in the best of instrumental numbers. Some notable selections may be taken from the March offerings. "Napoleon's Last Charge," rendered by the New York Military Band, is a singularly stirring march galop. An excellent flute and clarinet duet is "Lo! Hear the Gentle Lark," by Stanzione & Finkelstein and the Edison Concert Band. Sousa's Band render the "Jolly Fellows Waltz" and "Hobomoko," an Indian composition, in their usual excellent manner.

There is a sizable Grand Opera list, also three new selections by Harry Lauder. The first of these, "Queen Among the Heather," is sentimental; the others, "Breakfast in Bed" and "The Picnic," are comic, and

given in typical Lauder fashion.

Something new is offered on the February Victor list-an actual reproduction of a nightingale's voice. The bird belongs to one Herr Reich, of Bremen, and it need not be explained that much time and labor was necessary to produce this really remarkable piece of recording. Germans have received it with open arms, so to speak, and in musical circles have extensively announced its coming. All Victor owners in America should hear record No. 64161. The production of "Song of a Nightingale" is an event of no small significance in the record world.

"That Girl Quartet" is capable of producing some very fine work. The new Madame Sherry hit, "Put Your Arms Around Me, Honey," is played by them in excellent shape. The insistent demand for this selection has warranted a vocal rendition as well, and on double-face record No. 16708, Collins & Harlan lend their usual lightheartedness and amusing manner to the interpretation of the senti-

mental refrain.

Yale men will welcome double-disc record No. 16713, with "Eli Yale," and "Dear Old Yale," by Haydn Quartet; also the very popular "Men of Yale March." One can never resist a good ballad, and Andrew Mack's "Story of the Rose," represents one of these which will never die. John Barnes Wells, the wellknown tenor, is singing the number. A novelty polka is the "Piccolinette"-a piccolo duet rendered by Senors Armenta & Rodriguez, supported by the Banda Policia of Mexico.

This month the Victor Light Opera Company revive gems from "The Serenade," and from "Babes in Toyland." These two records increase the Light Opera Company's list to twenty-eight, and those who have the complete portfolio possess representative numbers of those pleasing operas which have been most popular in theatrical America since the inception of "Opera Bouffe."

Caruso is singing the "Siciliana" from "Cavalleria Rusticana," a serenade in which the great tenor is at his best. A new Grand Opera artist introduced on the March Victor list is Miss Rita Fornia, the Pacific Coast soprano. Her voice is refreshingly youthful, and her work in the "Flower Song" from "Faust," and in the "Page Song" from "Romeo et Juliette," is laudable.

THE SCIENCE OF EXERCISE

by J. Edmund Thompson, A.B.

HERE is no subject about which people think they know more but really know less, than "Exercise." But the harm done by wrong exercise is so great and the good that comes from right exercise so fundamental

and far-reaching that there are few subjects which it is so vitally important for

everyone to understand.

Exercise is a science and a little known one. Most men are as ignorant of its effects as they are about the effect of drugs, yet they plunge into it with blind assurance and often with disastrous results. Neglect of its principles means ill health; adherence to them brings bodily and mental vigor, a happier and more useful life.

For years I have studied exercise as a science. Convinced that I had discovered the fundamental principles of right exercising I have put these principles into effect in thousands of cases. The result of my study and experience the editor of the NATIONAL MAGAZINE has asked me to tell its readers. It may be well to preface what I have to say by mentioning how I came to make exercise a serious profession. In a nut-shell, it was self-preservation.

When I left college ten years ago I was a wreck. The doctors condemned my heart and lungs and I was unable to buy any life insurance. As physicians offered me no hope I turned to exercise as an experiment, going as a clerk with the most famous physical culture institute of the time. "Strong men" were turned out there by the score—men who could lift half a ton. But I found that every effort was directed to creating great muscular strength and none whatever to building up a useful, trustworthy and durable bodily machine. Surface muscles alone were developed—not the vital organs.

It was health that I was after-lifeand any of the systems then in vogue would have come nearer meaning death to me in my weakened condition. I sought everywhere in book and gymnasium but found no method intelligently directed to benefit an unsteady heart, weak lungs, shaky nerves, sluggish bowels. No attention was paid to the supremely important matter of keeping a sane balance between external muscles and vital organs. I had to work out my own salvation and in doing so I evolved a method of exercise that was new in principle and practice and suited to benefit not only the few would-be Samsons, but every human being who was physically below par.

It has given me not only unusual muscular strength, but what is infinitely more important, superb health; vital organs so vigorous that insurance examiners now tell me that I am a "perfect risk."

The word "exercise" covers a multitude of sins. It is a very loose term used for any form of physical exertion, be it sweeping out a factory, walking home from the office or lifting dumb-bells. To say "Exercise is beneficial" is a very inaccurate remark and a very dangerous belief. It is necessary to distinguish between right and wrong exercise. As often as not big muscles in arms, chest or legs are a calamity, for they actually shorten life unless the vital organs are proportionately developed to take care of them. Constantly I find men who are wearing out their hearts and arteries with some form of violent work they call "exercise." If continued they would die of arteriosclerosis. I tell these men that a pretty good general rule to go by is to take no form of exercise after they are grown up that they cannot keep on with until they are old men.

In order to gain a proper idea of exercise it is necessary to view briefly the simple fundamental laws of physiology. The body is made up of little cells which are constantly changing. Every movement, voluntary or involuntary, breaks down some of these tiny cells. This continual loss Nature continually makes good. When a muscle contracts it squeezes the tissue and forces out blood laden with broken down cells, and when it relaxes fresh blood returns to build up new cells. This is the physiological action of exercise, and unless exercise is directed with this end in view it is useless or injurious.

Movements which keep the muscles at tension stop the blood flow while they last and hence retard instead of stimulate tissue repair. And excessive physical effort destroys an excess of tissue cells which clog the system and cause fatigue

and ill health.

Now unless a muscle does fully contract it cannot force out the refuse matter for the blood to carry away, nor will the full amount of fresh blood come to that part to repair the destroyed tissue cells. Full but brief contraction is the secret. It was the recognition of this fact that caused me to put into practice a form of exercise that does more good in two minutes than will an hour of random exercising. In fact, the Thompson Course may be considered an emergency ration of exercise which, because scientifically directed, is made to take the place of that ceaseless physical activity which alone kept you in such good health and bounding spirits when a child. This is made possible because the exercises which I prescribe send the blood, richly laden with oxygen by full breathing, to those tracts of the body which need repair. This is done with scientific efficiency by wholly natural means, through adherence to the following principles:

(1) You have two sets of muscles: the outer ones, which you can feel, and the inner ones, which are your lungs, heart, stomach and other internal organs. The outer ones are conveniences for performing actions. The inner ones are your lifethe "fate" which makes you happy or depressed, powerful or weak, useful or the contrary. These inner muscles require training, just like any other muscles, by

intelligently directed exercise.

(2) Exercise to be wholly beneficial must consist of full and brief muscle contractions.

(3) Every action has three phases: (a) the idea in the brain; (b) the impulse carried by the nerves; (c) the muscular contraction. Exercise that is not based on co-ordinating these three phases is insufficient because mental and physical effectiveness depend largely on the close-

ness of this co-ordination.

I have stated briefly the principles underlying my work; now as to my method. Exercise must be prescribed to suit the needs of each individual case. Furthermore, the movements should be changed every little while to suit one's exact progress. My work is in the highest degree individual. Each series of exercise is just as much a personal prescription as any medicine given by a doctor. I am able to do this satisfactorily by mail, by studying the answers to questions on a diagnosis blank. In this way my field is practically unlimited and I have been able to help thousands of people in this country and over-seas, without leaving my office here in Worcester, Massachusetts. All of the movements given are natural and gentle. They are not on a continued tension and instead of being tiresome are positively restful. require no complicated apparatus and take but a few minutes daily.

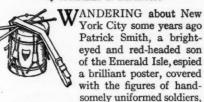
It remains only to speak of the results brought about by these exercises. Many of the cures accomplished it would be idle to print, for they would not be believed. In numerous instances conditions have been overcome that medicine had failed to reach. The particular cause of ill health is often obscured, though we know it exists. The only reliable method is a general overhauling, putting every organ in normal condition. This is just what my Course does. I work from the inside out, removing the underlying cause of the trouble. If a hundred of my clients were asked what I had done for them, probably fifty different answers would be received. One would tell of strengthened lungs, another of stubborn constipation overcome, another of reduced weight, of greater energy, or a victory over nervousness and insomnia.

I have stated my thesis in a little booklet, "Human Energy," which I shall be glad to mail without cost to NATIONAL readers.



HOW RECRUIT SMITH WORKED HIS DISCHARGE

By CHARLES S. GERLACH



and below these an invitation to ambitious, able-bodied young men to join Uncle Sam's Army. Being of an adventurous turn of mind, he concluded to investigate; so wending his way to the recruiting office he interviewed the sergeant on duty there. The latter painted to him in glowing colors the attractions of a soldier's life in the far west, chasing Indians, hunting buffalo and other big game of the prairies. This aroused Smith's fighting ardor, and before he left the office he had signed and made oath to an agreement to serve the United States faithfully against all enemies or opposers whomsoever for the period of five years. Next day he was sent over to Governors Island, where the depot for dismounted recruits was then located. Believing himself to be on the threshold of a new and bright career, he entered upon his duties with great zeal and soon learned the rudiments of drill, and became proficient in performance of the tasks required of him.

Nevertheless, he found it difficult to adapt himself to other service conditions. A fixed ration of slim hash, dry bread and black coffee for breakfast, soup, bread and a small ration of meat for dinner, with dry bread and coffee for supper, hardly proved sufficient to satisfy his keen appetite. Then, too, Sergeant Murphey, his immediate superior, exercised his authority in a most arrogant manner, regardless of the feelings of his subordinates.

All this led Smith to surmise that he had made a mistake by enlisting. However, there was his oath, and he was too good a Christian to violate it, although the failure of some of his comrades to answer "HERE" at reveille roll calls indicated plainly that there was a practicable underground route, whereby New York City could be reached, and that they had deserted the service without difficulty.

However, where there is a will there is a way, and Smith was determined not to suffer any longer than necessary. He put on his study cap and bided his time.

At last on a fine afternoon in July he was on guard, energetically walking his post on the bridge across the moat at the south sally-port of Fort Columbus. The officer of the day approached. It was Smith's duty to salute. Tactics prescribed that this be done by presenting arms standing still, facing the person to be honored. There was also a fixed rule that upon halting, the musket must invariably be brought back to the shoulder.

In this Smith saw his opportunity.

He first halted properly, when he perceived the officer of the day in the distance, and when he approached within saluting distance Smith "presented arms," but instead of standing still, proceeded to march along his post.

Rather brusque in manner, and military withal, the officer of the day commanded-"halt." Smith obeyed promptly, bring-

ing his piece to a carry.

When the officer of the day followed this up with "Present arms," Smith re-

sumed his walk.

Again the officer halted him, and proceeded to instruct him how to salute properly. Smith stared vacantly at the officer until the latter again commanded, "Present arms."

Jumping back suddenly, Smith now charged bayonet and shouted at the officer of the day: "Look here, you, the corporal of the guard told me not to allow anybody to fool with me; you better git."

Dumfounded at this audacity the officer of the day retreated and disappeared.

Soon after the corporal of the guard came up, took Smith off post, and ordered him to go to his quarters. He was not slow in noticing that the non-commissioned officer in barracks observed him closely; he was evidently excused from all duty.

Keeping quiet, he awaited events.

A few days later, he was brought before an examining board, and a short time after received an honorable discharge, on account of disability not incurred in the line of duty, with pay to date.

Inwardly rejoicing over this happy close of his military career, he returned

to civil life.

AN INTERESTING ESCAPE

By MARY GETTELL COBB

TEPHEN CARMICK of Ossining, New York, a veteran of the Civil War, sometimes tells of his surprising escape from a freight car, as with

hundreds of comrades he was being conveyed to Andersonville, Georgia.

He served in the capacity of Corporal in the Second Regiment, New York Heavy Artillery, attached to the Army of the Potomac, commanded at the time by General Ulysses S. Grant. During the engagement at Petersburg, Virginia, June 22 and 23, 1864, Mr. Carmick was taken a prisoner by Mahon's Division of the Rebel Army.

After many depressing experiences, beginning with an enforced fast of three days, owing to the dearth of food supplies, temporary imprisonment in Libby Prison, Richmond, Virginia, at Bell Island in the James River, Virginia, and other Confederate prisons, he finally found himself en route for that horrible jail in Andersonville. It was late in July. The weary summer day was drawing to a close. A fine rain began to moisten the torrid Southland, as a long freight train composed of dilapidated cars, crowded with Union prisoners, creaked onto the siding fourteen miles from Columbia, South Carolina, to wait the passing of a scheduled train that was shortly expected. The dismal swamps and croaking frogs accentuated the dreariness, for of the five hundred brave souls packed so uncomfortably in the dozen worn-out cars, many would not pass this way again; some would soon be sleeping, far from home, in the Land of Dixie.

The train waited on an embankment that sloped toward the marshes. On either side a low picket fence, a barrier for wandering cattle, stretched along the waste land. Seven guards were doing duty on the roof of each car, while within, four others zealously watched the sliding side doors that formed the two exits; these remained

closed, owing to the rain.

The car confining Mr. Carmick was the last of the train, and through an aperture in the rear, formed by several missing boards, there filtered occasionally a prisoner, glad to stand and breathe the air on the narrow platform, or scale the simple ladder to the roof. While standing on the end of the car, a wandering thought suggested to Mr. Carmick that he could drop on the track behind the train, which, as it moved along, would leave him there; a moment's consideration warned him that the train might back on to the main track and crush him to death. With a sudden insweep of courage, protected by the friendly dusk, he dropped from the car, crawled quietly to

the fence and, slipping over, lay perfectly inert on the other side.

There he waited, near to death, in an agitated frame of mind, the going of the train, for of the many outside guards, should one notice the dark object outlined against the strip of yellow sand, the report of a gun would instantly signal a tragedy. Several minutes dragged away, when two negro trainsmen, waving their lanterns, passed along the track; one vagrant flash made its way between the pickets of the fence and found the face of the man hiding there; but its instant gleam worked no harm, for only God saw and all proved Another minute, and the train backing from the switch onto the main track, passed on, leaving one, hungry, ragged, barefooted man behind, no longer a prisoner.

After a night in the woods, he cautiously ventured forth next morning; possessing only two Confederate dollars, equalling each ten cents of the currency of the North, he began his homeward journey through the enemy's country, hoping in time to reach some station where help was given to Union soldiers. Subsisting on green corn and apples gathered along the way, supplemented by an occasional meal of bacon and pones begged of poor whites who regarded him suspiciously, he reached the environs of Columbia, where he dropped in an exhausted condition before the cabin of a friendly negro who housed him for a

As his condition grew alarming, the negro reported the case to a benevolent white lady, whose sympathies were strong for the North. She begged for his admission to the hospital in Columbia; observing his ebbing strength, the authorities consented, thinking that for this patient the sun would rise but a few times more. He improved in health, and when convalescing, was made a prisoner of war and sent one hundred miles to the stockade at Florence. South Carolina, where after a month's detention, he was taken with several hundred Union captives to Charleston, South Carolina. Here a Union transport waited to effect an exchange of prisoners.

The North and South met on the heaving waters of the Atlantic, near the ruins of Fort Sumter, each boat flying its white

flag of truce while Union and Confederate sentries stood rigidly to their duty on the Northern vessel, as each country received again some of its own brave ones. The Union transport made its way northward to the Camp at Annapolis, where Mr. Carmick was dismissed with two months' pay and a thirty days' furlough. Late in December, and as he touched at Baltimore on his journey home, the first news that he heard was from the lusty throats of the "newsies" as they shouted "extra! Sherman's Christmas present to Uncle Sam is the City of Savannah."

THE UNFIRED SHOT

By JULIA DESMOND



THOROUGHBRED Kentucky filly, Glad, was straight from the Blue-Grass region, where father had found her, as she daintily selected the choicest

grass for her feeding.

There was not an ounce of superfluous flesh on her sensitive, quivering body. Every sinewy muscle was compact and firm. Her slender limbs and dainty hoofs spurned the earth, and she carried herself regally. She was dark brown in color, and her silky mane shaded to a deeper hue. Her eyes, too, were brown and intensely human in their expression.

He had brought her to our Northern home when I was a little girl, and had given her to me for my very own. We fell in love at first sight and spent many happy hours galloping over the gently sloping hills, or following the winding wagon-roads through leafy woodlands. The years flew by, and we grew up together, perfect comrades, loving and understanding one another.

One afternoon in early autumn father asked me to ride to a small town, ten miles distant, to get a sum of money due him there. The air was crisp and cool as Glad and I set out for our long canter over the hills

hills.

About the middle of the way, for almost a mile in length dense woods overhung the road on either side. The first frost had changed the leaves to pictures of oriental coloring, and the ride through the woods was a source of delight and

inspiration to me.

There was delay attendant upon the payment of the money, so that it was late when I started home. My love of outdoor life and my constant association with father had made me more fearless than girls usually are. I had no apprehension of danger. We entered the wood at a leisurely pace; the night-wind fanned my cheeks and sent a glow of life and spirits through my veins; the silvery radiance of the moon reflected on the leaves. Suddenly, without a moment's notice, a dark form shot out of the woods, and Glad's bits were seized by a strong hand.

"Hand over that money, quick," said a thick voice from behind a mask, and something in the robber's hand gleamed

in the moonlight.

The thought in my mind seemed to flash along the tightened reins; for, almost before the robber had uttered the last word, Glad shook free her bridle from his grasp and I could see her white teeth close over the hand that held the weapon. With a groan, the man loosed his hold upon it, and it fell to the earth; then with one long, flying leap Glad sprang forward, and away we flew, her light hoofs scarcely touching the ground, nor did she slacken her pace until we came to our own door.

She has earned her meed of oats and hay for the rest of her life. Indeed, I think she will never grow old, for her spirit is undaunted still, and so long as she lives no Bell of Atri need ring its accusing tones to remind us of our duty

toward Glad.

MILITARY LIFE IN EARLY DAYS

By CHARLES S. GERLACH

(A true story from the diary of an Army officer)



HE time when the event I am about to narrate took place, Fort Randall, Dakota Territory, was garrisoned by the Fourth United States Artil-

lery. The large gains made in supplying the soldiers and Indians, at the nearby Yankton Sioux Indian Agency, with whiskey, induced unprincipled, bold men to engage in it. One of the boldest spirits among them was one Jean Baptiste, a French half-breed who was camped in fancied security with an assistant, an old Indian, about ten miles south of the fort. He was discovered by two officers while out hunting.

Mistaking them for enlisted men he became familiar, they encouraged him, and finally were entrusted with a message to his chief agent in the post, arranging for a meeting and delivery of some of the goods

the following night.

One of the officers returned to the garrison, the other staid out, guarding against the possibility of further communication with the post. It was shortly after taps when I was ordered to report to the Commanding Officer's quarters. Here I found Lieutenant B-- and six other men. We were handed pistols, and then quietly stole out of the garrison, going south. About eleven o'clock we halted, the Lieutenant and myself on the trail, the remainder close by. Soon the moon came up, and about fifteen minutes after, we heard footsteps approaching. turned out to be the officer who had remained out. He reported all working well in front, and Baptiste approaching unconscious of danger.

We were not long kept in suspense, the wagon came up. Baptiste recognized his visitors of the morning, and was about to lift a keg out of the wagon, when he noticed the absence of his confederate. He had mistaken me for him, as we were about the same size and build. Instantly smelling treason he broke to the right and was off on a dead run into the wrought

country alongside the trail.

A whistle from Lieutenant B—— and our whole party was in pursuit. Some shots were fired, but went wild in the excitement. Baptiste, armed too, returned our compliments, running. I was closest to him and counted his shots. He had sent back, without damage, six bullets, when his artillery became suddenly silent, just as he approached the side of a rough, steep gully, which was filled with bushes and weeds. Luck, however, forsook him. He slipped, fell, and knowing that he had not another, I made a bold dash and was upon him, my pistol at a ready thrust into his face: "D——n you, I wish I had

another shot!" were the words which greeted me. "More and I'll blow your cursed head off!" was my reply. It was effective.

A call:—"This way Lieutenant!" brought help, and Baptiste was marched back to the wagon, bound with a rawhide lariat he had brought himself, and carried into the post.

A party immediately sent back to his camp succeeded in finding his stock in trade, also an old valise, his treasure box, containing some of his ill-gotten gains in hard gold.

Ten years in penitentiary was Baptiste's sentence, when tried the next fall in a United States Court at St. Josephs.

MY EXPERIENCE WITH DOGS

By M. S. H.



LWAYS have I wondered at the peculiar incidents that have taken place in my life in which dogs have shown an unusual

fondness for me, especially since I have merely a liking for them, the same as a woman has for any animal, yet no deepseated affection for this species of an animal any more than another. I do not like to touch a dog, and have never had one as a pet.

Some years ago I was returning from a friend's where I had remained the night. I wished to walk home, because it was a beautiful summer morning. While strolling along the road, an immense dog of powerful build came up to me. I looked at him casually, and he trotted on by my side; I thought he must be following me home, and tried in vain to drive him back. In the turn of the road, I met two ferocious looking tramps, traveling my way. My canine friend walked even closer to me, and as I passed the ruffians, the hair raised on his neck and he showed his fangs. I quickened my footsteps and the dog followed me until I was within sight of home, when I asked a butcher to take him back. He followed very willingly. What instinct prompted that dog to protect me?

One cold winter night, at another time, I was hurrying home when a large white dog came and prostrated himself before me. I spoke to him and he leaped up and tried to touch my shoulder. I admit I was afraid of him. He followed me home, falling every little while before me. I offered him food, thinking he was hungry. He did not eat it, but continued his queer form of dog worship. He was in our front door the next morning.

In the office where I am an editor, there used to come a tiny mite of a dog, not much larger than my double fists, who tore madly up the stairs to get into the editorial sanctum, and when he reached me, was wild with delight. I never touched him, merely laughed at his antics.

A white dog followed me on the street car, and the conductor said I could not take my dog. I said the dog was not mine. I rode three miles, and found the dog awaiting me when I left the car.

I would feel ashamed to think I was a dog hypnotist, but I must look like a kind friend, for all dogs are fond of me, and a word or look from me makes the ugliest cur on the street follow me to my destination. I might feel flattered, were I a dog lover, which I certainly am not. But the experiences make me wonder why these events have taken place.

SHIPS THAT PASS IN THE NIGHT By MARIE PHELAN



AST Summer my sister and I spent a delightful weekend taking a round trip on one of those little side-wheelers plying the Chesapeake Bay and poking their saucy little noses into wharves along

the Eastern Shore of Maryland and the Virginia coast. The steamer was primitive according to "floating palace" standards, but it was a glorious trip. We left the city at five—I mean two-bells, a perfect time, for then one sees the sunset and the soft loveliness of twilight closing in on the shoreline, and we looked around us with a sigh of gratitude when we realized that we were having a boat ride without a lunchbasket jammed against our backs or a pathetic ballad wailed in our ears.

Why do people sing on the water? They never do on an excursion train.

The other passengers turned in early, but we were enjoying the night too much to go into the bandbox stateroom. By and by the captain came out to smoke, oblivious of us back in the corner, and later the good-looking purser came with a lantern.

"Going to be out here long?" he asked, and I wish I could convey some idea of his delightful Virginian accent. The captain nodded. "My girl is going to Boston on the 'Kershaw' tonight," continued the soft voice, "and I told her when the ships passed I'd wave a lantern to her. She'll be out on deck. When the 'Kershaw' passes wave this lantern. Thanks. Good-night."

"Men are deceivers ever," sighed my

sister.

Several weeks later we heard the sequel. The dashing stenographer at our office was telling about her vacation trip.

"And I have the best joke on John," (her fiance), she said. "You know his boat went out at five o'clock, an hour before ours, but of course ours was very much faster than that little tug and we were due to pass in the Bay. I promised John I would be out on deck when the boats passed and he was to wave a lantern to me, but instead of sailing at six the 'Kershaw' loaded iron rails all nightthink of it! Of course I couldn't sleep a wink, but I nearly died laughing lying there to think of John hanging over the railing of his boat with a lantern looking for the 'Kershaw.' The joke was on him all right."

But whom was the joke on — the purser peacefully sleeping in his berth or the laughing girl?

A PECULIAR EXPERIENCE

By M. B.



FEW days after my mother left Seattle for Alaska one winter, I was lying in a perfectly relaxed state quietly resting.

Suddenly as plainly as if I gazed at the living, dashing waters, I saw a rugged

rockbound coast and driven by a stormridden sea, a ship was gradually being dashed toward that rocky shore. Vividly white the boat shone out from the dark, stormy atmosphere and plainer still was the name of the ship in letters of brass.

For days I was filled with horror but a letter finally came telling of mother's safe arrival after a terrible trip, the roughest ever known at that time of year. I went to the dock and there beheld the S. S.———, the very one I had beheld at the time of my vision, if it may be called that, a boat I had never seen before.

HIS FIRST COMMAND By C. E. WATERMAN



F ANYONE should happen to pass through the hilltop village of Paris in the state of Maine, he might see surmounting a doorway of one of the dwellings a wooden figure, resembling a lion.

This was the figure-head of the old manof-war Trenton, and the residence is that of Rear Admiral Henry W. Lyon. It suggests a story, for the Trenton was the admiral's first command, and a very singular command it was, too. It was away back in 1889, when the admiral was simply a lieutenant, that he had the command of this vessel, after the great hurricane which wrecked three American menof-war, three German men-of-war and one English man-of-war in the harbor of Apia in the Samoan Islands. Trenton was the flagship of the American squadron and Lieutenant Lyon was her executive officer. She was bounced around the harbor very violently during the hurricane and finally sank in shoal water near the beach. When the sea settled to its normal condition, she lay with her upper deck out of water. Every ship, even though wrecked, must have a commander as long as she remains on the naval register. and Lieutenant Lyon was given this vessel as his first command—rather a humorous situation, as he could only walk her upper

His second command was also a singular one, although it was anything but humorous. The hurricane came up very suddenly, and none but the English warships had steam up, so the Americans and Germans were caught like rats in a trap, while the English were able to get out to sea and therefore save the larger part of their fleet. This fact was rather humiliating to the American and German admirals, and they tried to save some of their stranded vessels. Admiral Kimberley, of the American fleet, picked upon the Nipsic as the least injured of the lot, raised her and sent her to Honolulu, the nearest naval station, fifteen hundred miles away, also under the command of Lieutenant Lyon. She was a floating coffin, with neither mast, keel or rudder. She could only steam five knots an hour and she could not carry coal enough to take her to Honolulu; therefore she was obliged to put in to Fanning Island, about midway of the distance, to await the return of her consort, which had been sent to Hawaii to secure a collier.

Fanning Island is an atoll about eleven miles long by eight wide, a ring of land surrounding a lagoon about a mile wide. The entire island is owned by a Scotchman, who, with his wife, lives on it in regal style. They have about twenty-five coolies with their families, and are engaged in raising cocoanuts.

The Nipsic stayed at this island about eight weeks, when she was re-coaled and set out on the balance of her voyage to Honolulu, where she arrived without serious mishap.

HOLMAN DAY'S INFORMANT

By ALICE MAY DOUGLAS



OLMAN DAY, whose "Squire Phin" is making so favorable an impression upon the reading public, often visited Shiloh —the religious school in Durham, Maine, founded by Rev.

Frank Sanford, to report its doings for the Lewiston Journal.

Although Elijah, as Sanford proclaims himself, does not welcome newspaper reporters to his domains, he has always had a warm place in his heart for Mr. Day and long ago styled him John, the Beloved Disciple. One time after Mr.

Day had visited Shiloh, he went into a barber shop in Lisbon Falls, a village near by, and Mr. Sanford chanced to be in the chair. The barber, not knowing who it was that he was shaving, for this latter day prophet is seldom seen in his own vicinity, fell into a conversation with Mr. Day, which led to a discussion of the strange community across the river, during which the barber said, "Frank Sanford may be a religious crank, but he is nobody's d—fool," and "Elijah" and Day enjoyed the joke in silence.

WHEN ALL SIGNS FAILED

By E. D. Y. TILDEN



E AND I were returning from an exciting motorcycle ride through a country road, in a mountainous district. Only those who have "been through the mill" can ap-

preciate such an experience. We tossed over ruts like a row-boat on a billowy sea. We plowed through the deepest sand; more than once we "had to get off and walk"; we ran out of oil; and to cap the climax, we had a grand and glorious tumble down a ravine coated with stickers. When we had gathered ourselves together, counted our arms and legs, to see that none were missing, and extracted the most prominent stickers, we began to remember that we had started out on a wheel.

We immediately began to search for our "fiery steed." There it lay half way down the slide, scarcely visible for the bramble bushes. There was no way out of it—we must follow the example of "the man in our town"—jump into the "bramble bush and scratch out both eyes." Well, we came mighty near it, only in our case it was noses.

Imagine our dismay upon discovering that one pedal was among the missing—and twenty-five miles of that atrocious road between us and home. What could we do? Verily, verily, one never knows what he can do till he tries. We tried, and succeeded—in a manner, but we were on the road home, anyway.

We had left about three-quarters of the distance in our wake. It was getting dark. "The Professor" said: "I'm not quite sure of my bearings, and we have no time to waste. Suppose you hop off, and see what that sign-post says."

As became an obedient wife, I "hopped off" and ran over to read the sign. This is what it said: "Use Pyle's Pearline."

It was some time before we could regain our composure sufficiently to "move on." At last we were on our journey again. It was getting darker and darker, and we weren't sure that we were on the right road. However, we kept on; there was nothing else to do. We met several people but, unfortunately, they all seemed to be in the same predicament.

"At last," sighed "The Professor," "there's a sign that looks like 'the real

thing,"

Again I "hopped off" and ran to read that sign—it seemed like an oasis in a desert. I couldn't speak for a few minutes after the reading took place. This is the report I had to make—"Beware of the bull."

For the remainder of our trip, we left signs severely alone and followed our noses.

HE WAS EQUAL TO IT By INEZ D. COOPER



EARS ago, in Little Rock, Arkansas, there ruled over the Catholic diocese two priests—brothers—who, being natives of the town, were affectionately called Father Tom and Father Pat.

Father Pat was young, esthetic and inclined to be over strict. There probably never lived a better student of human nature than Father Tom—and how his parish did love him!

There was a member of his church, an old lad of about his own age—near sixty—who had classed with him at school. This man Father Tom had never been able to break of the habit of drinking, although about twice a year he used to go over and thrash him, when the old fellow would straighten out for several months.

While on his beat one morning a reporter for the *Gazette*, hearing an unusual noise, hurried to the spot, reaching it just in time to find Father Tom emerging from the old sinner's shop, whip in hand, plainly victor of the occasion.

He knew the reporter and the reporter knew him—indeed, he was indebted to Father Tom for many a story not obtainable elsewhere.

Giving a parting warning to the old parishioner the priest turned to the representative of the press with:

"And, young man, if I see anything of this in the paper, I'll give you some."

"And," added the reporter gleefully, in telling it years after, "the old boy would certainly have kept his word!"

SAVED FROM DEATH

By KATHERINE T.



FTEN I think of a narrow escape from death I had in a terrible Iowa blizzard when I was a young girl fourteen years of age.

Forty years ago part of Iowa was an unbroken prairie; one might travel n iles and miles and not see any trees, save only those set out by the new settlers. My parents moved to a farm of one hundred and sixty acres when I was about eight years old, and in a few years I had to take the place of housekeeper, for my mother became a helpless invalid.

One pretty winter day the first of December, they let me go to visit with a girl friend from the village, three miles from home. I was to stay all night and come home the next forenoon in time to do the morning's work, but when morning came a fierce snowstorm had set in, and we knew as we saw the fine snow whirling that we were to have a blizzard in a very short time.

I was afraid I could not get home that day at all, but I was determined to keep my promise so against the wishes of my friend I set forth. I was a strong, healthy girl and didn't mind the walk at all, but I was frightened about the storm. When near home I could save a mile by going across a pasture of eighty acres through which the boys of the neighborhood had made a path but when I reached the spot the storm had increased in fury so I could

not see anything but snow. I began to

realize my danger.

I lost my courage and sank down in the snow and thought I would surely have to die out there all alone. But after getting my breath and remembering my poor old mother watching for me, I struggled up and tried it again. I waded round and round until my groping hands touched the fence that enclosed the pasture, and oh, how thankful I was, for I knew by following the fence I could get home. My parents were nearly frantic for fear I would perish in the snow which, no doubt, I would have done had it been bitter cold, for I was over three hours on the journey. The good Lord was indeed caring for His little ones.

DOUBLE-BARRELLED CANNON

By MRS. R. A. ELLIS



WAS in Athens, Georgia, the seat of this state's great university, on the occasion of a civic parade recently, and I saw a most curious relic of

that terrific conflict between the North and the South, the Civil War.

"Why, isn't that a double-barrelled cannon?" I asked, in astonishment, of a citizen in whose carriage I rode as guest of honor.

"Yes, indeed," answered the patrician Southerner, "and the only one in the world, at that. We are very proud of it, and it constitutes a never-omitted feature of our parades and pageants."

"Tell me the history of this unique gun,"

I begged.

"I should scarcely call it notable, historically speaking," he laughed, "yet unique it is undeniably, and a quaint little

story hangs about it."

He told me then that the cannon had been modeled and cast during the Civil War, an eccentric old man, native to the town, being its inventor. It was built for purposes of defence, should the town be besieged by the "Yankees"; and the novel theory of its constructor was that if one cannon-ball could do such deadly execution, then two, chained together and issuing simultaneously from the twin barrels,

would simply mow down the enemy's ranks like grain under the thresher.

"Was it ever fired?" I asked, tre-

mendously interested.

"Oh, yes," replied my host. "It was fired once, experimentally. In spite of the superlative faith and emphatic assurances of the inventor, there must have been some skepticism rife, for every possible precaution was taken in advancesuch as having a thirty-acre barren hillside lying out in front. Well, when the firing had been done, you ought to have seen that slope. Thoroughly ploughed up? I should say so. You see, as might have been anticipated, one ball came out just a shade ahead of the other, so imparting a strange whirligig motion to the coupled missiles. The spectators? Oh, strictly under cover during the whole ploughing up of the hillside."

"Hardly likely, then, that it will ever

be fired again?"

"No. But it will always remain one of the treasured possessions of our little city. Generation after generation, the Varsity boys throng to pay their respects to it, as each new session opens."

Laughing, we drove on in the wake of the quaint gun, as it wheeled down one of the beautifully shaded avenues of the

classic town.

SAD FATE OF TIGE

By LOUISE ANNAH

ONCE when I was but a wee bit of a girl my mother and I were upon one of our frequent visits to my grandparents

at their house in the country, where my great-grandparents also lived. During our visit a few of the neighbors came over to help spend one of the long winter evenings in a hospitable way. After the men folks had smoked together and the women had told the gossip of the day, they decided to go to my great-grandparents' rooms and help make the evening less lonesome for them. As they arose, my aunt laid her sleeping baby in the cradle, and left her there with me.

After they had gone I thought I would play with Tige, the "Thomas" cat, who was sleeping upon the couch near the stove. He was fifteen years old and the special pride of my grandfather; he somewhat resembled a wild cat in his great size, his coat of dark yellow and gray stripes, and his large, listless green eyes.

But Tige was not to be turned out of his comfortable place. He refused to budge or respond to my pettings by even so much as purring. So after this fruitless attempt at coaxing him to abandon his preoccupied mood, I left him alone and soon after followed his example by curling myself up in a similar position at the head

of the couch.

A short time after I became aware of a sort of gasping sound—little, short gasps. I awoke with a start. My eyes fell upon my little cousin in the cradle. It was from thence that the gasping sound ensued. Tige, the cat, was firmly planted upon the breast of the sleeping infant, slowly taking away its breath, strangling it.

I had never before known of anything like this and could hardly believe that

Tige was harming the child. Yet I had a premonition that something was wrong, as I sprang up quickly and going to the cradle tugged with all my might to dis-

lodge his huge body, in vain.

Then I screamed loudly. My cry penetrated the half-opened door of great-grandfather's room. They all rushed out, but grandfather was the first to realize the danger and to act. I remember well how he looked as he stood there in the door-

way with his pipe in his hand.

But it was only for a moment. The pipe fell. With one long stride he was at the side of the cradle followed close by the frantic mother. An awful expression of rage swept over his face as he seized the cat with a frenzied grip and impulsively, blindly, even mechanically, lifted the lid of the stove near by and plunged Tige, his pet, into the fire to be consumed by the roaring flames.

Perhaps I ought to make some apology for the seemingly cruel act of my grandfather. The best I can do is to assure you, as any of his friends and his enemies (if he had any) could have, that he was one of the biggest, best and most kind-hearted men in the country. He acted on the impulse of the moment, without thinking that while he was saving the life of a human being, he was putting another creature into misery.

LITTLE BENNY'S BEETLES

By MRS. M. J. GIDDINGS

EARLY every farmer's boy is familiar with the May beetle, for in the spring they emerge from the ground in great numbers. It is a singular sight to see the beetles of all sizes and

sight to see the beetles of all sizes and shapes from light to dark brown, as the

plough exposes them to view.

Bennie was the child of a neighbor, who in his visits with his mother had often seen our case of preserved insects and had been with my sister on her walks in search of new specimens, and he wished most earnestly to serve us.

One bright May morning he came in where we sat at our sewing, and spying a quantity of gay bits of worsted left from some fancy work, he asked if he might

have them to put in his pocket.

His mother had just finished his first pair of trousers, and as he rejoiced in two pockets—everything available found its way into one or the other of them. He picked up the bright, many-hued worsteds, and put a good handful into each pocket; then seeing one of the farm hands pass the window, he hurried out to go with him to the field.

They were ploughing and the May beetles were very abundant, and Bennie conceived the brilliant idea of using his new pockets, and helping us to specimens at the same time, so he picked up handful after handful of beetles and thrust them into his pockets. After a while he came running in calling "Aunt May, Aunt May, I've dot somefin' for you, I'se dot lots of 'em too. I 'spect you'll be pleased wiv' 'em."

He rushed forward toward me, and putting a hand into each pocket he drew forth the most comical mass that I ever saw, and laid it in my lap, then more and more still, till I was almost convulsed with laughter. There were the poor beetles with their rough legs entangled in the gay threads, which clung to them the closer

the more they tried to free themselves, and they tumbled over each other, big ones and little ones, squirming and clawing in the most astonishing fashion.

Truly, I thought, I had beetles in my apron enough to supply all the naturalists in the United States. Along with the beetles and tangled with the worsteds, there were crumbs of gingerbread, a piece of chewing gum, some dried apples, three fat caterpillars, a few kernels of popping corn, and an angle worm. He had taken from the mass a piece of red and white candy, which he was industriously trying to free from the fuzzy wool, which covered it, preparatory to putting it in his mouth.

He told his mother later that "he fought Aunt May was mos' tickled to def wiv 'em, 'cause she laughed so—she did!" Little Benny was a real boy and a dear little fellow.

THE DAY OF THE COMET

By MRS. L. A. STEBBINS



WAS born in 1827, and can remember most of the great events that have occurred since I was five years old. Then I lived among the Vermont hills and all events

were talked over and children were taught to be good listeners, and there was not so much to drive an important happening from the mind before it had made its impression.

My first introduction to the marvelous was one morning in November after I was six years old. One of our neighbors, a man past fifty years, came in with such a look of wonder and surprise, and said to my mother:

"Such a sight as I saw this morning. The stars were all out of their places, and the whole heavens were ablaze. I thought the end of the world had come."

He had risen early to go out to his barn and so had seen the wonderful sight. He was the only one I ever heard speak of it as an eye-witness.

This happened among the hills of a Vermont town. The people were all the descendants of the settlers that came from Massachusetts. They were a Bible-reading people and they looked upon this marvelous sight as the beginning of the signs of the ending of the world.

In 1832 the cholera seemed to follow the Eric Canal, and many died in the different cities.

The next year it began to be published that a comet was coming that was to destroy the world. A cousin of my father visited us from Utica, New York. He was a very religious man, and like so many others thought the pestilence and the signs in the heavens were but the fulfilment of the Bible prophecies.

I used to listen and believe all I heard, and the night after the "shooting stars" I went out to look at the stars and I found them all back in their places.

I remember I got the Bible and read the last chapter in the Old Testament, where it spoke of the earth being burned, and I asked my mother about it. She did not believe the end was coming, but she said if it did, it would not last long and I need not worry. But the talk continued, and the comet came and went, and we were all alive.

Then there was more Bible study and the time of the ending of the world was fixed for some time in 1842. There were revival meetings and much religious excitement, and people began to make ready for the end. Some gave away their property and others made ready their ascension robes.

But the day came and went, and still the earth remained. Many became insane. Others took up their work, still feeling they must be ready, for the call might come suddenly, like a thief in the night.

As I think of the comet that appeared last year, it does not seem so bright or large as the one I saw in the early forties. But that was in the winter, and the skies were clearer. I told all the people I met, who had young children, to show them the comet and explain how long it would be before dwellers on this earth would see it again. Someone whom I know, who is two years younger than I, remembers her mother having shown the comet to her in the forties, but does not recollect its appearance clearly enough to describe it.

This is a part of my experience as a child, and now I am among those who waited to see the comet a second time, not with fear, but with thankfulness that I can remember so much of the wonder it created when it came before. It did not cause so much excitement with its latest appearance.

IT WAS THE LIMIT

By A. SHAW



HE first responsible position I ever held, when a young man, was that of deputy postmaster in a county seat town of some twelve hundred inhabitants. I received the princely salary of six

dollars per month, and my hours were from seven o'clock in the morning until nine to eleven at night, depending upon the arrival of the stage, the regularity of which was subject to prevailing weather conditions. It was during the years of '62 and '63 when railroads were few and far between and rural free delivery unthought of. All the people of the township received their mail at this office, and it was customary for any member of a suburban settlement upon coming to town to inquire for mail for each neighbor in the settlement. When, as was frequently the case, a half dozen persons from the same neighborhood came to town the same day, and all came to the post-office and inquired for the neighborhood mail, it was extremely interesting for the postmaster and his deputy. Nothing short of a thorough inspection of all letters in each pigeon-hole marked with the initial of the name inquired for, would satisfy anyone calling for mail. One Saturday at the close of the month, while working on the monthly report, I was called to the general delivery window by a young woman some seventeen or eighteen years of age, carrying an old-fashioned splint woven basket, full of onions, which she placed in the window in front of her. (I can smell those onions yet). It was the first visit of the young woman to the postoffice since I had become a member of

Uncle Sam's official family. After thoroughly looking me over, she said: "Do you belong in there?" After partially convincing her that I did, she asked: "Is they enny mail fur our folks?" "What is the name?" "Whose name—mine?" "Yes, your name will do!" "I'm Mandy Horner, we live down on the crick!" "No mail for the name of Horner," said I. "They ain't?—well, that's funny. Ma's lookin' fur a letter!"

I sat down and took up my pen, but not for long as the young woman did not

leave the window.

"Is they enny mail fur Ez Walker's folks?" "Nothing for Mr. Walker's family," I replied after looking. "His wife's bin awful sick, a letter frum her folks ud du her good." "Ain't ennything fur John Evans's, is they?" "Mr. Evans was here himself and got his mail." At this time a bunch of letters for the outgoing mail, laying on the table, caught her eye. "Maw got a letter wunst the color uf that yeller one in there—mebby that's fur her."

Some half dozen people who had fallen in line behind the woman now succeeded in edging her away from the window, and after attending to their wants I again sat down to my writing. "Say," came over my shoulder in a familiar voice, and on looking up to the window, there stood Mandy with the basket of onions. "Did Will Evans git a letter in a girl's handwritin' here last week?" I replied that I really did not know. "Well, I'd jist like tu find out, for sure." With a very disappointed look upon her face, she turned and went out. I had just got comfortably seated and taken up my work when I was again called to the window. Mandy had returned. Setting the basket of onions in front of her on the window, she very deliberately inquired: "Is they anny uther post-office in town?" After answering her question in the negative, I felt that I was entitled to the privilege of asking at least one question, so I said: "What are you going to do with the onions?" Picking up the basket and smiling for the first time as she turned away, "Oh, I'm goin' tu trade 'em fur bakin' soda fur ma."



SCENE IN JAMESTOWN, NORTH DAKOTA

The Need of More Railways in the Northwest

By W. C. JENKINS

PRESIDENT TAFT'S policy of reciprocity has served to focus the attention of the people of the United States on the great Northwest, for a time at least. It has served to call attention to a great agricultural empire that within a comparatively short time has become an important factor in furnishing mankind with the necessities of life. It has brought into the limelight a territory whose natural resources are such that in spite of disadvantages the country has developed itself.

The Northwest territory has within the past five years come into prominence as one of the great sources of the world's wheat supply; but how the grain shall be conveyed to its ultimate destination in this and foreign countries, with the least possible expense, has been a question of more than ordinary concern since the Canadian Northwest ceased to be a frontier country.

Within the last five years cities and towns have bloomed in the wilderness of the Northwest after a night's growth. Five years ago you could get the very best quality of virgin land in Saskatchewan within less than a half day's drive from a railroad. Today free lands of the first quality cannot be gotten within two weeks' drive of a railroad. Good arable lands within a reasonable distance of a market sell at twenty-five dollars an acre, and it is hard to get them even at that price.

But a few years ago the entire West was a pasture for Buffalo. Today it is the scene of business activity and a contented people. Three great trunk lines cross from east to west with many branch lines. In the beginning the settlers followed the trunk lines, then the branch lines followed the settlers.

Surely this great Northwest territory is a country worth being considered in legislative halls and in financial centers. President Taft is fully aware of its importance. He recognizes the force of the prediction made by the late Governor Johnson of Minnesota, who said: "At some moment a great leader will arise

in the Northwest. He will thunder at the doors of Congress, voicing the demands of this fertile empire so absurdly bisected by an artificial boundary that at least all the commercial obstacles must be overthrown. A way will be found to tear



FRANK K. BULL
President of Midland Continental Railroad

down those mediaeval obstructions in the natural channels of trade."

In his speech on reciprocity at Spring-field, Illinois, President Taft said: "There is a difference of ten or more cents a bushel on wheat and other cereals between the markets of Winnepeg and Minneapolis, but this difference is fully explained by the lack of transportation and elevator facilities, and by the greater difficulty that the Canadian farmer now has in point of economic carriage from the Northwest to Liverpool, where by the sale of the world's surplus the price of wheat is fixed for the world.

"To let the wheat of the Northwest come down to Minneapolis and Chicago will steady the price of wheat, will prevent its fluctuations, will make much more difficult speculation, and will furnish us greater insurance against the short crops and high prices. But that it will in the end, or substantially, reduce the price of wheat, which is fixed for the world in Liverpool, no one familiar with the conditions will assert.

"It will give to the United States much greater control of the wheat market than it ever has had before. It will enable its milling plants to turn Canadian wheat into flour and send abroad the finished product, and it will stimulate the sale of



HERBERT S. DUNCOMBE Counsel for Midland Continental Railroad

manufactures and other things that we have to sell to Canada.

"By the bringing over of live cattle the farmer who has corn will have his raw material in abundance and will fatten them for the Chicago market at a profit.

"This artificial barrier between the wheat fields of Dakota and the wheat fields of Manitoba, Assiniboia and Saskatchewan will be taken down, the con-

ditions of distance and facility of ware-housing and transportation will still affect the price, and the price will vary between Canada and the United States at the point of production, as it does now in the various states. Trade will be stimulated on both sides of the line. Avenues of communication north and south will be substituted for those east and west and prosperity will attend the union of business in both countries."

That the farmers of the great northwest are a prosperous class is apparent to anyone who visits that territory. There The history of the transcontinental lines through the Northwest reads like a romance. It is a history of daring adventure and never-ceasing struggle. The battle for supremacy has been full of excitement, and the contest has been carried to every important financial center in Europe and America. There must be Pacific Coast trunk lines in order to feed the millions of people who have settled in the extreme West, but to accomplish these undertakings almost insurmountable difficulties had to be overcome. Nations have been blotted from maps for less than it cost to build



BUSINESS BLOCK IN JAMESTOWN, NORTH DAKOTA

has been a radical change in their condition during recent years. Not very long ago there was an agitation in the West for a law authorizing the federal government to loan money to the farmers to buy seed and farm implements. Today these farmers are money lenders. are supplying the banks with funds to loan to the merchants and manufacturers. But they are demanding more and better railway facilities, and today the railroad which draws its principal traffic from the farm population is in a better financial condition and has a vastly more hopeful future than the railroad which is dependent entirely upon a traffic that emanates from a waning manufacturing or mining section.

railroads over some of the mountain passes of the West. But the Hills, Huntingtons and Harrimans were determined men and the word "fail" was not a part of their vocabulary.

Previous to 1871 much of the great northwestern territory was nothing but a pathless waste. The settlement of the Dakotas began when the engineers who were surveying the routes of the northern Pacific located the crossing of the line over the Red River at Fargo. This crossing was effected July 4, 1871, and from that date the growth of the Dakotas has been continuous and rapid. Farmers went into the new territory and settled along the rich valley of the Red River north and south of Fargo and many fol-

lowed the line of the Northern Pacific Railway as it continued on its way to the coast. For the first decade the settlement was confined largely along the railway, but later branch lines made it possible for the settlers to extend their sphere of operation.

The next period of activity began in

ing of the two roads under one financial management.

But these battles of financial grants were hardly noticed by the great army of settlers who were marching into the fertile fields of the Northwest. It was conceded that the vast area was "Jim Hill territory" and



WHY THE DAKOTAS FEED A CONTINENT

1880, when the Great Northern Railway crossed the Red River at Grand Forks and continued on its way through the northern part of the state, opening up fresh territory and with many feeder lines furnishing to the new settlers marketing facilities for their grain and produce.

Between the Great Northern and Northern Pacific it was a case of the survival it was known that no trespassing would be permitted. The settlers were satisfied with the east and west railway facilities, but they needed outlets to the south. At the same time practical statesmanship in the United States recognized the necessity of a closer relationship with Canada.

Nearly all the railroad development through the Dakotas and the Canadian



A NORTH DAKOTA WHEAT FIELD

of the fittest. In the early nineties the Northern Pacific was composed of fifty-one different companies all combined into one system. It cost fifty per cent more to operate per average mile than the Hill road. When the panic of 1893 came the Great Northern was earning ten per cent on its \$20,000,000 stock while the Northern Pacific was struggling under the heavy operating expenses of its different organizations, which resulted in the plac-

Northwest has been westward. This, too, in face of the fact that Bismark, North Dakota, is three hundred and fifty miles nearer the Gulf of Mexico than the Atlantic seaboard. The same peculiar condition is true of Northwest Canada. The grain of that territory can only be exported via Montreal or the Pacific. An outlet to the Gulf of Mexico would be worth millions to that fertile and prosperous territory.

The possibility of reciprocity with Canada is not causing any great worry among the farmers on this side of the border. They realize that such a measure will be of distinct benefit to them in that it will stimulate the building of additional railroads, thus affording better and cheaper marketing facilities. One of the important economic developments since the first of this year has been the tendency to decrease the cost to consumers of food products. If this tendency is maintained the American farmers need fear very little from Canada in the way of competition in our own markets for agricultural or dairy products.

to northwest, joining the Canadian Pacific Railway north of the boundary line.

A new company, known as the Midland Continental Railroad, has been incorporated to build a line in a northerly and southerly direction, and work on the new project is well under way.

The idea of building a north and south railroad was the result of experiences of Mr. Frank K. Bull, President of the J. I. Case Threshing Machine Company, Racine, Wisconsin, and Herbert S. Duncombe, a practicing attorney in Chicago.

Mr. Bull's company has, for the last ten years, shipped a large number of cars



ON A DAKOTA PRAIRIE

Regardless of the enactment of any reciprocity treaties the Northwest will continue to be the mecca for homeseekers and investors for many years. Capitalists will find many opportunities for investments, and the construction of additional railroads will demand large amounts of money. The Dakotas are very friendly to railway enterprises, and development along these lines has been both healthy and rapid, and has been accomplished in a friendly spirit of mutual confidence between the corporations and the people. Three great trunk lines pass through North Dakota - the Great Northern Railway running east and west on its way to the coast through the northern part of the state; the Northern Pacific paralleling the Great Northern about a hundred miles to the south, and the "Soo Line" following a diagonal course from southeast of freight annually in that territory and, by reason of the fact, Mr. Bull became intimately acquainted with the traffic conditions, freight rates, the growth of that territory and the possible profit from a north and south railroad.

Mr. Duncombe was employed by clients to examine municipal light, heat and water bonds in that territory, and was obliged to make frequent trips for that purpose.

Mr. Bull and Mr. Duncombe being thrown together in the business enterprises, their common experiences were formulated into a syndicate which put out a crew of men reconnoitering the central western states. Both Mr. Bull and Mr. Duncombe have covered the territory by wagon, automobile and on foot, almost from Winnipeg to the Gulf. Reconnoitering crews were turned out, temporary

surveying lines were run and those lines were submitted to experts on traffic conditions, engineers and builders; profiles were carefully examined, the territory analyzed, cost of construction was estimated, profits computed, and after careful investigation of all conditions, a permanent line was run from the Missouri River to Pembina, a distance of some five hundred miles. Considerable time was spent in investigation, but since the permanent line has been located progress has been made, as speedily as possible

of the road.

The building of the South Dakota Central Railroad, a north and south line, was a new departure four years ago, but it demonstrated the fact that the demands of the people will ultimately be recognized. This road has been a very profitable undertaking for its constructors and is a great success. It is of great advantage to the farmers of the territory it traverses.

along economical lines, in the construction

Men who are interested in the development of the Northwest have no time to waste in a discussion of sentimental politics; but they are interested in the progress of the work on the Panama Canal, the organization of new railway companies and the improvement of grades and service on the transcontinental lines. They see, with much delight, new roads pushing out for the traffic which will result from the building of the Panama Canal. There are sixteen new railroads

chartered to tap the Canadian wheat belt and bring traffic to the lines that will feed the Panama Canal, or that will feed the great north and south lines that have terminals on the Gulf of Mexico.

Prominent financiers assert that the securities of railroads that draw their patronage from the agricultural states of the Northwest are today classed among the best and safest investments. No other form of security is so readily convertible into cash and none are so popular on the stock exchanges. The future of these railroads is most favorable, especially those that have terminals on the Gulf of Mexico. This in consequence of the building of the Panama Canal and its prospective opening in 1915. This enterprise promises to effect something of a revolution in the current of trade, and railroads running east and west may have to revise their charges. At present transcontinental rates, shippers would find it cheaper to send goods by rail to the Gulf and thence by steamer through the Canal to San Francisco. It has been estimated that there would be a saving of from fifteen to twenty per cent in the charges. The same is true as to goods destined to China, Japan and India.

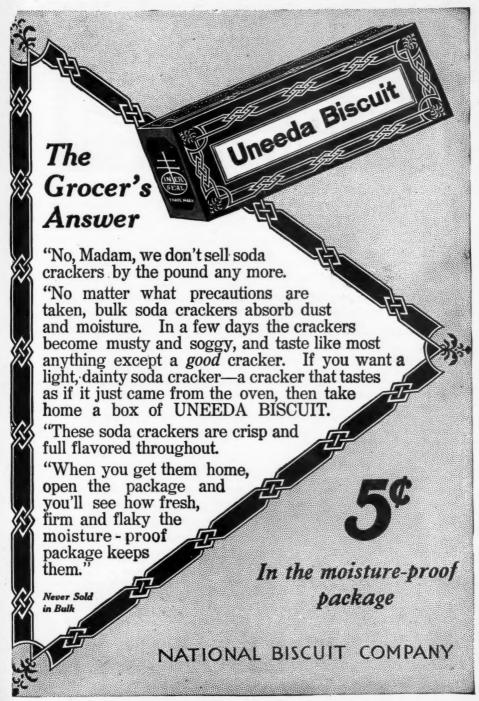
Men who carefully study the present conditions and future prospects cannot fail to see the dawn of an unprecedented era of activity in the Northwest. Nothing short of a calamity can stop the development which is in progress in that section.

TWO LIGHTS

By ARTHUR WALLACE LEACH

O THE light in the eyes is not all, dear heart,
The light in the heart shines ever far;
The light in the eyes burns out with years—
The light of the heart is a changeless star!

Old faces fade from the guerdon, dear,
As roses in autumn gardens blow,
The old friendly light in your eyes is gone,
But the light of your heart I knowl







HE unparallelled success of those issues of the NATION-AL MAGAZINE which were devoted to articles dealing with the progress of individual states was a natural evolution from the pre-

liminary descriptive articles concerning progressive American cities. This broad, generous and comprehensive resume of state progress and prosperity has become one of the most attractive features introduced by any periodical. It brings the editor, publisher and representatives of the magazine in close touch with people of each state, and furnishes information concerning the state, its resources and development. More than all that, the state issue reveals to people of other parts of the country those features for new homes and investments for which they have long felt a need.

The editor of the NATIONAL MAGAZINE has undertaken a four years' campaign of this nature, covering every state in the Union, for the purpose of becoming in the most practical sense an educated American. Already he has spoken in many of the counties in each state thus far covered, coming in personal contact with its people not only while living in hotels, but when visiting with the "home folks" and at the very firesides.

PREPARATIONS are now being made for an Alabama state issue, in which "The Charm of Alabama" will furnish the editorial text for sixty pages of elaborately illustrated information. The widely varied interests and the astonishing progress of the State of Alabama are little realized, and cannot be appreciated from a cursory reading of census statistics. There is a charm about Alabama that transcends the most flattering statistical information. The cordial and hearty way in which the people of Alabama are taking hold of the project promises to make the article a comprehensive, interesting and beautifully illustrated exposition of Alabama progress and reliable data that will not only be considered authoritative for years to come, but that will attract widespread public attention, inspire deep interest and attract interstate and foreign immigration into this rapidly developing "Empire State" of the South.

A TTENTION has been called to the retraction made by Mr. Cleveland Moffett and Hampton's Magazine regarding Mr. Moffett's recent article, "Cassidy and the Food Poisoners." According to statements made by the author, the Standard Oil Company manufactured and sold impure material used in the making of candy, and upon the arrest of dealers who sold this candy, paid the fines imposed upon them by the Court.

Following the action in bringing libel suits against Mr. Moffett and *Hampton's*, it was found that the charges made in the article were false. Mr. Moffett at once apologized to the Standard Oil Company, and retracted all charges made. Mr. Benjamin B. Hampton also made

ctor



What you can do with changeable needles

Adding the Fibre Needle to the Victor is like adding a new group of beautiful pipes to a church organ. It gives new range and variety, as well as beauty.

Some Victor Records sound best played with a Victor Steel Needle, others with a Victor Fibre Needle. With the Victor you can have both. You can adjust volume and tone to suit the record and the conditions. Practice soon develops the ability to use the different Victor Needles in bringing out the peculiar beauties of different records.

Learn how to use the changeable needles in playing the Victor, and you will find in it new charms and beauties.

Victor Full-tone Needle gives great volume of sound, that fills a large hall, and is heard above ordinary conversation. It makes music loud enough for dancing.

Victor Half-tone Needle gives a volume that fills an ordinary room. Its reproduction is as perfect as that of a full-tone nee

Victor Fibre Needle a revelation. Its music is smooth, soft, and delightful. With this needle your records will last torever, and you will hear in them a quality that you never heard in records before.

For 50 cents your dealer will have the needle-arm of your soundbox altered so as to hold either Victor Steel or Fibre Needles, which can then be instantly changed at pleasure.

Victor Talking Machine Co., Camden, N. J., U. S. A.

And be sure to hear the

public his regret for the erroneous statements published in the magazine, which he desires, as do all editors and publishers, to be a medium "accurate and fair in all things."

CURPRISES come often when the Overland Wind Wagon performs. It has now been equipped with runners and has been driven at high speed over the snow-covered roads and the ice of the river and creeks around Indianapolis. The Wind Wagon was first introduced to the public at the Indianapolis Motor Speedway last summer when it raced against Walter Brookins in his Wright aeroplane. It is a stock Overland car driven entirely by the wind resistance created by the revolving propeller in the The differential is not connected with the drive shaft. In fact there is no drive shaft as a chain combination connects the motor and the eight foot wooden aeroplane propeller in the rear. There is only a six inch clearance between the wooden propeller and the ice and for this reason, and also because it frightens horses, it cannot be used much on the roads. The testers at the Overland factory have great winter sport "skating" with the Wind Wagon on the river when the ice is thick enough.

'HE late "Son of Heaven," the lamented Chinese Emperor, Kwang Hsu, having followed his ancestors into eternal desuetude, must necessarily occupy one of those magnificent mausoleums of cunningly carven and almost indestructible precious woods, whose size as well as quality must be extraordinary and almost unapproachable. The forests of Asia have been carefully searched and after much competition the contract to supply this material has been awarded to a Manila lumber company, whose first shipment of 50,000 feet will inaugurate the work of adding another splendid mausoleum to the tombs of the Ming Dynasty near Pekin. Some of the giant hardwood trees for pillars have already been felled in Mindanao, and are sixty feet high by four feet in diameter, weighing over seventeen tons each.

FROM the editor's mail, a few of the briefer sentiments on the NATIONAL and our books have been "caught in passing."

"HEART THROBS is a lovely sheaf of human impulses to keep the hearts of the people warm and tender. May its glow spread over many a home.' M. K. King, Norfolk, Va.

"I received the sample copy of your magazine, and was so impressed with it that I sent for two yearly subscriptions before I received your letter."

GEORGE W. TIBBETTS, Seattle, Wash.

"It (Heart Throbs) voices the best emotions of the human heart, and appeals to the best in its readers."

MRS. D. C. LYON, Vesta, Wash.

"Your National of the January issue received, and without any idea of flattery, I must state that it represents the non plus ultra of perfection."
ROTH'S BANK & SAVINGS Co.,

Pittsburg, Pa.

"My uncle, who passed on within a year or two, took the NATIONAL ever since it was published. He told me more than once that it was the best magazine.

MRS. G. F. JACOBS, Hingham, Mass.

OR some centuries, the scientists and curious questioners of mankind have busied themselves with vain guesses and vainer speculations as to "What becomes of the pins?" Everybody knows in a general way and a very few realize fully that many hundreds of thousands of tons of copper, tin, steel and other metals are made into pins every year, only to go into use for a brief period and then, like the fated hunter of the "Boojum" in "the Hunting of the Snark," "quietly vanish away."

An English gentleman, "who wanted to know, you know," has quietly experimented with pins of various kinds, and now announces that a very brief time elapses, not over one hundred and fiftyfour days, before the indispensable hairpin is resolved into dust and blown away by the wind. Bright pins last nearly eighteen months, polished steel needles, two years and a half; brass pins are very short-lived; and steel-pens even when not exposed to acids in inks are nearly eaten away in a year. At last the mystery of the ages has been solved, and we know "what becomes of the pins."



The Home of the "A" and the Eagle

Here visitors are cordially welcomed and are shown the result of over fifty years unswerving loyalty to the highest ideals of *Quality* and *Purity*. Here they learn the reasons why

"The Old Reliable"

Budweiser

King of All Bottled Beers

stands <u>alone</u> at the top of the world's best brews. Its mild and exquisite flavor remains always the same—hence its <u>Popularity</u> Everywhere.

Bottled only at the

Anheuser-Busch Brewery St. Louis, Mo.





Third



One Month

Six Pairs Guar





Week

Week



Week



Fourth We(a)k

Softer-More Pliable

They are made from Egyptian and Sea Island Cotton, costing an average of 70 cents per pound—while common varn sells for 30c.

It is with this pliable yarn that we make hose softer and lighter, yet stronger than any amateur brand. Brands made the cheap way must be coarse and unsightly.

We use only pure gauze silk in the silk hose.

\$55,000 a Year

We spend \$55,000 a year simply to see that each pair of "Holeproof" is perfection. Hose never were made with better care or material. Never

were hose put on the market that had better style than this excellent brand.



Of course the "Holeproof" way is easier. You don't realize how much easier because you have not been brought to the buying point. Try them today. Buy, at the same time, six pairs



for your husband. Have the hose come back from the wash tub next wash day without any holes—see how that feels.

"Holeproof" are the finest hose in existence.

HOLEPROOF HOSIERY COMPANY



Always look for this trade mark on the toe, and for the signature, CARL FRESCHL, :-: President :-:

are your Hose





Six Months anteed



Weaker



Sixth Week New Hose



Week



and so on

ch

rs

But you must be careful in buying if you want the hose that are advertised here. Imitations are offered in many stores. The original guaranteed hose are "Holeproof." They represent 38



years of experience. They're what you want if you want the best hose ever made.

Write for free book, "How to Make Your Feet Happy."

860 Fourth Street, Milwaukee, Wis.

The Widest Assortment

There are twelve colors, ten weights and five grades for men-seven colors, three weights and three grades for women, and two colors, two weights and three grades for children.

Prices for plain and mercerized cotton hose range from \$1.50 to \$3.00, according to weight and finish. Six pairs guaranteed six months. Silk hose-6 pairs guaranteed six months cost \$4 for men and \$6 for women.

The genuine are sold in your town. We'll tell you the dealers' names on request, or ship direct where we have no dealer, charges prepaid on receipt of remittance.

Get This Signature

Enel Fricht Con



It GUARANTEES you the GENUINE holeproof. Look for the Holeproof trade mark



Carl Freicht Ro





forth in a delightful note written by Cora like to chat with people far away better than with our neighbors," she writes, "for the daily life of neighbors tells too plainly what they think and are, and we want something to broaden us more. It's a real treat to hear from city friends, and to enjoy through them the best plays, concerts and lectures."

Our space is so limited that I cannot tell Cora J. S. about a really inspiring course

of lectures which I lately attended, but I do want to speak of a play which I saw the other night in Boston. Now this play has already attracted large audiences in New York and Chicago, and doubtless many of our women readers are familiar with the plot; for "The Fourth Estate" is a newspaper play, and the press has been prompt in giving it publicity.

It was not until the close of the fourth act—which shows the real "inside" of a newspaper composing room—that I re-

forth in a delightful note written by Cora J. S. this month. "We like to chat with people civil with ments of the impression which I carried away with me. This was, that the heroine of "The Fourth Estate" is one of the few women characters I have seen (in plays) exhibiting common sense impulses.

Judith Bartelmy is engaged to a young newspaper man, Wheeler Brand, who prints an article reflecting upon the honor of her father, Judge Bartelmy. She protests, because she believes that the statements are false. Brand refuses to retract; the engagement is broken. As Judith leaves, manlike, he flings a parting shot, to the effect that "matters are involved which she does not understand." (Of course, he does not attempt to explain).

He continues to attack Judge Bartelmy, not, appropriating well-worn Shakespearian phraseology, because he loves Judith less, but because he loves the cause of "the people" more. In the last act, Brand sets a trap for the corrupt old Judge, and gets his "big" story ready for the press. Poor Judith, having heard something of the trouble, breaks into the composing room in an opera gown to beg that the story be killed. She "does not understand" then, and no one takes the trouble to tell her, but when her father arrives a few minutes later and has plain words with Brand, then she "understands." She acts accordingly.

Does she plead for her father? No!



American Woolen Company

Wm.M. Wood, President.

"OF THE PEOPLE" Because: We are responsible for the welfare of thirty thousand American workmen, who rely on our annual payroll exceeding \$13,000,000.

"BY THE PEOPLE" BECAUSE: We are accountable to over twelve thousand stock-holders, whose investment receives due share in our acquired profits.

"FOR THE PEOPLE" BECAUSE: Through our organization, the American people employ their methods and their machinery to manufacture annually more than fifty million yards of dependable fabrics, at a price that would be impossible on any smaller scale of production. It is your co-operation which enables us to produce

Will you in turn demand it?

this cloth.

Order the Cloth as well as the Clothes.

AMERICAN WOOLEN COMPANY OF NEW YORK
J. CLIFFORD WOODHULL, Selling Agent,
American Woolen Bldg., 18th to 19th St., on 4th Ave., N. Y.

Don't fail to mention NATIONAL MAGAZINE when writing to advertisers.

She does what any other human and natural American woman would do—she revolts. Her father has deceived her, has lied to her, has compromised her. What woman would uphold such a man?

Yet upon the stage we are constantly meeting with these grotesque creations of men playwrights; these "know-all, forgive-all" heroines who distort feminine impulse until it becomes unnatural and inhuman. Most of us are familiar with the character who defends her thieving, cowardly, lying lover, believing him to be This is all very admirable—and plausible enough. But when his perfidy is revealed, and she sees him in his true colors, then she-this stage heroinepresses him to her heart, and-forgives him! Oh, the humor of it! Fancy such a woman! Yet her name is legion-in stageland.

And so I was delighted with the true-to-life heroine of "The Fourth Estate." The Shuberts have a play that women, at least, should enjoy, despite the remark of a certain eminent reviewer that the production would be "infinitely better without women characters and sentimentality" and that the end is, to his say. He may have been "reviewing" these forgiving heroines all his life, and is alarmed at a change of program.

Small Helen C. wants a hint to aid her in the prize contest of her English class. The subject of the required theme is rather trite—"The Quality I Most Admire"—and Helen infers that this admirable quality must be possessed by a man. Ah, well, 'tis perhaps easier to "play up" masculine virtue!

Precocious Helen foresees correctly that two-thirds of her class will discourse upon courage, fearlessness or bravery—take your pick. Can misses of sixteen, steeped in historic hero-worship and tales of bloody wars, be expected to admire anything else? However, Helen has a different plan in mind. "I like a man who means what he says, and says what he means," she declares, and it is of this manner of man that Helen wishes to write. But she "can't seem to think what the name of" this virtue may be. "It's honesty, frankness, and truthfulness, but that isn't it."

Is Helen thinking of sincerity? Sincere folk, I believe, are reputed to mean what they say, to say what they mean, and to be frank, honest and truthful—are they not? Let us say, then, that this question is settled—Helen's prize title shall be "Sincerity."

Now she must name a well-known example of this type of masculinity. Helen had considered Grant or Lincoln as a possibility. Yes; but would not her "man sincere" better be known rather for his sincerity than for his fame as a war-chief, or as a Great Emancipator? Suppose we let American heroes, past and present, rest a bit, and, wandering back in thought some two hundred years, and to a land that is nationally sincere, find a towering character whose sincerity is his very soul. I speak of the great German dramatist, Lessing, whose "Dramaturgie," "Nathan the Wise," "Minna von Barnhelm," and "Laocoon" will delight Helen as she comes to German translations.

But the works of Gotthold E. Lessing, however admirable, can never be so great as was the man, and I advise Helen to obtain a copy of his biography, that she may know the life story of this great sincere man, whose every success, whose every achievement, lay in his sincerity.

Ann Randolph

The Grand Finale to the World Best Dinners

LIQUEUR

PÈRES CHARTREUX

-GREEN AND YELLOW-

The Exquisite Cordial of the Centuries

At first-class Wine Merchants, Grocers, Hotels, Cafés. Bütjer & Co., 45 Broadway, New York, N. Y. Sole Agents for United States.





Tread Surface

The Scientific Construction of

Bailey's "Won't Slip" Rubber Heels



Heel Surface

has proved far superior to a solid piece of rubber nailed to the heel of the boot. The tread surface is positively non-slipping and more durable than if solid. The studs next to the heel of the boot give a permanent double cushion which makes them the most resilient, lightest and longest wearing rubber heel made. Brains were used in making them. They will save yours by wearing them.

Mailed 35c, Applied 50c per Pair

When ordering by mail give a correct outline drawing of the bottom of the heel of your boot, or your Shoe Dealer will obtain them for you. Do not accept any other kind.

100-page Catalogue of Everything in Rubber Goods Free for your Shoe Dealer's Name

C. J. BAILEY & CO., 22 Boylston Street, BOSTON, MASS.

LITTLE HELPS FOR HOME-MAKERS

FOR the Little Helps found suited for use in this department we award six months subscription to the National Management subscription to the National Magazine. If you are already a subscriber, your subscription must be paid in full to date in order to take advantage of this offer. You can then either extend your own term or send the National to a friend. If your Little Help does not appear it is probably because the same idea has been offered by someone before you. Try again. We do not want cooking recipes unless for a new or uncommon dish. Enclose a stamped addressed envelope if you wish us to return or acknowledge unavailable offerings.

"HASSE PFEFFER" UND "KARTOFFEL KLOES"

(Rabbit, Pepper and Potato Dumplings)

By Mrs. F. M. Clarke

Cut two nice rabbits in pieces, clean nicely, and put to soak in salt water an hour or more. Remove from water, rinse well, and put in a crock. Slice over them a lemon, and a goodsized onion, add a few bay leaves, pepper and salt, a sprinkling of nutmeg, and equal parts of vinegar and water to cover them. Put in a cold place, or let freeze for a day or two, then put on to boil adding a little more water. When tender lift rabbit in crock, and strain the broth. Take a heaping tablespoonful of lard, the same of flour, and brown in a skillet until the color of chocolate, to which add the broth. This gravy is turned over the rabbit, and it is ready for the table. Potato dumplings are to be eaten with the

rabbit, and they are made as follows:
Six good sized potatoes, boiled the day
before in jackets, are to be peeled and grated, to these add two eggs, salt, pepper and a little nutmeg; take a large slice of bread, cut in bits, put in pan, add a good table-spoonful of butter and fry a golden brown, add this to potato, then put in enough flour to mold in nice round shape, let stand awhile, then drop in boiling salted water and let them cook fast for about fifteen minutes. Lift from water and serve. This makes a

good dinner, try it.

"Snurer" (Swedish)

Make a regular coffee cake dough, when raised roll out thin, double this up and cut in half inch strips, tie these in loose knots, dip quickly in a little melted butter, cinnamon and sugar, put on the outside of but-tered pans to raise. When nice and light, tered pans to raise. When nice and light, bake until a golden brown. These are fine for an afternoon coffee.

Sugar Shavings

One egg, three tablespoonfuls of sugar, onehalf cup of butter, one-half cup of cream, almond flavoring and enough flour to make the consistency of ordinary cake dough.

(Not any baking powder.)
Butter the tops of cake pans, take about a teaspoonful of the dough and put on pan, spread it very thin in an oval shape, put these far enough apart to allow for spreading,

about six on a pan, then bake in a slow oven until the edges are brown. The centers will remain a cream color. Take them from the oven, peel from the pans, and shape over a rolling-pin until cold. These are very dainty, and extra good. A Swedish girl taught me how to make them; they are simple to make, but take some time. Do try them.

EYELET EMBROIDERY

By Mrs. Steele Bailey

In making eyelets, take up a thread or two in center of eyelet upon your needle, then place scissors underneath the needle and clip the threads; then punch the eyelet as large as you wish; this prevents the eyelet from tearing the long way of your goods; be sure to punch from the wrong side; it will make the eyelet stand out better on the right side.

Simple, But Sure

A sure bed-bug riddance: borax!

They will not stay where it is, neither will ants; it can be easily blown into all cracks with an atomizer or ordinary quill. Of course, it is perfectly odorless and harmless.

A LETTER WRITING HELP

By "C. E. H."

Having several acquaintances, who were former residents of my town, with whom I correspond, I keep in a convenient place envelopes with their names written on them. As I read my daily papers, I make clippings of any articles which I feel will be of interest to any of these friends, and at once place them in the proper envelope. If I wish the same item for more than one person I can usually get it from some of my neighbors or buy more papers. When I write my letters I enclose clippings which tells the news more fully than I should, besides saving much time for me. Very often I send a paper containing a long article, and, when this is done, I paste on one side what clippings I have on hand. In doing this I think of my friends often, and they seem nearer. It also helps to cultivate a habit of thoughtfulness for others, and my friends seem pleased and grateful for the remembrance of them.

A Skin of Beauty is a Joy Forever

DR. T. FELIX GOURAUD'S OR MAGICAL BEAUTIFIER



noves Tan, Pimples, Freckles, Moth Patches, Rash and Skin diseases, and every blemish on beauty, and defies detection. It has stood the

test of 62 years; no other test of 62 years; no other 2.78, and is so harmless we taste it to be sure it is properly made. Accept no counterfeit of similar name. The distinguished Dr. L. A. Sayre said to a lady of the haut-ton (a patient): "As you ladies will use them. I recommend "Gouraud's Cream" as the least harmful of all the Skin preparations." For sale by all druggists and Fancy Goods Dealers.

GOURAUD'S ORIENTAL TOILET POWDER

For infants and adults. Exquisitely perfumed. Relieves Skin Irritations, cures Sunburn and renders an excellent complexion.

Price 25 cents, by mail.

GOURAUD'S POUDRE SUBTILE

Removes superfluous Hair. Price \$1.00, by mail. FERD. T. HOPKINS, Prop., 37 Great Jones St., Nev York City

WHEN IN DETROIT STOP AT

New and Absolutely Fireproof. Corner Adams Avenue and Park Street. In the center of the Theatre, Shopping and Business District.

RATE \$1.50 PER DAY

Every Room Has Bath European Plan



L. W. TULLER, Proprietor

WEI

California-Standard Oil Co. has 6 wells, and with stock selling at 30 cents per share, offers an exceptional opportunity for making large profits. stock should soon advance to \$1.00 per share. Set for particulars. HOUSTON-MAYNARD CO., Send for particulars. 92 Liberty St., New York.

WE INVITE YOU TO WRITE

For particulars of the

Periodical Payment Plan

Investments in New York Stock Exchange securities are made on this plan

WITHOUT RISK OF MARGIN LOSS

Send for Circular No. PP 75

CARLISLE & CO. - 74 Broadway - NEW YORK



Use "A.B.A." Cheques When You Travel

They will identify you to strangers, with whom you have to deal and are safer and handier than money. Issued by thousands of banks in \$10, \$20, \$50 and \$100. Good in all parts of the globe.

Descriptive Booklet Free on Request

BUY THEM FROM YOUR OWN BANKER

Our Graduates Are Filling High Salaried Positions

EARN \$25 TO \$100 PER WEEK

in easy, fascinating work. Practical, Individual Home Instruction. Expert Instructors, Superior equipment. Founded 1899. Twelve years' successful teaching. Financial Returns Guaranteed.

Complete Courses in Commercial, Fashion, Magazine, Book and Advt. Illustrating; Newspaper, Cartooning, Let-tering, Designing, Show Card, Architectural Perspective, Photo Retuching, Normal, Color, General Drawing, etc.

FREE ARTIST'S OUTFIT of fine instruments and supplies to each student.

Write for particulars and Handsome Art Book.

SCHOOL of APPLIED ART

attle Creek, Mich.





Learn Photography,

Photo-Engraving or 3-Color Work
Photographers and Engravers Earn 230 to \$50 Per Week.
Only College in the worm where these paying professions are
tauths successfully. Established 17 years. Endorsed by International Association of Photo-Engravers and Photographers' Association of Illinois. Terms easy; living inexpensive. Graduates
assisted in sacuring good positions. Write for casalog, and
specify course in which you are interested.
Illinois College of Photography or 7 783 Wabash Av.
Bissell College of Photo-Engraving) Effingham, Ill.
L. H. BISSELL, Pres.

Don't fail to mention the NATIONAL MAGAZINE when writing to advertisers.

FOR THE BACK-ACHE

By A. L. B.

Procure of the druggist or some farmer, some silk from the ears of sweet corn, pour boiling water over it and let stand a few minutes; drink a cupful several times a day and you will get relief from back-ache; I have tried this and know what a help it is.

Use Buttermilk

There is nothing that I know of that is a better fat producer than buttermilk. After drinking it a few weeks, you will be surprised to find how much you have gained; one soon learns to like it, and after using it for a time, you lose your appetite for tea and coffee.

Sulphur for Dandruff

To an ounce of sulphur add one quart of soft water; during an interval of three days, agitate the mixture repeatedly; after which let the sulphur settle to the bottom, using the clear liquid; saturate the head with it every day and in a short time all traces of dandruff will be gone; it also makes the hair soft and glossy.

PAPER BONFIRE RESORT

By Blanche B. Jobes

Last fall when we took down the wire screening our sweet peas run on, we fastened it around three pieces of gas-pipe that was standing on end in the back yard. Our papers are burned in there and they never blow away.

A New Ice Cream

Here is something new in the way of ice cream and is called "Maple Mousse."

Cook in double-boiler one cup of syrup and the yolks of four eggs. twenty minutes. Add beaten white of one egg, and remove at once from the fire. When cold, add one pint of whipped cream. Freeze quickly.

APPLE CAKE

By K. E. V. Hollister

I enclose for the "Little Helps" department the following recipe for "apple cake," which is new and very good. With eggs forty cents a dozen, and scarce at that, housewifes will appreciate this, I am sure.

Cream together one cupful of sugar and one-half cupful of butter, adding one small teaspoonful of salt, one of ground cinnamon and one-half teaspoonful of cloves; nutmeg to taste; cream well. Dissolve one teaspoonful of soda in a tablespoonful of hot water, and stir into a cup of cold apple-sauce, unsweetened; when it foams, add to it the butter and sugar mixture, stirring thoroughly; then add two cupfuls of flour and one cupful of coarsely chopped seeded raisins, well floured; it will take nearly an hour to bake in a moderate oven.

USES OF OILED PAPER

By Blanche Greene

Save the oiled paper in which bread is wrapped, as it is excellent for several things:— First, if placed in the bottom of a cake tin, it will prevent the cake from scorching, and also help in removing it from the tin Second, cut in strips and placed round the edge of a pie, it will prevent the juice escaping. Third, if one wants to put away anything in a cup or pitcher, a scrap of the oiled paper over the top, snapped on with a rubber band, will prove satisfactory.

Gasoline and Cornmeal

Dip a stiff brush in gasoline, then in cornmeal and rub over any soiled worsted garment; you will be surprised to see how beautifully it will clean and freshen it. It also removes spots from rugs and draperies.

FOR THE PIE-MAKER

By A Reader

Don't lose the sweet juice of the pie; put a layer of cracker crumbs, instead of flour, on under crust before filling; if very juicy berries are to be used, mix also some crumbs with the berries.

If pie-plant is used, a generous layer does not hurt, but improves the pie.

Use the Oven

Try warming the left-overs of meat and vegetables by putting them in pie-pans or shallow pans and set in the oven; they need no attention and are ready when wanted, and the top of the stove has been free for other uses.

THE BEST EVER .

By Mrs., M. J. Merrell

This is a recipe for the very best "spot remover" you ever tried.

Two ounces of castile soap shaved fine; two quarts of pure soft water. Boil till soap is thoroughly dissolved; strain and cool. When cool, add one ounce sulphuric ether and two ounces of wood alcohol; shake it well and keep corked.

It is now ready for use and will remove spots and stains from your clothing like magic, especially woolen garments.

PLAIN COAL OIL FOR SILVER

By M. E. Gunsolus

I have found out that plain coal oil will make the worst tarnish on silver or brass vanish like magic, and the article treated looks like new.

New Use for Cornmeal

To keep your hands smooth and white, do not buy lotions and cold creams, but try plain cornmeal, mixed with a small quantity of salt. You will find it is most effective.



Put Yourself in His Place

What does it mean to him? What would it mean to you if you were in his place? Would you be face to face with disaster or would you watch the smouldering remnants of your property with your mind occupied with plans for business rehabilitation, because somewhere in the ruins is the safe containing the indestructible financial soul of your business—your fire insurance policy?

If this happens to your property, you can plan with absolute certainty if your policy is in the **Hartford**, because for more than a hundred years it has been furnishing just this kind of business protection and has never failed to make good an honest loss.

It has paid 140 Millions for claims on property of its policy holders. This is larger indemnity than has ever been paid by any other American company.



When Next You Insure
Insist on the Hartford

FINANCIAL MISCELLANY

By W. J. CARLTON

THE effect of the decisions in the Standard Oil and Tobacco cases is a matter for serious contemplation at the present time. Standard Oil is an operating as well as a holding company and owns many of its properties outright, but the American Tobacco is almost purely a holding company.

It is safe to state that from twenty to thirty per cent of the wealth represented by the corporations in the United States is held or controlled by holding companies. The great majority of these are operating companies, since it is only a small minority which own nothing but securities.

Aside from the Standard Oil and Tobacco holding companies, this device has been used in many notable instances to promote industrial enterprises. It has facilitated legitimate business, and in many instances has reduced costs, increased efficiency and resulted in greater public usefulness. Through this device the Pennsylvania Railroad has brought together many non-competing lines, with the result that the public has been given better service at lower rates, and at the same time the capitalists have been given larger returns on their investments.

Probably there never was a time when so many people were investing in bonds as at present. Time and experience have demonstrated that they are better than real estate mortgages and vastly superior to the average real estate investment. Owing to changes in market prices real estate is always of more or less an uncertain value. while the problem of rents and their collection usually occasions considerable worry. Then again, it is practically impossible to convert such investments into ready cash on short notice. With bonds, however, it is different. The better class of bonds are certain money-earners and can always command an immediate purchaser. Frequently they increase in market prices and afford the investor a profit aside from the interest earnings. Then again, the collection of interest is much easier than the collection of rent. In the case of bonds all that is necessary is to clip the coupons and deposit them in a bank. The bondholders' investments are secured . by unquestionable mortgage, which are deposited with a trustee, usually a trust company, which protects the investor. The fact that National Banks are prohibited from investing in mortgages is in itself evidence that such investments are considered of uncertain character.

Contrary to rumors there will be no retrenchment in the Erie Railroad as a result of the rate decision. President Underwood says that every dollar of earnings over and above fixed charges will this year be spent in improvements. Among important pieces of work of this year will be the construction of a double track in Ohio between Salamanca and Marion.

Frank J. Gould says: "I cannot join in the hue and cry against the rate decision, for I am firmly of the belief that it is just and will prove salutary. The decision shows that the carriers can make a fair profit upon the basis of present rates under economic administration. With the natural increase in the business of the country and the development of its resources increased business is coming to the railroads."

It does not indicate retrenchment when it is stated that Lackawanna will spend \$13,000,000 to cut off thirteen miles between New York and Albany; or when it is announced that Boston and Maine will put \$2,000,000 into double tracking; or when Lehigh Valley increases the wages

of one thousand firemen.

The recent advance in the securities of the Commonwealth Edison Company of Chicago indicates no alarm over the prospective new contract with the city. It is an evidence of a general belief that the company's remarkable growth will continue. Last year's increase in Commonwealth gross was twenty-three per cent, or double the increase in any previous year. Commonwealth Edison's present schedule of rates as fixed by agreement with the city does not expire until August, 1912.

We Feel Sure

that the readers of the interesting article recently published in this magazine on "Chicago's Marvelous Electrical Development," will believe, as we do, that the securities of Electrical Companies of recognized standing offer a most attractive field for investment.

For more than twenty years we have been intimately associated with the financing of Electrical Corporations and we constantly keep on hand a care-

fully selected assortment of stocks and bonds of that class.

At the present time we offer for sale and recommend most highly for investment the following:

Federal Sign System (Electric)

Home Insurance Building, CHICAGO

Engaged in SELLING, RENTING and OPERATING ELECTRIC SIGNS and the sale of electricity consuming devices and supplies in nineteen cities, including Chicago, New York, St. Louis, Cincinnati, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Pittsburg, New Orleans, Buffalo, Kansas City.

We Offer a Limited Amount of

7% Cumulative Preferred Stock

of the above Company

at \$100 per share and accrued dividend, with a bonus of 40 per cent of the Common Stock Voting Trust Certificates. Earnings largely in excess of dividend requirements. Majority of common stock held in voting trust, with

SAMUEL INSULL JOHN H. GOEHST JOHN F. GILCHRIST

Illinois Valley Gas & Electric Company Samuel Insull, Pres. John H. Gulick, Sec'y & Treas.

Supplies Gas and Electricity for lighting and power in the thriving mining, manufacturing and agricul-

tural district of the Illinios valley, including such cities and towns as Streator, Ottawa, Dwight, Wilmington, Gardner, etc. Under the presidency of Mr. Samuel Insull this company is assured the benefits of the same able

management which has made the Commonwealth Edison Co. and North Shore Electric Co. so successful.

Regular quarterly dividends at the rate of 6% per annum are being paid on the Cumulative Preferred Stock, which we offer at \$85.00 per share and accrued dividend, to net the investor 7.06%.

Commonwealth Edison Company

First Mortgage 5% Gold Bonds

Bonds dated September 1, 1908. Due June 1, 1943. Interest payable March 1st and September 1st. Listed on Chicago Stock Exchange. Price to yield nearly 5%.

North Shore Electric Company
First and Refunding Mortgage 5% Gold Bonds
Bonds dated April 1, 1910. Due April 1, 1940. Redeemable at 107½ April 1, 1920, or thereafter. Interest payable April 1st and October 1st. Denominations \$500 and \$1,000. Price to yield better than 5%.

Correspondence invited

Circulars upon request

RUSSELL, BREWSTER & CO.

BANKERS AND BROKERS

NEW YORK OFFICE 111 Broadway

137 ADAMS STREET CHICAGO

Members New York Stock Exchange Chicago Stock Exchange

TAKING FROM THE AIR NITROGEN FOR FERTILIZER

By E. S. MATHER

Recent articles published in magazines and papers all over the country, giving statistics regarding the rapidly diminishing yield of wheat and corn, and the increasing cost of commercial fertilizers, owing to scarcity of raw materials, leads to the question, "What are we to do about it?" This question has been carefully investigated by the writer, and the answer comes back with tremendous force, "Use natural means."

Do you suppose that nature ever intended us to go to the saltpetre beds of Chili for a supply of nitrogen (the most expensive and most necessary of all fertilizing material), when by the exercise of a little common sense we can easily do what nature is doing every day—namely, taking nitrogen from the inexhaustible supply in the air and by means of the wonderful forms of bacteria (or minute plant life) thus making it available for plant food.

Every farmer understands something of the value of crop rotation, and the use of legumes, such as peas, beans, clovers, etc., to enrich the soil. Comparatively few farmers understand why these plants have this effect, and that it is all due to the Nitrogen-Gathering Bacteria.

We point with pride to the wonderful developments of the past few years in harnessing the power of Niagara Falls to produce light and heat for millions of people, and sit apparently helpless and watch the gradual impoverishment of the land of this country, through primitive methods of enrichment, criminal neglect and waste.

Years ago a boy working on his father's

farm in New Zealand noticed that a field of clover that had been growing luxuriantly for several years had begun to die out. Not content with the simple explanation that the land was tired of clover and needed some other crop, this boy said: "Why?" and that simple "Why?" led to his life's work.

His first investigation was of the roots of the clover plants, and he found that the few remaining clover plants, that were still growing well, had little swellings or lumps on their roots, while these swellings were absent from the roots of the plants that were dying out.

Looking for explanation of this, he came across a book describing the work of some German Scientists, and learned that the swellings on the roots, called nodules, were due to bacteria, a mysterious word that even today means, to most of us, anything from typhoid fever germs to yeast cakes. Yet it is to these minute organisms that we must look for help, unless we wish to face starvation in the future.

(fi

le

sel

WO

the

tel

the

att

wh

tiv

Thus with only limited opportunities at his command, by careful study at home, then education at a foreign University, and finally a laboratory of research at Bloomfield, New Jersey, Dr. G. H. Earp-Thomas undoubtedly has become the foremost authority in the world in this special line of research.

It is only through the work and investigations of such men as Earp-Thomas. Moore, Chester, Kellerman, Ferguson, Lipman, that means have been recently developed for properly growing these bacteria

Don't fail to mention the NATIONAL MAGAZINE when writing to advertisers.

and keeping them alive for use on the plants. Early attempts on the part of persons who lacked knowledge of how to do this led some to lose faith in a means of soil enrichment.

A visit to Dr. Earp-Thomas's Laboratory and Experimental Garden, or to one of the hundreds of farms scattered over every State in the country, where Nitrogen-Gathering Bacteria is being used successfully will furnish convincing proof that this most important question has been solved and results are within the reach of all who take enough interest in the matter to learn how to use the bacteria—and when.

field

uxuri-

to die

expla-

clover

said:

led to

roots

at the

ngs or

ellings

plants

came

fsome

at the

s, were

d that

, any-

yeast

anisms

ess we

unities

home,

versity,

rch at

Earp-

ne the

in this

and in-

homas,

n, Lip-

tly de-

pacteria

e.

were

To many the name bacteria means some kind of dangerous germ life that is all very interesting to scientists, but entirely too difficult a matter for ordinary people to think about or attempt to understand. While this may be true in a sense, it is also true that while we may not have the opportunity of studying these minute forms of life under a microscope, we may learn how to use them to best advantage, leaving their selection and breeding in the hands of the specialist just as we learn how to use the electric current for light and power without knowing how to produce it.

We use yeast every day in our households, which is a preparation, the efficiency of which is due to the gas making bacteria (fungi) which it contains, and the good results are due to the fact that we have learned how and when to use it.

The soil in our fields is full of thousands of different kinds of bacteria, each having a different kind of work to perform. Scientists for many years have been carefully selecting and studying the uses of different kinds to the end that the beneficial bacteria may be used more largely for improving wornout soils and maintaining the fertility of our land.

If you intend to use bacteria, perhaps the first matter to consider is whether the soil is in right condition. Dr. Earp-Thomas tells me that many fail to get results from the use of bacteria because they invariably attribute a crop failure to lack of fertilizer, when in many cases it is due to bad cultivation, acid conditions, etc.

Now, Nitrogen-Gathering Bacteria are plants, the successful growth of which is subject to a great extent to proper soil conditions, and if they are to be successfully used as a means of furnishing nitrates, the condition of the soil must be considered.

Land that has not been well cultivated becomes favorable for the growth of an army of bacteria that produce acid or sour conditions unfavorable to nearly all crops, and the beneficial Nitrogen-Gathering Bacteria are no exception to this rule. Lime and proper cultivation correct this trouble, because the lime kills the unfavorable bacteria.

Many agriculturists believe that all that is necessary when the land is not in right condition is to plant the clover, peas, beans or other legumes, that in places where these plants have been successfully grown before, there will be an ample supply of bacteria ready to do the work. Some think that where a legume crop, new to the locality, such as alfalfa, is to be grown, all that is necessary is to secure some soil from an old field in another locality, spread it, and thus supply the bacteria. Leaving out the question of the danger of transfer of soil diseases and weeds, it would seem better to secure bacteria that have been bred to secure high power for producing nitrogen, and in such form that all that is required is to put them on the seeds before planting.

The Nitrogen-Gathering Bacteria are not a "cure-all," and would be of no value where soil or plant diseases are responsible for crop failures. Neither do they take the place of Phosphates, Potash and Lime. What they will do is to supply nitrates and nitrates in most cases are what our

land is most sadly in need of.

We are coming to realize more fully the advantage of planting a legume, such as cow peas or soy beans, as a cover crop and treating this with bacteria to make nitrates for the next season's crop. With proper soil conditions inoculation with Nitrogen Bacteria will increase the crop weight from ten to six hundred per cent, as has been proven in almost every instance where high bred bacteria have been used.

Book

alla

A Gold Mine of Nuggets



50,000 People

joined in making, by personal selection, this book Heart Throbs. The most wonderful collection of old-time prose and poetry in existence. Price \$1.50 net.

"He would have a heart of stone, indeed, who would not feel a throb of better feeling as he reads its pages."

Have you Heart Throbs on your Library Table?

Home-Makers' Exchange



10,000 Women

joined in making, by personal experience, this exceedingly helpful volume of home hints. Worth its weight in gold to the new bride or any woman who wants to know "a better and an easier way." Price \$2.00 net.

"One of the best books ever published. Not spoiled by editoria hands."

The time you need a little help is the time you need "Little Helps."

Story of a Great Nation



5,000 People joined in making, by

personal requests to the Federal officials, this complete resume of the intimate internal management and operation of the departments comprising the National government. Price \$2.00 net.

"History making must stir the pride of every true American."

A storehouse of valuable information in attractive, readable form.

Old Songs Recall Old Friends

25,000 People

joined in making, by personal selection, this singing volume of familiar old-time favorites to flood memories of by-gone days. Price \$2.50 net.



"I am sure that the vast majority of people who have *lized* will find this collection made as though especially for themselves."

An informal gathering of friends of an evening in the home is "Heart Songs" time. Have you it ready?

Footprints on Life's Way

8,000 Old Friends

subscribers to the National Magazine, joined in making, by personal selection from the writings of the editor, this book of irrepressible good humor and wide-awake living.



ner

thi

sys

org

hur

que

San

VIV

bee obs

into

dige

hun

per

from ficen But

Men

"It genially transmits the rays of passing fellowship."

The Happy Habit is a friendly book—a book for lonesome moments.

CHAPPLE PUBLISHING CO., Ltd.
Boston, Mass.

| Enclosed | fin | ıd | | | | | j | o | r | 5 | vi | hi | ci | h | 8 | e | n | d | 7 | n | e | 0 | ı | c | oį | pį | |
|---------------------|-----|----|------|--|--|--|---|---|---|---|----|----|----|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|----|----|---|
| of postage paid. | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | • |
| Name | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | |

Town.....State.....



—"And you must take Sanatogen regularly for several weeks"

THIS urgent advice is given by physicians day by day in every civilized land-wherever sufferers from starved nerves and poor digestion seek relief. There is a reason for this. Physicians know that Sanatogen is a substance capable of supplying the real needs of a starved, overwrought nervous system—that it is a scientific combination of albumen and organic phosphorus—a compound eagerly absorbed by the hungry tissues and possessing unique tonic and reconstructive qualities. They also know from their own observation what Sanatogen has done for others. They have watched its revivifying action upon persons whose nervous strength had been undermined by overwork, worry or disease, they have observed how it has infused renewed energy, life and elasticity into starved nerves, how it has regenerated the appetite, digestion, in short how wonderfully it has helped to make the human machinery fit to perform its functions in the most perfect manner.

There are on file with the owners of Sanatogen no less than 15,000 letters from practising physicians praising, endorsing Sanatogen. Truly a magnificent monument of the value of this food-tonic.

But no less impressive is the enthusiastic testimony of patients themselves. Men and women in the forefront of human endeavor, statesmen, prelates, authors, lawyers, have written above their own signatures of the wonderful benefits received from Sanatogen.

ору

We sak you carnestly to get acquainted with Sanatogen. Investigate our claims first, if you like, and we are only too glad to have you do so. Ask your doctor about it, and in any case write at once for our book "Our Nervesof Tomorrew," the work of a physician-sation, written in an absorbingly interesting style, beautifully illustrated and containing facts and information of vital interest to you. This book also contains evidence of the value of Sanatogen which is as remarkable as it is conclusive.

Sanatogen is sold in three sizes, \$1.00, \$1.90, \$3.60 Out it from your druggist—if not obtainable from him, sent upon receipt of price by

The Bauer Chemical Company 587 Everett I

JOHN BURROUGHS

The distinguished naturalist and author, writes:

"I think the Sanatogen did me much good—it gave me much strength, steadied my nerves and greatly improved my sleep. It comes the nearest to being a remedy for oid age I have yet struck, and I want to thank you for suggesting it."

Prof. C. A. EWALD

of Berlin University, Doctor honoris causa Johns Hopkins Medical School, Baltimore, writes:

"I am able to speak from my own observations made at the bedside of patients, and I can say that I have used Sanatogen in a great number of cases (that is, in those disturbances of metabolism which were mainly of a nervous or neurasthenic origin), and have obtained excellent results."

Hon. GEO. C. PERKINS

U. S. Senator, Former Gov. of Cal., writes:

"I have found Sanatogen to be a very pleasant nutrient and tonic, and extremely healthful in conditions of nervousness and poor digestion."

GEORGE ADE

The humorist says:

"I have given Sanatogen a trial and I am convinced of its merits."

NATIONAL MAGAZINE

VOLUME XXXIV

CONTENTS FOR APRIL, 1911

NUMBER SIX

| COVER DESIGN: "Rosamond" | | |
|--|--|-----|
| FRONTISPIECE: Illustration for the "Guest of Honor" | Arthur Hutchins | *** |
| AFFAIRS AT WASHINGTON | Joe Mitchell Chapple | 743 |
| illustrated: Closing days of Congress and extra session linger.—Mr. Hilles takes the place of Secretary Norton. tive Hinds of Maine.—Colonel Hedge grows reminisce talk.—Making sparks ily.—New National Museum. bills.—Waste basket stories.—Senator Page has a birth land of Utah.—A new Grand Opera star.—Capitol decor Dr. Frederick A. Cleveland.—The printer Congressma Francisco gets the exposition.—Did not care to fight.—Chasters.—The farmer has changed.—Rural delivery. "The Havoc".—Associate Justice Van Devanter.—No Townsend of Michigan.—Death of Sam Walter Foss.—Agricultural advice.—Representative and Mrs. Cla Canal fortifications.—A new kind of rubber.—The Svalue and danger.—Popular election of United States S Iananese treaty. | called.—Resignation of Secretary Bal—Beauty of Washington.—Representa- nt.—Housekeeping Schools.—Aeroplane—Pot of message.—Tariff commission day.—House of labor.—Senator Suther- ations.—Congressman McCall's work.— n.—A joke on the secret service.—San longressman Dawson retires.—Patriotic.—Dr. Wiley against tea and coffee.— reserve ammunition.—Senator Charles Jovernor Chase Osborn of Michigan.— yton.—The Lorimer decision.—Panama touth and the census.—Dynamite, its enators delayed by a narrow margin.— | |
| THE GUEST OF HONOR, Serial | | 777 |
| GOD'S MARINER, Verse | Edna Dean Proctor | 793 |
| THE CONQUEROR, Verse | | |
| A CENTURY'S GROWTH IN FEDERAL EXPENDITURES | | |
| Being a comparison of the estimates for 1802 with ex | penditures for 1911 | |
| THE MORNING STAR, Verse | Edna Dean Proctor | 799 |
| BOOKS IN AN EDITORIAL WORKSHOP | Joe Mitchell Chapple | 800 |
| AT HOME, Verse | | |
| LOST AND HIDDEN TREASURE | | |
| A SPRING POEM, Verse | | |
| THE PRESIDENTS OF AMERICA | | |
| Profusely illustrated with half-tone engravings | | |
| MY SWEETHEART-"PAHOE HOU," Verse | | |
| THE NOBILITY OF THE TRADES (Doctors and Surgeons) Illustrated | | |
| THE CASE OF THE CROWN JEWELS, Story | Maitland LeRoy Osborne | 853 |
| A WEDDING TRIP FOR ONE, StoryIllustrated | | |
| THE ISLAND OF PEACE, Story | | |
| MUSICAL SEASON IN AMERICA | | |
| THERE IS, Verse | Clement Hopkins | 885 |
| BANCORAN, THE CORAL ISLAND IN THE SULU SEA Illustrated | | |
| MUSICAL RECORDS OF THE MONTH | | |
| THE SCIENCE OF EXERCISE | | |
| IN THE COSY CORNER, A Department | Contributed by Readers | 893 |
| THE NEED OF MORE RAILWAYS IN THE NORTHWEST Illustrated | | |
| LET'S TALK IT OVER | | |
| FINANCIAL MISCELLANY | | |
| THE HOME DEPARTMENT | Contributed by Readers | 918 |
| | | |

Notice to Contributors: We are always glad to read stories, poems, essays and illustrated articles, especially those by new writers, and we make every effort to return manuscript offered for our examination; but we cannot be responsible for unsolicited contributions. Enclose a stamped envelope, addressed to yourself to insure the safe return of your manuscript.

The Managing Editor.

Monotyped and Printed by

Chapple Publishing Company, Ltd., 944 Dorchester Avenue, Boston, U. S. A.

JOHN C. CHAPPLE, Vice-President.

BENNETT B. CHAPPLE, Secretary. WILLIAM H. CHAPPLE, President. JOE MITCHELL CHAPPLE, Treasurer.

Subscription, \$1.50 a Year. 15 Cents a Copy

Entered according to Act of Congress in the year 1911 by the Chapple Publishing Company, Ltd., at the office of the Librarian of Congress at Washington

Entered at Boston Post Office as Second-class Matter. Copyright, 1911, by the Chapple Publishing Company, Ltd.

It is bound to clean! When nothing else will start dirt and stain, you know Sapolio will do it. Paint or pans, marble or metal, floors, lavatories and almost everything cleanable yields to the most economical of cleaners, that big cake that does not waste or melt.

It is well proven that



"THE BOOK THE PEOPLE BUILT"

HEART SONGS

50,000 music-loving people joined in making this wonderful book of old-time favorites for home singing



CHAPPLE PUB. CO., Boston, Mass.

For a Good Old-Fashioned Sing

Gentlemen: Enclosed find \$2.50 for which please send me a copy of HEART SONGS with the understanding that if it is unsatisfactory I can return it and get my money back.

Have you ever been face to face with this situation?— a group of friends in for an evening—a call for music, something everybody can sing—and no music exactly suitable for the occasion. You should have a copy of "HEART SONGS"—its contents include over five hundred familiar sea songs, love songs, plantation melodies, college songs and hymns.

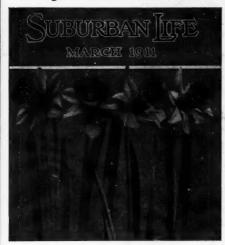
| Name | | Price \$2.50 net |
|------|---|--------------------------|
| | 1 | at all book stores or di |

at all book stores or direct CHAPPLE PUB. CO., BOSTON

Address

A Garden Guide for All Summer 25 Cents a Copy—While They Last!

80 Pages of Garden Information



Greatest Garden Number

A partial list of the contents follows:

PLANTING TIME-TABLES FOR FLOWERS AND VEGETABLES. The Best Ever Put in Print

THE IDEAL VEGETABLE GARDEN

A BUSY MAN'S FLOWER GARDEN

OUTWITTING THE BUGS

THE AMATEUR'S STRAWBERRY PATCH

GROWING THE SWEETEST SWEET CORN
WHERE THE SWEET PEA IS QUEEN

DOLLARS AND CENTS IN LANDSCAPE GAR-DENING

A LITTLE NEW HAMPSHIRE GARDEN
TRY-IT-OUT GARDEN AND WHAT GREW
THERE

THE GARDEN CLUBS OF SUBURBAN PHILA-DELPHIA

MAKING THE MOST OF THE HARDY BORDER SUBURBAN BEE-KEEPING

FROM CITY TO POULTRY FARM ROQUE AS A SUBURBAN PASTIME

d

MAKING A LIVING-ROOM OF THE LAWN AT THE SIGN OF THE WATER-DISH

SHORT CUTS TO GARDEN SUCCESS

HE March issue of SUBURBAN LIFE is the Annual Garden Number. It is the most complete and most belpful special garden number ever published. If you have a garden, or if you are planning one, you cannot afford to do without this wonderful guide, which is good for all summer. Glance over the partial list of contents, and see for yourself.

A small supply of the regular March edition of SUBURBAN LIFE was laid aside just for this advertising purpose. We wanted to make sure, that if for any reason you missed SUBURBAN LIFE, you could still secure a copy of this wonderful special garden number, of the best magazine in its special field. Says a reader:

"I do not see how I could 'run' my suburban home without SUBURBAN LIFE. I have gotten more actual help from your magazine than from any other. It is ideal for the amateur gardener."

As long as they last, we will send a copy of the March number to any address upon receipt of 25 cents in stamps. Send your order to

SUBURBAN LIFE, Subscription Department HARRISBURG, PENNSYLVANIA

If we cannot fill your order, your money will be returned to you promptly.

DO IT NOW!

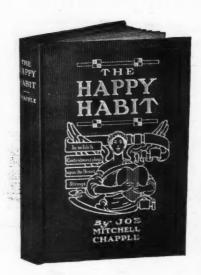
SUBURBAN LIFE, Harrisburg, Pa.

Enclosed is 25 cents for a copy of your March, 1911, Garden Number

Name _

Address

2



8,000 Old Friends

subscribers to the National Magazine, joined in making, by personal selection from the writings of the editor, this book of irrepressible good humor and wide-awake living,

"It genially transmits the rays of passing fellowship."

The Happy Habit is a friendly book—a book for lonesome moments.

| | PUBLISHING CO., Ltd. Boston, Mass. |
|------------------------|--|
| Enclosed postage paid. | find \$1.50 for which send me a copy of The Happy I. abit, |
| | Name |
| | Address |

Footprints on Like's Way



5,000 People

joined in making, by personal selection, this book of famous Southern oratory, assisted by eminent Southern editors.

"In the pages of these two volumes the highest degree of cloquence is attained."

| CHAPPLE PUBLISHING CO., Ltd. Boston, Mass. |
|---|
| Enclosed find \$2.00 for which send me the two volumes of ELOQUENT SONS OF THE SOUTH. |
| Name |
| Address |

Books of American Eloquence



De Luxe Library Editions Bound in Garnet and Gold

This Complete Family Library, comprising the personal selections, experiences and interests of thousands of people, represents the most satisfying set of gift books ever published.

| CHAPPLE | PU | BLISHI | NG | CO., | Ltd. |
|---------|------|--------|----|------|------|
| Bos | ton, | Mass. | | | |

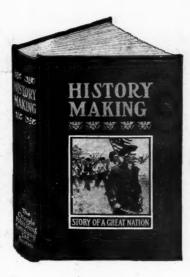
Enclosed find \$9.00 for a complete set of the "BOOKS THE PEOPLE BUILT" De Luze Library Edition, including one year's subscription to the NATIONAL MAGAZINE. Send the books prepaid to

Name

If the books are not satisfactory, I understand they may $\,$ be returned and my money will be refunded.

A Book for Every Mood

lt



5,000 People

joined in making by personal request to the Federal officials, this complete résumé of the intimate internal management and operation of the departments comprising the National Government.

"History making must stir the pride of every true American."

| CHAPPLE PUBLISHING CO., Ltd. | |
|---|----------------------|
| Boston, Mass. | |
| Enclosed find \$2.00 for which send MAKING, postage paid. | me a copy of HISTORY |
| Name | |
| Address | |

The Story of a Great Mation

LIBRARY OF

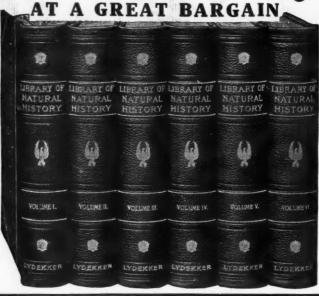
Vatural History



We ship Books to your home.

Look them over for one week.

Return at our expense If not Satisfactory



Only 7c. a Day Bays this Great work.

3000 Pages 2200 Pictures 72 Plates in Colors.

Read our Great offer.

mette Building,

All About Wild Animals

Professor Lydekker, B.A., F.G.S., F.Z.S., the great naturalist, last written a Natural History which takes rank as the wery highest authority. Ernest Thompson-Seton, the famous author of animal stories and a high authority on nature study, has written a charming introduction and strongly endorses the work. It tells the true life-stories of all the animals of earth, when when they because their bones how they at tells the true inte-stories of all the animals of earth, sea and sky. How they make their homes, how they care for their young, their wonderful intelligence, their battle for existence—a myriad interesting matters surprise and delight you on every page. And the stories are told in such simple, picturesque language that even young children can enjoy them. Lydekker's Natural History stands in a class by itself. Nothing in all literature is more interesting. ture is more interesting.

No Novel More Entertaining

The structure, appearance, life-history and habits of all the familiar or strange and rare inhabitants of the animal kingdom are recounted with such fullness, clearness and sympacthy as enchant the attention and feed the imagination. In point of interest, no novel or collection of novels is superior to this great Library of Nature-Lore. There is not one of its 3,000 and more pages that does not containsomething to kindle interest and arouse wonder. The infinite, throbing life of the planet is unfolded by pen and picture with great force and vividness. The place it will occupy in your library will be the oftenest visited by the young and old of your family.

Beautifully Illustrated

The volumes include about 2200 pictures — quarter-page, half-page and full-page engravings and 72 color-plate inserts, reproducing faithfully the natural colors of the animals. The execution of this valuable feature of the work was entrusted to noted artists. The color plates are from originals by famous painters who have devoted their lives to animal-portrature. The illustrations would alone make the library valuable as an educative influence in all homes where there are growing children, to whom the strange creatures of air, earth and water, will prove an endless delight.

The Riverside Publishing Company CHICAGO ...

This Splendid Library

The set consists of 6 large Royal Octavo volumes, handsomely and durably bound in a rich red Half Morocco— a set of books whose appearance captivates the booklover at a glance. Each volume contains over 500 profusely illustrated pages, printed from new, large, easy-to-read type on a good quality of book paper.

Our Exceptional Offer

We will ship this complete set to your home subject to seven days' examination and approval. Bon't pay us any money untilyou are fully satisfied that the books are well worth the price we ask. Simply fill out and send to us the attached form of request for inspection. We will then send you the complete library for you to examine leisurely and thoroughly in your home. Read, test and judge for yourself. If the books, after full examination, do not thoroughly satisfy you—just drop us a line and we will send you shipping instructions for the return of the library to us at our expense. THE RIVERSIDE PUBLISHING to us at our expense, COMPANY,

Look Them Over

A request for inspection does not put you under obligation of any kind expectsely like a sking a clerk to above in a book in a book-store. We take all the risk and guarantee satisfaction in every way. CHICAGO. rlease ship me, subject to my examination and approtolon wal, one set of Lydecker's Natural History, in Half Morocco binding. It, after 7 to 10 story examination, I am entirely satisfied to the story examination of the TEAR OFF. in every way.

A DDRESS



NAPOLEON standing with folded arms on the lonely and barren rocks of Saint Helena, banished a thousand miles from shore, gazing out across the solemn sea toward France, where he was once Emperor, is one of the most tragic scenes in history. This picture from Ridpath's History illustrates but one event out of thousands which are fully described and illustrated in the world-famed publication

Ridpath's History of the World

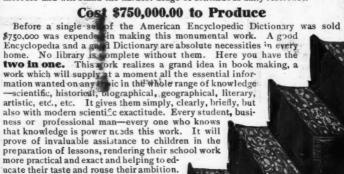


ICHICAGO I

The New American

Encyclopedic Dictionary At a Great Bargain

HIS splendid dictionary and encyclopedia combined is the result of the cooperative labors of more than 200 leading scholars and scientists. It comprises a complete and thoroughly up-to-date encyclopedia of literature, history, science, invention and discovery, together with a modern pronouncing dictionary of the English language with definitions of **250,000 words**, while Webster defines only 140,000. It contains also a gazeteer of the world with colored maps and a comprehensive biographical dictionary, 5,000 three-column pages and nearly 4,000 illustrations, is handsomely bound in half morocco and will stand the hardest usage of continuous daily reference.



Its Wonderful Convenience

Think for a minute how convenient it would be to have knowledge universal thus readily accessible in five volumes, to have an encyclopedia so compact that it can be also used as handily as any of the great several-volume dictionaries, when you want merely to look up the meaning or proper spelling or pronunciation of a word, or a biographical fact, or the location of a place on the map of any country. The readiest purchasers of the New American Encyclopedic Dictionary are those who are already possessed of the amplest means of reference in encyclopedias, catases, divinoraries, etc., but who see in this compact work of reference a great time and labor saver.

Our Bargain offer

NATIONAL MAGAZINE readers have the good for-NATIONAL MAGAZINE readers have the good fortune of securing this complete set at a lower price and
easier terms than will ever again be duplicated in the
history of book selling. We will send you all five
volumes simply on receiving the coupon at the bottom
of this page with your name and address. Keep the
books five days. Consult them at your leisure. Then
if you are satisfied that this is the biggest book bargain that ever came your_way_send us \$1 and
thereafter \$2 a month for 10 months—just
a few cents a day for a very short while. No obligation involved in sending for the volumes. If they do
not fully satisfy you—if you do not feel that you
would like to own them at this price, simply notify
us within five days, and we will arrange to have them
shipped back to us at our expense.

How It Is Possible

Our distributing facilities are so great that we can afford to cut down the price to within a narrow margin of actual cost. We are the largest book advertisers in the world. We sell direct to you. No middleman's, no dealer's profit, no agent's commission. The saving is all yours. But the best way to convince yourself that this offer is unparalleled is to fill out the coupon below and send it to us without delay. It entitles you to the privilege of a leisurely examination of the work, in your own home.

The Riverside Publishing Company, Chicago



ADDRESS



Your Health-

Whether "run down," tired out, nervous, can't sleep, or if suffering from Kidney, Liver or Stomach troubles, will be perfectly regained at the easily accessible

French Lick West Baden Springs

Go now—drink the waters at this "America's Fountain of Health"
—and feel "fit as a fiddle" in a week or two. Hotel accommodations are perfect—pleasant surroundings, pleasant people and
rest and recreation will clear your mind of business worries
and rebuild your tired system. Golf, tennis, riding, driving, billiards, trap-shooting, etc. Climatically ideal—
situated in Southern Indiana, on the

Write for descriptive booklet, rates, etc.

> FRANK J. REED General Passenger Agt. Railway, Exchange CHICAGO

MONON ROUTE

The Kitchen and Hand Soap'

The Best Soap Ever Introduced



For cleansing and polishing Tin, Copper, Brass and all Metals. For cleansing and restoring Paint

It Has No Equal in the Market

For removing Tar, Pitch, Cement, Varnish, Paint, Axle Grease, Blacking and all impurities from the hands, it is unequalled, leaving the skin soft, white and smooth. BEWARE OF IMITATIONS. For sale by all grocers.

CHAS. F. BATES & CO.,

Proprietors and Manufacturers
123 OLIVER ST. BOSTON

Factory, Wollaston, Mass.

The

ny,

ig.,



On receipt of 25 cents we will send by mail in PLAIN SEALED PACKAGE \$1.00 box of the tablets. This offer is only for the first box, and to those who liave never tried the tablets.

W. A. HENDERSON DRUG CO., 220 16th Street Clarinda, Iowa



Such records as these Columbia Double-Discs of Miss Nielsen's, played on the Columbia Grafonola, are the best possible demonstration of the "one incomparable musical instrument."

If you had heard and analyzed every voice ever recorded, we would be willing to accept your verdict on these lovely soprano records as the basis of all our future dealing with you.

They comprise six double-disc numbers (twelve selections). Price \$3 for each double-disc.

Columbia dealers everywhere are ready to play them for you, and to show you that they may be played on any disc machine.

The Columbia
Grafonola "Regent"
(combination mahogany library table and hornless Graphophone) price
\$200.

Columbis Phonograph Co., Gen'l. Box 202, Tribune Building, New York
Creators of the Talking-Machine Industry. Pioneers and Leaders in the Talking-Machine
Art. Owners of the Fundamental Patents. Largest manufacturers of Talking-Machines
in the world. Dealers wanted—Exclusive selling rights given where we are not actively
represented.

Don't fail to mention NATIONAL, MAGAZINE, when writing to advertisers.







"It's the finest coffee in the world."

WE WISH YOU to exactly understand the interest and enthusiasm that is being aroused, all over the United States, in the splendid quality and deliciousness of our

which, securely packed in full net weight 1, 2 and 3 lb. all-tin cans, only, is guaranteed to arrive at your home in perfect condition.

The constantly growing demand for "White House" is so great that we are obliged to send out, annually, many hundreds of car-loads similar to the one shown above, in order to satisfy the thousands of people who have learned how dependable it is, people who would never think of drinking any other coffee. If you are not now using "White House" and would like to try it before buying it from your dealer, we will be glad to send you, ABSOLUTELY FREE, a liberal sample, together with our "Tested Recipes for Coffee and Tea Making." Simply write to the nearer of our two addresses, giving the name of your grocer and mentioning "National" Magazine,

Dwinell-Wright Co., Principal Coffee Roasters, Boston & Chicago

YPEWRITERS



ALL MAKES

Extra Special

No. 3 Olivers, rebuilt, good as new, \$42.50 cash or \$45.00 on installments, easy terms. All other Standard Machines, including Visibles, at equally low prices.

Smith Premiers, Fay Sholes, etc.

PRICES \$15.00 AND UP

5 days' free trial or rented, rental to apply on purchase.

Send for Catalogue. Address

ROCKWELL BARNES COMPANY, 916 Munn Bldg., CHICAGO

HEADACHE AND NEURALGIA

Write for a Free Trial Box

The Dr. WHITEHALL MEGRIMINE CO. (Sold by Druggists) SOUTH BEND, IND.

CURED to STAY CURED

No relapse. No return of choking spells or other asthchosing spens or same whether with a system of treatment approved by best U.S. medical authorities as the only system own to permanent. FREE TEST TREATMENT

thown to permanentFREE TEST
y cure the disease.
Including medicines, prepared for anyone
tion of the case and sending names of two ure the disease, uding medicines, prepared for anyone giving full descrip of the case and sending names of two asthmatic sufferers Address FRANK WHETZEL, D. Dept. B. American Express Building, Chicago.



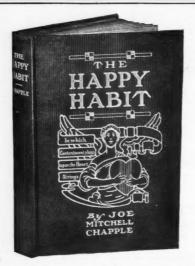
CROOKED SPINES MADE STRAIGHT

If you are suffering from any form of spinal trouble you can be cured in your own home without pain or discomfort. A wonderful anatomical appliance has been invented by a man who cured himself of Spinal Curvature. Its results are marvelous. It is nature's own method. Eminent physicians are endorsing it. The Sheldon Method relieves the pressure at the affected parts of the spine, the whole spine is invigorated and strengthened, all soreness is taken out of the back, the cartilage between the vertebræ is made to expand, the contracted muscles are relaxed and the spine is straight-ened. There is bright hope for you, no matter how long you have suffered. We have strong testimonials from every State in the Union. Each appliance is made to order from individual measurements and fits perfectly. There is positively no inconvenience in wearing. We guarantee satisfaction and let you use it 30 days. Write for our new book, giving full information and references.

310 4th St., PHILO BURT MFG. CO.,

Jamestown, N. Y.

"THE BOOK THAT GRIPS YOU"



Che
HAPPY
HABIT

By JOE MITCHELL CHAPPLE

The Text Book of the School of Optimism

Full of irrepressible good humor; wide-awake living, wholesome thinking and the cultivation of vigorous happiness during days but "dull and hoary" and days of balmy joy find utterance in "The Happy Habit." Don't order "The Happy Habit" if you want to suffocate in the sweat-box of downheartedness.

At ALL BOOK STORES or by mail, postage paid, \$1.50

SPECIAL OFFER

The Happy Habit (\$1.50) and the National Magazine for one year (\$1.50) to one or separate addresses

\$2.00

Here are gathered scattered leaves culled from the author's pleasure book. To read it is like taking a sunbath. It dispels the miasma and wonderfully invigorates the system. Mr. Chapple has done a real service in putting these papers into book form.—From the Boston Transcript.

"The Happy Habit," by Joe Mitchell Chapple, is a volume of essays on sundry topics and people of note whose cheerfulness has added to the joy of the nation.—From Bookseller, Newsdealer and Stationer.

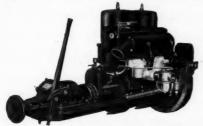
"The Happy Habit" offers "Dividends on Cheerfulness," "The Merry Month of June," "Aim High—Live Nobly," "Happiness in Trifles." "Good Friends and Cheery Words," with other bright chapters on kindred topics. One delightful chapter on "The Music of May-Time," shows keen appreciation of the power and the meaning of music.—From the Wisconsin State Journal.

| CHAPPLE PUBLISHING COMPANY, Ltd. BOSTON, U. S. A. | 37 |
|---|----|
| Enclosed find \$for which send me | |
| | |
| Name Address | |

UU



For Cruisers, Work Boats, Speed Boats and Canoes



The Engine That Requires No Attention

We believe our Model "T" to be the highest class marine motor built.

We are prepared to furnish power plants up to 108 horse-power in our Model "T" line in either kero-

osene or gasoline fuel.

Made in one, two and three cylinder sizes-7 horse power

Made in one, two and three cylinder sizes—7 horse power and upwards.

Perfect compression—starts on spark.

Three engines in one. Combination two and three port. Can be operated as a two portengine or a three port engine, or a combination of the two for high speed racing conditions.

No water pipes exposed.

Lubricates through gasoline. Equipped with BOSCH high tension ignition system. Removable cylinder heads. (The most accessible engine built.) Cylinder can be removed without interfering with the bearings, exhaust manifold, gasoline or exhaust piping.

Pistons can be removed without removing the cylinder, simply taking off the cylinder head and remove two large hand hole plates on the side.

on the side.

Made in the largest and most up-to-date plant in the word devoted exclusively to the manufacture of two-cycle motors, by a firm whose guarantee means something.

3 h.p. Guaranteed to \$60 6 h.p. Guaranteed \$89.50
Above prices are for Complete Outfits.

The Big Plant-the splendid guarantee and equipment — the broad experience behind the

Gray Motor insure you a satisfactory motor, prompt business like treatment and real motor satisfaction.

In a test by the Massa-chusetts Institute of Technology, this 12 horse power Gray motor de-veloped 17½ horse power.

12 horse power, complete out-fit, ready \$188 to install,

Gray Farm - Pumping and General Power Motors

Gasoline or kerosene, 3 to 36 h.p. 6 h. p. Farm Engine, \$94 to

\$124 complete. 3 h. p. Farm and Stationary Engine, \$65, guaranteed to develop 4 h. p.

24 h.p. Irriga-tion Pumping Engine, \$346-36 h. p. for \$560.



When writing for Catalogue specify whether interested in Marine or Stationary Engines.

GRAY MOTOR CO., STREET Detroit, Mich.

Canadian Gray Motors, Ltd., 909 River Front Street, Walkerville, Ont.

Big Stock of Motors in New York, Boston, Chicago, Milwaukee, Baltimore, New Orleans, Seattle, San Francisco, Philadelphia, Montreal, Cincinnati and Los Angeles.

"Through Lands of Yesterday"

By DR. C. H. CURRAN



RE you interested in travel stories? "Through Lands of Yesterday," by Dr. C. H. Curran, will carry you along as an intimate member of the party. The chance acquaintance between the professor and the widow is a delightful touch of mature years struggling in the mesh of romance. Jack and Virginia, two lively young characters, have repeated "understandings." All this is incident to a delightful trip through Egypt and Southern Europe, with many side trips to famous ruins.

If you like travel stories you'll like "Through Lands of Yesterday." It is full of accurate information and description, making a delightful story of experiences.

Those who have made this journey will be interested and those who are anticipating the journey will be delighted.

At all book stores or direct

Price \$1.50, postpaid

Chapple Publishing Co., Limited, Boston

Important to YOU Who Expect To Build, or Make Alterations



When planning to build, you will find it of great value to first make a careful personal study of the illustrations of houses, etc. that have been designed and built by a number of leading architects, and to also learn their ideas regarding the best interior arrangement and the most appropriate furnishings. THIS IMPORTANT INFORMATION, which would greatly ald you in deedling about your own patients and the most appropriate which would greatly ald you in deedling about a property of the prop

The Architectural Record

The National Magazine for Architects, Owners and Builders

In the Architectural Record, which is invaluable to those who expect to build, or make alterations, there are also illustrated and described the numerous building-specialities that add very much to the comfort, convenience and value of the modern home, without materially increasing the initial cost. This information should surely SAVE YOU HUNDREDS and possibly THOUSANDS OF DOLLARS

You should not miss seeing January, March, '10 (price now 50c. each), February, March, April and May, '11 numbers, and although the regular price is \$2.00, we make a SPECIAL OFFER of \$1.00 for the entire set of six, if you order before January and March, '10 copies are all sold. Send your order today; tomorrow may be too late.

SEND THIS COUPON WITH \$1.00, TODAY

Architectural Record, 115 Metropolitan Annex, New York:
For enclosed \$1.00, mail Jan., Mar., '10, Feb., Mar., Apr. and
May, '11 numbers, as per SPECIAL OFFER in National Magazine.

Address

Sample Free **Just send your Name**





And address, and we will send a specimen number of the best of cookery magazines, edited by JANET McKENZIE HILL, the culinary authority.

Timely topics, useful recipes, and sensible rules for cooking and serving, augmented by lavish illustrations. Send at once for this offer is limited.

Boston Cooking-School Magazine BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS

(Agents wanted. Send today for liberal terms)

anamare

New York Spring & Summer Catalog is now being mailed.

It is an excellent Guide Book of New York and Paris wearing apparel, and other merchandise. for Women, Children and Men.

We pay postage, anywhere, on mail shipments of \$5 or more.

See Catalog for Freight and Express Free Delivery Terms within the United States.

Ordering by Mail, from a House of Character, is a Good Plan.

Just write us, TODAY: "Please send FREE CATALOG No. 12"

"This is the kind my papa wears"

Every discriminating man would wear Cooper's

Spring-Needle

Knit underwear if he only knew that the Cooper patented "Spring-Needle" machine really does make possible a wonderful fabric which in turn makes Cooper's both superior to, and different from, any other underwear made.

There is only one genuine



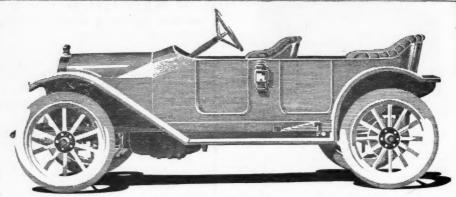
We make the machines that make the goods—"the kind with the stretch" Send for sample of fabric and attractive booklet showing styles and giving prices

COOPER MFG. COMPANY

BENNINGTON, VT.

Manufacturers of the famous "Gausrib" Spring-Needle fabric for Women's wear. Tell your wife,

1912 KING 36



The best points in design in American cars come from aproad.

Why? Simply because they take more time abroad to work out the design carefully and accurately.

In America, the car is not so much the work of the designer, as of the manufacturer, who is behind the designer, pushing, urging, hurrying to get the car finished and on the market, frequently buying the ready built engine here—the transmission there, etc., etc. The money is in production and not design.

In America we beat the rest of the world in manufacturing methods—in production but we get most of our good designs from abroad, where they have the time and opportunity to design correctly.

They design cars in Europe. We manufacture in the United States.

Chas. B. King, one of America's earliest and most capable automobile designers, recognized this condition and spent two years in Europe, undisturbed, un-hampered and unhurried, developing the idea of this car to meet the ultimate American requirements, with the 'efinements in design, the thoroughness of nechanical engineering of the foreign car, combined with the experience of the American designer and manufacturer.

The King car stands alone—in a class by itself—an American car designed in Europe by an American designer. The country has

spent many hundred millions of dollars in the Kindergarten of the Automobile School. Now that the public knows what a car should be, it will appreciate the good points of the King 36.

stro

noi

The complete chassis—the whole car except the body—has only 411 parts. Many good cars have as high as 2900. To the user this means less weight, and a car so simple that upkeep cost is reduced to a minimum. To the dealer it means a smaller stock room and a reduced investment in repair parts.

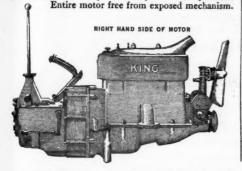
We are ready to make contracts with responsible dealers for this 1912 car.

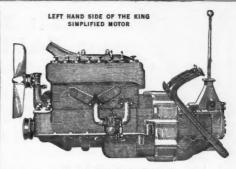
THE KING MOTOR CAR COMPANY (DEPT. B) DETROIT, MICH.

119)112

Features of the King 36

MOTOR-Four cylinders cast en bloc: Long stroke 3 13-16 bore x 5 1/8 stroke extra heavy two bearing crankshaft. Valve openings 1 15-16 diameter. Valve mechanism enclosed in dust-proof chamber-no noise. Valves all on left side set at an angle so that intake and exhaust open directly into the cylinders.

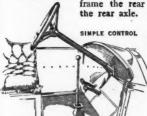




THE PICTURES SHOW THE ENTIRE POWER PLANT AND TRANSMISSION

LUBRICATION-The King system of lubrication does away with the uncertain and unreliable The encased fly-wheel is used to carry the oil to an elevated trough which in turn delivers oil to all gears and bearings. Suitably inclined channels carry it back to the reservoir so that every part of engine and transmission is always properly oiled.

SPRINGS-An unique feature of the King 36 is the long, flat, shock-absorbing rear spring pivotly supported near its center to the frame, a patented feature. The forward end is also supported on the frame the rear operating in shackels attached to



ne

of

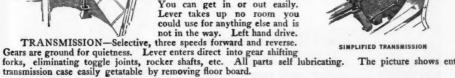
it

y

t

The result is absence of all "sideswing" and the elimination of much of the road shock experienced in the ordinary car with eliptic, semi-eliptic or any other kind of spring. Wheel base 115 inches.

THE CONTROL is simple one lever only in center of car. You can get in or out easily. Lever takes up no room you could use for anything else and is not in the way. Left hand drive.



PRICE—1912 Model King 36 complete with \$300 worth of equipment, including 34 x 4 demountable tires, quick detachable rims and extra rim, Mohair top, Bosch dual system ignition, windshield, gas tank, gas lamps, \$1565 oil lamps, horn, tools, complete

Car plain, with three oil lamps, horn, tools and \$1350

Roadster complete with 34 x 3½ demountable tires, quick detachable rims, extra rim, Mohair top, Bosch dual system ignition, windshield, gas tank, gas lamps, oil \$1465

Car plain, with three oil lamps, horn, tools and \$1250

We shall be glad to give further particulars to interested readers. We feel that the clean cut simplicity of the King 36 will appeal to the practical automobilist—both dealer and owner, and we know that anyone who understands anything at all about motor cars has but to examine the King to be at once convinced that this car marks the most decided advance in American automobile designing.

THE KING MOTOR CAR CO.

(DEPT. B)

DETROIT, MICH.

The picture shows entire



THE cherished appreciation for the Emerson Piano by many thousands of music lovers is due to its accurate interpretation of their musical thoughts.



From the sixty-eighth year of our own prosperity I wish for all, good friends, happy homes, and the sweet, refining sympathy of a reputable piano.

I would gladly render al! the help that is possible to satisfy the many readers of the National Magazine.

Edward S. Caydon, President

Emerson Qiano Co.

560 Harrison Avenue, Boston, Mass.

We have prepared a comprehensive Catalogue of Emerson Pianos, and in it illustrated the evolution of the modern Upright and Baby Grand instruments from the Spinets of the Sixteenth Century.

A request will bring this interesting booklet without cost to you.



Another Unique Gift Book

MADE BY THE PEOPLE THEMSELVES

Beautifully bound in Garnet and Gold



Little Helps for Home-Makers

Mailed to any address postage

\$200

Containing a

Wealth of Personal Practical Knowledge in Home-Making chosen from contributions made by

TEN THOUSAND WOMEN OF AMERICA

TO THE

NATIONAL MAGAZINE

Over two thousand tested home-hints to lighten the household cares and gladden the heart of the housewife. A most appropriate, practical gift for mother, wife or daughter.

HOME-MAKERS \$2.00 \ NATIONAL MAGAZINE, one year, 1.50 \ VALUE for

"Little Helps for Home-Makers" may be substituted for "Eloquent Sons of the South" in the BIG STAR OFFER

| CHAPPLE PUBLISHING | COMPANY, LTD., | (Little Helps) |
|--------------------|----------------|---|
| | Boston, U.S.A. | |
| Enclosed find \$. | for which s | send me |
| | | |
| | | • |
| Name | | |
| Address | | ••••••••••••••••••••••••••••••••••••••• |

"ERASMUS" by Holbein

Proofed on Canvas 13 x 16 inches—a perfect facsimile of the original in size, drawing, color and expression. Price \$20,00. Limited Edition.



g

ERASMUS The Louvre Holbein 1497-1543 German School

"Painting Proofs" of this greatest of portraits are on exhibition at dealers' galleries everywhere. Write for application blank DD and it alolgents is enclosed a ministure print of "Erasmus" in full color will be sent immediately. Address

| us for name of nearest dealer or see |
|--------------------------------------|
| AlbanyAnnesley & Co. |
| AtlantaS. G. Walker |
| Baltimore |
| Boston |
| Chicago |
| ChicagoO'Brien Art Gallery |
| Chicago |
| Cleveland |
| DenverBoutwell-Hood Art Co. |
| Detroit |
| Ft. WayneG. J. Parrot |
| Indianapolis |
| Lincoln |
| Los Angeles |
| Louisville |
| Montreal |
| New Haven F. W. Tiernan & Co. |
| New YorkJ. H. Strauss |
| New YorkLouis Katz |
| New YorkPhilip Suval |
| OmahaH. P. Whitmore |
| Philadelphia |
| Pittsburg |
| ProvidenceTilden-Thurber Co. |
| San Francisco |
| ScrantonMiss Darling |
| SeattleA. E. Schneider |
| Spokane |
| Springfield, MassStaddens Art Shop |
| St. LouisF. D. Healy |
| St. Paul |
| ToledoSuperior Art Shop |
| TorontoPeterson's Art Rooms |
| WashingtonS. J. Venable |
| |

Imported exclusively by
BROWN-ROBERTSON-COMPANY
NEW YORK, 23 Union Sq. CHICAGO, Fine Arts Bidg

Do You Use Press Clippings?

IT will more than pay you to secure our extensive service covering all subjects, trade and personal, and get the benefit of the best and most systematic reading of all papers and periodicals, here and abroad, at minimum cost. Why miss taking advantage for obtaining the best possible service in your line?

Our service is taken by all progressive business men, publishers, authors, collectors, etc., and is the card index for securing what you want and need, as every article of interest is at your daily command.

Write for terms, or send your order for 100 clippings at \$5 or 1000 clippings at \$35.

Special Rates quoted on Large Orders.

THE MANHATTAN PRESS CLIPPING BUREAU

ARTHUR CASSOT, Prop.

Cambridge Building, 334 Fifth Ave., cor. 33d St. Established in 1888 NEW YORK

\$526.00 From A Five Cent Clipping

It you are interested in learning how it was done send for our Bookletwhich tells about our:

> Trade News Service Current Topics Service Personal Item Service Literary Department

The International Press Clipping Bureau receives, reads and clips, 55,000 publications daily and weekly papers. monthly magazines, trade, literary and religious papers, etc.

Write us stating your line of business, or in what you are interested, and we will show you, without expense to you, how we can serve you.

International Press Clipping Bureau

D 40

378 Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.



WHAT WOMAN EVER HAD TOO MANY TEASPOONS?



We want to send a handsome box of six Reliance teaspoons (as shown in cut) bearing the

Oneida Community Guarantee for ten years, to every woman subscriber of the

NATIONAL MAGAZINE

Simply send us one new name or a renewal of your own subscription with \$1.50 to pay for one year's subscription to the National Magazine and we will send the spoons, charges prepaid. If they are not entirely satisfactory in every way, return them at our expense and your money will be returned.

CHAPPLE PUBLISHING COMPANY, Ltd., Boston, Mass.

HEART THROBS IT'S A GIFT BOOK!

WHEN IS YOUR Mother's Birthday?

Some time next month? Then you have just time enough to order a copy of the great book Heart Throbs. She will appreciate it as have thousands of mothers. and, coming from you-well, it would mean a whole lot. She will never grow tired of Heart Throbs because it wears because it is made of literature that endures. Every mother loves Heart Throbs, for within its 400 pages are the heart-to-heart sentiments—the favorite selections of thousands of mothers, beautifully expressed, which put aside the cares of daily trials and proclaim the majesty of motherhood. Every father finds in **Heart**Throbs a keen delight in the jovial jokes, while philosophizing on the kernels of human nature found in its pages. se se

Single Copies Handsome Clift-Book Binding, Cold \$1.50

医自然品品品 TROBS

Order NOW of your dealer (or direct by using the Coupon) and you will thank us.

THE CHAPPLE PUBLISHING CO.

944 Dorchester Avenue BOSTON - - - MASS.

| • | | | OLOM | - |
|---|-------|--------------|---------------------|-----|
| | THE (| HAPPLE | PUBLISHING | CO. |
| | 94 | 4 Dorchester | Ave., Boston, Mass. | |

Gentlemen: Please send me copies of Heart Throbs in accordance with your special offer. I en-close \$......... in payment for same.

Address

SO THAT EVERYONE MAY BUY

of Proper Style NEW High Quality and Good Value"

THE ILLUSTRATED BOOKLET. Group Pictures with Prices, Leaves of Special Offers and Freight Concessions—all are mailed Free on request. THE PORTFOLIO OF SKETCHES

with Complete Pricelist is mailed for 25 cents, allowed on first order sent for McHughwillow Furniture.



(c) THE McHUGH BAR HARBOR CHAIR, of full size, with soft Seat Cushion in any color preferred is shipped on receipt of \$5, Money Order or N. Y. Draft.

JOSEPH P. McHUGH & CO. NEW YORK 42d St. WEST, at FIFTH AVE.

Opposite New Public Library (Only Address Since 1884) NO AGENTS-NO BRANCHES

THE CLIPPER

There are three things that destroy your lawns: Dandelions, Buck Plantain and Crab Grass. In one season the "Clipper" will drive them all Clipper Lawn Mower Co., Dixon, III.



Make Photo Pillowtops and Postcards Yourself

by new, easy secret process. No talent required. Learned at once by anyone. No dark-room, no toning. Big profits. Send for free

H. X. VALLANCE CO.

Elkhart, Ind.

Go To

Bermuda

\$20 up Round Trip from New York

Twin Screw S. S. "Bermudian," 5530 tons Sails every Wednesday, 10 A. M.

Bilge keels; electric fans; wireless telegraphy. Fastest, newest and only steamer landing passengers at the dock in Bermuda.

Under contract with Bermuda and Imperial Governments to carry the U.S. and British mails.

West Indies

New S. S. "Guiana" sails April 1st, and other steamers fortnightly for St. Thomas, St. Croix, St. Kitts, Antigua, Guadaloupe, Dominica, Martinique, St. Lucia, Barbadoes and Demerara. For illustrated pamphlets apply to

> A. E. OUTERBRIDGE & CO.. Gen'l Agents, Quebec S. S. Co., Ltd., 29 Broadway, New York.

THOS. COOK & SON, 206 Broadway, 264 and 563 5th Avenue, New York,

Or any Ticket Agent, or Quebec S. S., Co., Ltd., Quebec.

val. Send No Money. \$2 HAIR SWITCH. WE WILL TRUST YOU TEN DAYS. Choice of Natural wavy or straight hair. Send a lock of your hair, and straight hair. Send a lock of your hair, and straight hair. Send a lock of your hair, and straight hair. Send a lock of your hair, and straight hair. If you find it a big hargain, remit \$2.00 in ten days, or sell 3 and GET YOUR SWITCH FREE. Extra shades a little more. Inclose &c It dressing - also high grade switches, pompasure, wige, puffs, etc. ANNA AVERS, Dept. 886 19 Quincy Street, Chicago

Salesmen Wanted

Trained Salesmen earn from \$1,900.00 to \$10 000.00 a year, and expenses. Hundreds of good positions now open. No experience needed to get one of them. We will assist you secure a position where you can get Practical Experience as a Salesman and earn \$100 a month or more while care learning. Write to-day for our free book "A Kwight of the Grip," list of good openings, and testimolals from hundreds of men recently placed in good positions. Address nearest office, pept. 139

National Salesmen's Training Association Chicage New York Kansas City Seattle New Orleans

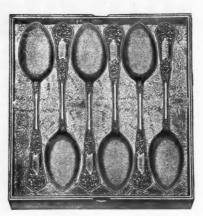


WHY NOT BUILD A BUNGALOW

You ought to know why our Genuine California Bungalows are suitable homes for all elimates, fit well into any environment, offer the most comfort, beauty and individuality of design at the lowest cost. Our TWO BUNGALOW BOOKS contain Photographs, Floor Plans, Descriptions and Cost of ONE HUNDRED CALIFORNIA STYLE HOMES. These are substantial, plastered houses with bulltin bookcases, fireplaces, china closets, cabinet kitchens, standard plumbing, etc.

"REPRESENTATIVE CALIFORNIA HOMES"—Price 50 Cents 50 houses. High-class Bungalows \$1,500 and up and 18 two-story and cement houses.

"WEST COAST BUNGALOWS"—Price 50 Cents 25 one-story Bungalows costing \$1,250 to \$2,000 and 25 costing \$475 to \$1,250. E. W. STILLWELL & CO., 2191 Henne Bidg., Los Angeles, Cal.



What Woman Ever Had Too Many Teaspoons?

4 N

wo

FLO

\$7.7

YOU

DEA

27 B

66 1

We want to send a handsome box of six Reliance teaspoons (as shown in cut) bearing the

ONEIDA COMMUNITY GUARANTEE

for ten years, to every woman subscriber of the

NATIONAL MAGAZINE

Simply send us one new name or a renewal of your own subscription with \$1.50 to pay for one year's subscription to the National Magazine and we will send the spoons, charges prepaid. If they are not entirely satisfactory in every way, return them at our expense and your money will be returned to you.

We can supply you with anything in silverware in combination with subscriptions to the

NATIONAL MAGAZINE

Let us know what you want and we will advise you by return mail just how to obtain just what you want.

Shall we send you that half-dozen spoons?

CHAPPLE PUBLISHING COMPANY, Limited

| Chapple Publishing Company, Ltd., Boston, Mass. | |
|--|--------|
| Enclosed find \$1.50 for one year's subscription to the Na | tional |
| Magazine for | |
| Name | |
| Address | |
| Send the six Reliance teaspoons, postpaid, to | |
| Name | |
| Address | |

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISING

Three lines \$3.00; additional lines \$1.00 per line & Count nine words for a line

AGENTS

I WANT A GOOD MAN TO ACT AS GENERAL AGENT AND District Manager, and appoint sub-agents for the sale of my Florida land. No experience necessary. I pay the General Agent \$50.00 spot cash on every sale. My terms of \$5.00 a month for a 10-acre farm (no interest, no taxes) makes it possible to sell marky experiency. \$20.00 N N GOLD, tree every month to my best. a 10-acre farm (no interest, no taxes) makes it possible to sea nearly everybody. \$20,00 IN GOLD free every month to my best men. Also one Grand Prise of \$1,000 in GOLD COIN. No capital required, but man must have a standing in his community and be willing to work. If you think you can fill the bill, send for my "Confidential Circular to General Agents," and "Selling Manual."

Both free if you are the first to apply from your locality. E. C. HOWE, 20 Hartford Building, Chicago, Ill

4 NEW PATENTS—just introduced from Germany. Wonderful inventions—high-class Agent's Proposition—big profits—32,000 sold, first month, in Milwaukee. Catalog 250 other fast sellers. A. EDGREN MFG. CO., Milwaukee, Wis.

FARMS

WOULD YOU LIKE TO BE SHOWN the details of a great stock and grain farm bargain in Missouri? Three hundred and sixty acres, with 9-room house, three barns, machine house, tank house, windmill well, etc., are offered for \$21,000. Address National Real Estate Agency, 944 Dorchester Avenue, Boston, Mass.

FLORIDA IS WAKING UP, and if you would like to secure a five-acre tract near a growing town, and a building lot in said town, all for \$100, or even less, write for particulars to the National Real Estate and Supply Co., 944 Dorchester Avenue, Boston, Mass.

OLD COINS

\$7.75 PAID FOR RARE DATE 1853 QUARTERS. \$20 FOR a \$\frac{3}{2}\$. Keep all money dated before 1884, and send 10c at once for New Illustrated Coin Value Book, 4x7. It may mean your fortune. CLARK & CO., Coin Dealers, Box 11, Le Roy, N. Y.

BOOKS

YOUNG MAN, if you are thinking of entering the United States Naval Academy at Annapolis don't fail to get a copy of "History Making." It tells you just what you want to know about the penses, etc. Order it. Price \$2. postage. F. Smith, 557 Massachusetts Ave., Boston, Mass.

DEAR OLDE SONGS, eighty of them, with words and music sent postage paid, on receipt of fifteen cents. Address K. Neylon, 27 Bellflower St., Dorchester, Mass.

INVALUABLE EVERY-DAY SUGGESTIONS for every member INVALUABLE EVERY-DAY SUGGESTIONS for every member of the family will be found in "Little Helps for Home-makers" which contains over two thousand tested home-hints to lighten the household cares and gladden the heart of the housewife. Sent postage paid, on receipt of \$2.00. With National Magazine one year, a \$3.50 value, for \$2.50. Address M. R. Fraser, 9 Elder St., Drephester, Magazine Magazine, and the state of the prophester of the prophe Dorchester, Mass.

"SWEET GENEVIEVE" and seventy-nine other old-time songs, words and music, in neat book form, sent on receipt of fifteen cents. Chapple Publishing Co., Ltd., Boston, Mass.

AGENTS WANTED

Lady Agents make \$\frac{\pmake}{2}\$15. to \$30. a week. MEN AGENTS make more, selling our bigh class Flavors, Cake Iclings, case outlist, or a trial order. Address T. H. Snyder & Co., 8 & 10 North St., Cincinnati, O.

- EVERY MOTHER BUYS one or more of these books.

 1. What a Mother Should Tell Her Little Girl.

 2. What a Mother Should Tell Her Daughter.
 - 3. What a Father Should Tell His Little Boy 4. What a Father Should Tell His Son.
- They tell the story of Life and Sex in clean and wholesome language. A real boon to conscientious parents. Single books 75 cents. Complete set \$2.50.

We want an intelligent woman agent to represent us in every town. Exclusive territory. Liberal commissions.

BODMER PUB. CO., 34 West 33d St., N. Y.

FEMALE HELP

LADY SEWERS WANTED TO MAKE UP SHIELDS at home. \$10 per 100; can make two an hour; work sent prepaid to reliable women. Send reply envelope for information to Universal Co., Desk M., Philia., Pa.

REAL ESTATE

HAVE YOU ANY REAL ESTATE which you would like to dispose of? If you have write us about it, National Real Estate and Supply Co., 944 Dorchester Avenue, Boston, Mass.

MISCELLANEOUS

JEWISH PEOPLE WEST OF THE ROCKIES are liberal with their money. If you have any meritorious goods to offer, advertise them in The Jerickh Times, published weekly since 1855.— 10,000 mailing list throughout Pacific Coast cities and towns.— Write for rates and copy of Journal, free on request.—264 Pacific Building, San Francisco, California.

SIX RELIANCE TEASPOONS, with the Oneida Community Guarantee for ten years, and enclosed in a handsome box, will be sent to every woman subscriber to the National Magasine who pays \$1.50 for a year's subscription, (new or renewal). M. A. Ayres, 19 Buttonwood St., Dorchester, Mass.

MUSIC FOR LYRICS—LYRICS FOR MUSIC

ARRANGING, COPYRIGHTING AND PUBLISHING for writers. All work new, original, high-class and guaranteed. Mss. revised. Trade and professional names furnished. Terms reasonable. Splendid references and many HITS.

R. A. BROWNE, Suite 59 729 Sixth Avenue, New York.

ANYBODY CAN SELL Stewart's Automatic Sewing Awl, Needed in every home, garage and stable. Feeds waxed thread from spool; mends harness, buggy and auto tops, saddles, suit cases, pulley belts, carpets and other heavy materials. Most perfect sewing awl made. Price \$1.25. Get our offer to agents. STEWART-SKINNER CO., 113 Hermon St., Worcester, Mass.

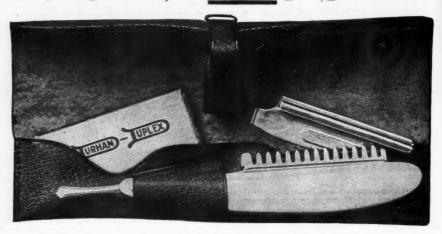
I CAN SEND YOU a first-class razor that will last you a life time for \$1.00, postage paid. K. L. Miles, 260 Quincy St., Dorchester, Mass.

"MOBILE: EXPORT OR IMPORT: MOBILE'S THE PORT!" WHAT have WE for sale? MOBILE COUNTY ACREAGE.

HOW do we SELL it? ON EASY TERMS.

TO whom do we WISH to sell? HUSTLERS WITH SOME MEANS. WHAT do we FURNISH? A GUARANTEE OF TITLE. WHO are WE? MECHEM & BIXLER, MOBILE, ALA.

Just figure out THIS proposition



The Commercial Travelers Magazine, the great periodical success of the day, is engaged in a campaign looking to the increase of its already large circulation to the quarter million mark; as a step in this direction the two great premium propositions shown on this page are offered.

The famous *Durham-Duplex Razor* is known the world over as the climax of production in this necessity of the ever increasing army of men who shave themselves. There is but one price for the Durham, \$5.00; send us ten subscriptions at fifty cents each and the razor is yours.

And here is tion that demo

Razor is known sale of The Commercial Travelers Magazine from the news stands and on the trains proves its enthusiastic endorsement by the traveling man. And here is our offer for a single subscription that demonstrates our desire to make it equally popular in the home.

The

per

vol

full

TH

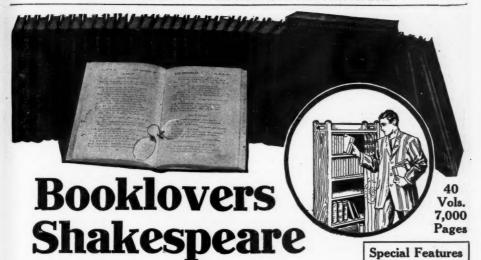
Send us one subscription for *The Commercial Travelers Magazine* and fifty cents and we will send you prepaid two of these beautiful "Vintage" orange or grape fruit spoons; they are of the world famous brand "1847 Rogers Bros." Any further comment as to the quality of this silverware is unnecessary among people accustomed to the best.

The Commercial Travelers Magazine Published Quarterly

MARCH

JUNE

NE SEPTEMBER Springfield, Massachusetts **DECEMBER**



JUST THE THING FOR A HOLIDAY GIFT

The dainty elegance, the solid worth, and the deserved popularity of The Booklovers Shakespeare make it just the thing for a holiday gift. It can be appreciated by all, whatever their degree of culture. Every detail of letter-press, paper, and binding is marked by luxury and charm, and our easy terms are a boon to those who feel the financial pressure of the "festive season."

\$1.00 SECURES AN ENTIRE SET SENT FREE FOR EXAMINATION

A complete set of The Booklovers will be sent free for examination prepaid to any address, on receipt of the coupon below properly filled out. No money need accom-

pany this coupon. The set may be returned at our expense if it fails to please you. Examination will cost you nothing and it places you under no obligation. If the books are what you want you can keep the entire set and send us One Dollar only, and you can pay the balance at the rate of \$2.00 a month.

BOOKS THAT ARE WORTH WHILE

Most of us take less thought about books than about anything else we purchase. If we bought our books with the same care that we devote to clothes, or food, or furniture, we should have a well-chosen, worth-while library instead of a mere haphazard collection of volumes. One of the foundation stones of every good library, big or little, is a complete set of Shakespeare.

The Booklovers is printed in large type with ample margins, from new and perfect plates on pure white paper of a high grade. There are 40 dainty volumes of great beauty, 7 x 5 inches (just the size for easy handling), 7000 pages in all, handsomely and durably bound in half-leather and superbly illustrated. There are 40 full-page plates in colors and 400 reproductions of rare wood-cuts.

AN \$8.00 ART PORTFOLIO FREE

Every year at Christmas time we are swamped with latearriving orders which cause delay, disappointme

As an incentive to promptness we have decided to offer absolutely free of charge a Magnificent Art Portfolio to each one of the first 200 whose orders reach us in time. This portfolio contains 16 plates reproducing in duogravure famous Shakespearean pictures and photographs of views in the Shakespeare country. It would cost \$8.00 if bought in an art store.

HALF-PRICE HOLIDAY OFFER

The regular price of The Booklovers has recently been advanced from \$58.00 to \$62.00. During the

holiday season, however, we offer a small edition of the work at just half price-\$31.00. To secure one of these bargains you must act promptly. Send the coupon now. Tomorrow may be too late. It is your privilege to return the set if it does not please you.

THE UNIVERSITY SOCIETY, 44-60 E. 23d Street, New York,

Topical Index

in which you can find instantly any desired passage in the plays and poems.

Critical Comments

on the plays and characters. They are selected from the writings of Coleridge, Hazlitt, Dowden, Furnivall, Goethe and many other world-lamed Shake-spearean Scholars.

Glossaries

A complete one in each volume explaining every difficult, doubt-ful or obsolete word.

Two Sets of Notes

One for the general reader and a supplementary set for students.

Arguments

These give a condensed story of each play in clear and interesting prose

Study Methods

which furnish the equivalent of a college course of Shakespear-ean study.

Life of Shakespeare

by Dr. Israel Gollancz, with critical essays by Walter Bage-tot, Leslie Stephen, Thomas Spencer Baynes and Richard Grant White.

| pointment, | Section word. |
|------------------------|----------------|
| urselves. | Society |
| icent _ | New York |
| . Xoum | ay send, pre- |
| Hon. a set o | my examina- |
| lovers Shakes | peare in half- |
| leather binding | at your spe- |
| books are satisfact | ory, I shall |
| pay you \$1.00 with | 82,00 each |
| onth thereafter for 15 | mouths. If |

If you prefer cloth, change 15 mos. to 28.

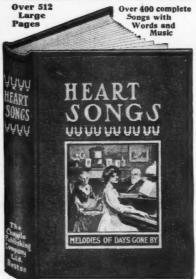
For "Home, Sweet Home"

An informal gathering of friends in the home, of an evening, is HEART SONGS time. Then does the spirit of song and happiness find outlet.

"What have you got to sing that we all know?" has sent many a hostess scurrying and pulling over dilapidated and torn music, digging even in the dusty corners of the garret.

Not so the woman who knows HEART SONGS; for her the question is answered before it is asked, by the copy of HEART SONGS which rests on the piano the year round to give voice to the passing moods and fancies.

It is an irrepressible invitation for song. "Come on, everybody join in!"—and the familiar words and airs flood the memory with bygone days. The gray-haired guest has found in HEART SONGS the font of youth.



HEART SONGS

is the most complete single-volume musical library in the world—compiled by 25,000 music-loving people who united in their favorite selection of the "best" 400 songs, from "The Bullfrog on the Bank" to "Sweet Genevieve," and the familiar airs from the popular operas. HEART SONGS includes many copyright pieces which, if purchased in sheet-music form, would cost over \$20, and is acknowledged by the nighest musical authorities to be the most comprehensive and correct volume of old songs ever issued. No musical library is complete without it. Bound in a handsome, serviceable manner, opening flat like a hymn-book, in gold and garnet, with illuminated cover. Price \$2.50 postpaid.

HEART THROBS

an unique and comprehensive library of "the literature that endures." Compiled by 50,000 people, who submitted what appealed to them most of all the world's prose and poetry, from "Off agin, on agin, gone agin—Finnegan" to Gray's "Elegy in a Country Churchyard" and "The Twenty-third Psalm." Handsomely bound in gold and garnet with illuminated cover. Price \$1.50 postpaid.

Either of these books makes an ideal Gif

HERE IS OUR OFFER



HEART SONGS and HEART THROBS must be seen to be appreciated. If your bookstore does not have them, fill in the coupon, giving the name of your dealer, and indicating your choice, and we will send the book to you through him for your inspection.

| CHAPPLE PUBLISHING COMPANY, Limited, Boston, Mass. |
|---|
| Kindly send me through |
| (address) |
| a copy of { Heart Sougs } for inspection. If it fulfills the promise of your advertisement I want it. |
| Name |
| Address |
| |



If you prefer you can omit the dealer's name and enclose the price direct to us. We will return your money if the book is unsatisfactory.

FILL IN THE COUPON TODAY





Rexall "93" HAIR TONIC

Keeps scalp and hair clean - promotes hair health
Your Money Back if it Doesn't

Sold and guaranteed by only one Druggist in a place. Look for The Zexall Stores

They are the Druggists in over 3000 towns and cities in the United States and Canada

UNITED DRUG CO., BOSTON, MASS

CHICAGO, ILI

TORONTO, CANADA

CONTROL INIC UNITED DRUG CONTROL



A MEDIAEVAL CONDITION

Telephone Service— Universal or Limited?

TELEPHONE users make more local than long distance calls yet to each user comes the vital demand for distant communication.

No individual can escape this necessity. It comes to all and cannot be foreseen.

No community can afford to surround itself with a sound-proof Chinese Wall and risk telephone isolation.

No American State would be willing to make its boundary line

an impenetrable barrier, to prevent telephone communication with the world outside.

Each telephone subscriber, each community, each State demands to be the center of a talking circle which shall be large enough to include all possible needs of inter-communication.

In response to this universal demand the Bell Telephone System is clearing the way for universal service.

Every Bell Telephone is the Center of the System

AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

Easter Greeting



The Proper Easter Breakfast

Swift's Premium Ham or Bacon

Swift's Premium Ham—of mild, delicious flavor, imparted by Swift's Premium Method of Curing. Not necessary to parboil before broiling.

Swift's Premium Bacon—the sweetest and best bacon in the World. Buy in the piece or sliced in glass jars.

U.S. Government Inspected and Passed

At All Dealers Swift & Company, U. S. A.

ent

ach s to rcle

rsal

tem

NY



In All Kinds of Weather

TOASTED CORN FLAKES

Fresh - Crisp - Delicious A New Supply Always at Your Grocer's

W. K. Kellogg



